A CHATEAU IN BRITTANY

MARY J. ATKINSON

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A

CHÂTEAU IN BRITTANY

BY

MARY J. ATKINSON

WITH SIXTEEN ILLUSTRATIONS
AND FRONTISPIECE

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To the memory of that one of the four to whom I owe much who has passed beyond

CONTENTS

		PAGE
I	PRELIMINARY	11
II	THE TRIP DOWN	14
III	THE CHÂTEAU	29
IV	AT HOME IN DINARD	40
V	SUBURBS OF DINARD	53
VI	THE COUNTRY NEAR DINARD	65
VII	THE FOURTEENTH OF JULY	80
VIII	EARLIEST BRITTANY	92
IX	ST. MALO	113
X	ST. MALO'S GOOD RECORD	130
XI	ST. SERVAN	141
XII	THE BRETON DUKES	149
XIII	AURAY	164
XIV	CARNAC	182

Contents

		PAGE
XV	QUIMPERLÉ	191
XVI	FAOUËT	204
XVII	QUIMPER	216
XVIII	AROUND MORLAIX	231
XIX	DINAN	250
XX	SOMETHING ABOUT DU GUESCLIN	267
XXI	MONT ST. MICHEL	301
XXII	LA CROCHAIS AND LA HUNAUDAYE	316
XXIII	DUGUAY-TROUIN	328
XXIV	THE GOOD PASTOR	351
XXV	LÉHON	359
XXVI	THE EAST SIDE OF THE RANCE	374
XXVII	GOOD-BYE BRITTANY	395

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

MARKET SQUARE IN AURAY	*Frontispiece*
	FACING PAGE
OUR CHÂTEAU	22
DINAN—RUE DE L'APPORT	46
ST. BRIEUC—SABOT MARKET	70
THE PORT OF DINAN	94
ST. MALO—RUE GRANDE	120
ST. SERVAN—TOWER OF SOLIDOR	144
THE OLDEST HOUSE IN AURAY	164
CARNAC	186
QUIMPER—A GROUP OF OLD HOUSES	216
MORLAIX—ANNE OF BRITTANY'S HOUSE	238
CLOCK TOWER AT DINAN	260
DINAN—RUE CORDELIER	286
PONTIVY—MILK DEALER	308
THE BAY OF ST. MALO	330
PEASANT OF PONT L'ABBÉ	352
THE VALLEY OF THE RANCE	374

A CHÂTEAU IN BRITTANY

I. PRELIMINARY

THE attack of Europe by way of a fresh point of entry leads to disillusion, and the conviction that experience teaches nine tenths of us very little. Forgetting how scant a knowledge we have acquired of Dover, Calais, Newhaven, or Dieppe, we await the revelations of Cherbourg with an expectation that speaks ill for our intelligence. No sooner has the soul triumphed over the humiliating physical revolt at the freedom with which the waves disregard our comfort, than it recoups itself by soaring into imaginary realms where coming delights wear a golden halo of mystery. In the event, what actually happens is the usual and commonplace. There comes a night wherein affrighted sleep flees before the jerky pounding of a donkey engine. Flying feet along the corridors, dragging noises and shuffling progresses above our heads, quick sharp voices of command help to hinder our capturing the shy fugitive, till worn out in the fruitless effort we welcome the summons that calls us forth hours earlier than is our wont.

On deck it is still the old story. The piled ejecta of the disembowelled hold stand reared in an opaque rampart landward, leaving, as consolation prize, the skyey watery monotony of the opposite expanse, which enforced contemplation has rendered superfluous. Somewhere below, a sneezing, snorting engine exerts itself, but the nose is the organ that definitely locates the greasy bobbing little tender that brings a spasm to the heart of the most cosmopolitan traveller. Into this parasite craft, with strains, creaks, and shouts is gradually lowered the rampart, and when the boat seems quite full, passengers are sifted into the interstices, until there is formed what with liquids is termed a saturated solution; then, perforce, in its own peculiar aroma that no sea-breeze can vanquish, the jiggling vessel carries us to the desired haven, to spue us forth upon the hurley-burley characteristic of the French quay. Criticism is here invidious, since all turns out right in the end more frequently than is the case in some quieter places; but to watch a bow-legged little jumping-jack snatch up a box, sprint once or twice around the crowd, and in the end, dump his burden not far from the spot from whence he swooped upon it; to observe the supernumeraries of the force, whose duties are apparently confined to hopping in zig-zags to an accompaniment of chatter; to try to follow in several directions at once various parts

of possessions destined to a common goal; these and other incomprehensible manifestations tax faith and prove one's philosophy.

The train is waiting. It always is, and the steamer is always late enough to bring upon the passengers grieved remonstrances from the employees of the railway, so that, far from looking about to spy what of new may be seen at a glance, eyes that chance to be unoccupied are fixed upon the impatient engine that sustains the warning thin whistle that European engines have been trained to obey. This high persistent trill is sufficient to quench the last aspiration save that towards itself.

The immediate experience after having safely boarded the train is that of the dining-coach. A course dinner, even when hurried, occupies the greater part of an hour, so that although numbers one to fifty may dine a trifle too early, it becomes reasonably certain that the unfortunates who hold tickets higher than the number two hundred stand a fair chance of being very hungry before their dinner-time arrives, even if the best fare be not exhausted by that hour.

All roads lead from Paris. No matter what may be the destination Paris enters into the calculation, and for many voyagers, is the point of departure. Some never get farther, but that minority in time becomes more French than the Frenchmen, since the natives have largely given

up being Parisians. In the season of chestnut bloomery it is not difficult to think that Paris cannot be improved upon, but when summer arrives it is just as hot and uncomfortable there as in other cities, with the added discomfort of our never being exactly sure how hot it is, since, besides using a most rational and scientific thermometer that no stranger can master, the French with further good sense, when they wish to know how warm they feel, hang the indicator in the sun where they themselves are.

In winter Paris is abominable, and its greatest admirer must admit the fact. Rain and drizzle, drizzle and rain, a mud slipperier and more pervading than most, and stickier than any other. No wonder the women of Paris have a neat precise walk that no foreigner can acquire. It is pleasure that palliates appreciably the misery of getting around the streets in their winter coating to watch the dainty way in which the Parisienne plants her always prettily shod foot. Where others display one generous smear from ankle down, she has mud on her sole alone; as for draggled skirts! she trips along in evident ignorance of what an English or American woman achieves in that line. This admirable feat may be in part a matter of inheritance but training has somewhat to do with it. A little French girl is not allowed to retain or acquire clumsy habits.

We, a party of women, accompanied by other

pairs and groups of the same suspected sex reached the gay city in the middle, or towards the close of the night.

To us on this occasion Paris was a mere episode, a halting place to gather outlying members of the party and discuss plans for the summer. Many men, many minds. Although our hearts were not set on a Parisian summer, so various were the interests involved in the discussion that we bade fair never to reach a conclusion. As often happens, the upshot of the matter was the unexpected, which came about in this wise.

Some trunks went astray, because wet weather had had its baleful effect on the postage stamp checks which guide their travels, and while we were holding the necessary polite and animated interview with the worthies of the baggage-room, a friend spied us and came to the rescue in more senses than one, since his spirited account of a previous summer in Brittany carried all before it, and before we had time to think of objections to the plan we were sufficiently committed to have appointed a delegation to go off prospecting for us.

It was high time to bestir ourselves, so the committee of two set out for Brittany on the following day, leaving the rest of us to calm the strain of suspense by a study of the two Salons then open.

The exhibitions were pronounced by the know-

ing to be below the average, but their criticisms, as usual, were framed for the highly artistic only. We, Philistines, found the Old Salon rich in beauties, and the Champs de Mars a rude destroyer of preconceived notions. To the unsophisticated, green cows feeding upon purple grass necessitate a readjustment of ideas, and suggest that preliminary training is requisite to an intelligent comprehension of the colour scheme. Still more confusing are those expanses of paint wherein vivid tints seem to have been thrown at the canvas from a distance, to be spread later by hap-hazard dabs with the maulstick. Of course we did not observe them from the proper point of view, but, for many of them, any spot nearer than the top of the Eiffel Tower would have been too close, and they did not seem at best, worth the climb.

One of the most interesting affairs held in the city just then was a bazaar that in the interests of charity threw open to the public one of the finest and most exclusive residences of the St. Germain quarter. The inner circle of French noblesse guards itself rigidly from intrusion, and yet it is but human, and has ways and means of securing its share of the pactolian stream poured upon Paris by the horde of strangers that flock into the city for the apparent purpose of throwing foreign money into French purses.

Everybody attended the bazaar, and by

"everybody" understand all the people who might never hope to view this palace under more personal conditions, ourselves of the number.

From a dull gloomy street of high stone walls we passed through a carriage gateway, crossed an inclosed stable yard and small garden to an open door that introduced us at once into a vast apartment that undoubtedly had been furnished and decorated in the days of Louis XV. A phalanx of lackeys, in gorgeous livery directed and gently impelled the continuous train of visitors through a second salon and so out upon a broad stone terrace that ran before the entire house on that side, and overlooked a great walled garden laid out in a style corresponding to that of the decorations already noted. Along each side of the space ran an alley of clipped lindens meeting above in dense foliage that formed a continuous bower, through which were distributed the various tables displaying articles for sale. At intervals were placed tea tables presided over by personages whose very names compelled the visitor to linger and spend. At the extreme end of the garden a high stone terrace provided an outlook above the wall towards the *Invalides*. Beneath the terrace in a charming grotto a fountain plashed unceasingly, making a pleasing running accompaniment to the murmur of conversation and laughter that rose from the gaily dressed crowd. The most attractive view from

the height, however, was back towards the stately house, across the central lawns and set flowerbeds, where statues and fountains proclaimed the nationality of the scene. The street beyond the wall on one side, and the mansion on the other, proudly simple, and impressive only in virtue of its mass and rich solidity, were unlike anything to be found elsewhere. Trees and shrubbery, aged and moss-grown, studiously clipped to prevent their exceeding certain contracted conditions, proclaim an attitude of mind in the owners diametrically opposed to that of a people, who, in laying out grounds, place the residence, and run the paths with reference to any full-grown trees good luck may have brought them, in order to calm the impatience with which they watch the too-slow development of their own plantations, by sight of something already matured.

Through the paths and alleys swayed the crowd, gay and self-possessed as French crowds are wont to be. The bearers of historic names tendered wares of various sorts with a moral compulsion too strong for democracy, though the consciousness of bartering ignorantly with one whom next morning's paper would recall but indistinctly by means of details assuring us that the very face we hoped to remember had been barely scanned, beset our way with misgivings.

Finally we were caught in the outgoing stream long before we had seen enough, but the trend was too strong to resist, and we found ourselves involuntarily pressed through the gate of exit out upon the lifeless quarter at the rear of the property, so dull and dreary that it was almost impossible to realize that nothing but the stout gray wall separated us from so much gaiety. This being shoved out of the back door was unexpected and disappointing, for we had hoped to make a well-ordered and leisurely retreat by the way we had come, during which we intended to study the paintings at which we had glanced while under the masterly guidance of the host of liveried lackeys. We held a short consultation, and the Artist suggested our doing it all over again. As our cards of entrance were gone, this was impracticable. Fortunately, for the easing of our chagrin, a Parisian now joined us, and named for us certain people who had most attracted our interest. As we had chanced to effect an occasional union between history and curiosity, we noted the facts, and set forth for home in a manner consoled.

Among other things we had a fine opportunity to observe the celerity with which the Cook flock accomplish their duty as travellers. We had stopped at the Louvre one day to avoid a shower, and were lingering among the antiques, when outside arose a clatter that recalled Santa

Claus in the "Night before Christmas." A char-à-banc rattled up, and had scarcely stopped when over its sides tumbled out the occupants, headed by Mr. Cook's too brisk deputy, who scuttled his flock into the building with a speed and skill worthy of admiration *per se*, at any rate. In a few moments the horde was projected into the gallery behind us, the deputy vociferating continuously, and giving out wisdom like a runaway phonograph, the hubbub being borne to us from afar with suggestions of the stock exchange. At last the words "Venus de Milo" fell upon our ears, the scurrying drove fairly swished past us, slid along the polished floor, slewed around a corner, and was lost to sight. Barely half an hour later the clatter without announced that these industrious sightseers had "done" the entire collection. The imported energy gave us a guilty feeling, as though we should apologize to Venus for loitering so long in her vicinity.

In our inquiries concerning the legendary lore of the land we hoped to visit we were constantly brought to bay by the statement, "Oh, everybody knows that." and what "everybody knows" nobody seems called upon to tell. At first a false pride led us to give up the quest. We felt that we were part of a disgraced minority, and resolved to supply our deficiencies surreptitiously; but inquiry among people by no means

illiterate taught us that the number of those who have escaped the deluge of legendary information is very respectable, and that an audience not to be despised remains to whom the tales that "everybody knows" are likely to be welcome.

One half forgotten fact became prominent, viz. the very recent consolidation of France into a united kingdom. Richelieu but began the work of forging together the strong powers nominally subject to France, but whose princes were often stronger than their so-called overlords, the King of France. Of the headstrong races that terrorized their nominal head, none seem to have cherished a fiercer sense of independence than the inhabitants of the inaccessible peninsula of the northwest. The situation had probably much to do with the strong love of liberty evinced by the Bretons, but a natural temperamental turbulence may not be left out of the reckoning.

II. THE TRIP DOWN

BRITTANY! What a world of imagery and romance the very name evokes! Yet now-a-days the land is no longer that remote unspoiled country that it was not longer than ten years ago. The automobile has changed all that, and we are sad; though what right you or I have to forbid the world in general to enjoy what we enjoy, it would be hard to tell. We speak of tourists with pitying tolerance, or, if we wish to prove our own exclusive superiority, with scornful intolerance, when, if we were taxed for any justifying element in our position, we should probably find ourselves puzzled to produce it. One says the scenes are ruined for the artist, yet the offensive tourist certainly carries nothing away with him but his few trumpery souvenirs, and although his enjoyment may have little artistic value, surely, such as it is, he robs nobody in attaining it. The beauty is there, it is a constant quantity, if we cannot enjoy it because it also affords enjoyment to others of lower powers of appreciation, perhaps our own appreciation is on a lower plane than we had supposed.

Still, all this is talk. We do feel aggrieved to find Brittany overrun, and are glad that we lived in our château just before the deluge, when it was still rather unusual to have penetrated far down into the heart of the peninsula.

The trip to Dinard, for that is where our committee had found a bargain that "must not be missed," is an all day affair. It means early rising and getting under way, with the many discomforts and agitations of that condition. French trains never start till five minutes after schedule time, but as everybody calculates on that allowance, its usefulness is destroyed. French cabs too, that often have disconcerting ways of seeming behind time, generally deposit the fare at the station in time to see his traps properly weighed. The cabman's number, which must be given when he makes his engagement, holds him to the performance of his duty, since it is easy to bring him to book for any misdeeds, and the law holds him responsible for the well-being of his charges.

The most provoking people yet in the course of a trip in France are the men who weigh the baggage. With heaps of spoil staring them in the face they never move towards it till the line of apprehensive travellers has become long enough to warrant a fear that the train will leave half of them stranded, a misfortune in the case of the trip to Dinard serious enough, since

there is but one seasonable train a day, and being left behind with the weigher means another combat with the numerous lions in the way. But that too gets done, our share of the plunder is switched on and off the scales, decorated with paper stamps and pitched into a van, just in time to spare us nervous break-down, and we are off. With all the agitation one solid fact tends to calm a traveller in France, and that is, that every public employee is responsible to somebody for something, so when misadventures occur it is only necessary to particularise the precise department to which this class of bad luck belongs, to have, at least, the comfort of viewing promising activities promptly set in motion.

Who can express the vague pleasurable anticipations with which we finally settled ourselves, and were soon speeding, at the rate by courtesy called speed in France, for the land of our dreams.

A silent company we were, for, with the exception of our guiding spirit, each wrapped herself up in her fancies, of which the children alone revelled in uncomplex forms. To them the country was the country, pure and undefiled; freedom untrammelled, dashed by no artistic, educational or mediæval drawbacks. The eldest, indeed, connected her childish thrills over Blue Beard's summary domestic discipline, with Brittany, and had read enough of King Arthur's

Knights to suffer tarnishment of her ignorant delight through contact with the sophistication of our occasional remarks, but not sufficiently to diminish it.

What the others came forth to see must remain a mystery, though the Artist murmured of cottages, towers and castles, tumbling into ruin. My own conceptions were lamentably narrow, and although it is certain that the Barbizon School settled not in Brittany, I could call to mind nothing more definite than the Angelus. Brittany presented itself as an indefinite expanse of sparsely inhabited farming land, wherein peasants divide the time about equally between digging potatoes and saying prayers.

On the whole the trip is tedious. Some travellers find beauties in northern France, but to the ordinary eye the level reaches of the north are monotonous. The two changes of train on the way are so arranged that it is impossible to see anything of the towns where they take place. At Rennes, a fine covered station shuts off the view, and at Dinan, the city proper lies at least a mile away from the railroad.

Just beyond Paris the Chartres Cathedral stands out clearly enough to make one wish the slow going train would go still slower, since the engine shows no pressing desire to get anywhere very fast. But on and on it goes, and when the beautiful building is finally quite left behind, you

remember to be thankful that you were not whizzed past on the Flying Dutchman.

French local trains are of a deliberation, which, as they penetrate the northwest of the land, degenerate into sheer incapacity to struggle against dead stoppage with anything like encouraging success. Here, however, to balance matters the country becomes more attractive. It has not the trimness of English farming country, and the amount of standing wood comes as a surprise. Not that many municipal forests lie near the track to lend variety, but there are patches of woodland; indulged clumps of shrubbery; lines of poplars strengthening the drainage ditches, and looking like faithful sentinels; gorse-grown dykes instead of walls or fences; and, from the time the road enters Normandy, vast apple orchards, source of wealth and of poverty to the peasants whose staple industries are the manufacture and consumption of the celebrated cider. Towards the close of the day, when fatigue attenuates the capacity for appreciation, the scenery becomes more picturesque, but by that time all are too anxiously looking for the end of the journey to take much note of its remaining stages.

The part of wisdom would be to divide the trip into many sections, Chartres, Mans, Rennes, Combourg, and Dinan are all well worth a visit, but the proportion of those destined for Dinard

who ever stop at these places is surprisingly small.

Not until dusk of a long northern day, did we emerge upon the platform of the small Dinard-St. Enogat station which stands at the end of its railway midway between the sister towns. By map the distance we had traversed appeared ridiculously short, but measured by hours it had proved itself quite long enough, inexplicably so.

With undisguised surprise and some unexpressed disappointment we surveyed the high bare plain that extends between the two small towns having common property in this modest railway terminal. Could this really be old Armorica! which as a name is, I imagine, contemporaneous with Albion. It is supposed to mean, "shore of the sea," and to apply to the land and not the people, but, just here, it may be well to say that supposition seems to be about the strongest element in the elucidation of the ways of ancient Brittany. Suppositions are so numerous, conflicting, and ingenious, that, in the end, they bring one to the comfortable conclusion that original theories are just as good as any, and far more satisfactory.

By way of introduction to the land of caps, costumes, thatched cabins, lop-sided churches, and squat skewed towers, we saw, fringing the wide dusty expanse before us, a row of low-class

brasseries, inviting to unlimited cider. From the square in every direction stretched long lines of blank stone walls that lost themselves in the mists of the deepening twilight. These stretches of uninspiring grayness defined converging highways, depressingly empty and quiet. Further along, occasional roof peaks indicated hidden residences, but the prevailing impression was that of malodorous disorder.

The array of vehicles presented for our patronage did little to relieve this first chill of disappointment, and with many misgivings we surveyed the most complete assortment of debilitated traps and knock-kneed horses to be found in all France. After much comparative calculation we selected those that seemed most likely to hold together long enough to deposit us unharmed at our goal, but we grieved the drivers by refusing to take the chances of letting them pile our luggage above us. We offered a personal affront when, induced by unspoken qualms, we negotiated with another man for the transportation of the traps. Nothing relating to travel is done very quietly in France, and the amount of explanation necessary to pacify our overconfident charioteers, and get the procession well under way consumed much valuable time, but at last we were fairly off and on the road to our new home. Our progress seemed to startle the natives, who stared at us from doors and windows,

as well they might; we had two carriage loads of people, followed by several wagons piled to perilous heights with our abundant and miscellaneous store of goods.

A great flourish of whips gave vent to the exultation of the chosen jehus rather than interested the horses in the slightest degree. We were given to understand that for Brittany our pace was brisk, though to us, the jogging past littered vacant lots on the border of the town, with ample opportunity to study the squalid stone huts and blank walls, seemed slow enough. Over the walls tree tops nodded and waved suggestively, whether in welcome or scornful derision we could not tell. So far the promised paradise proved but a grievous deception.

Finally the *cortège* came to a halt within the semicircular recess in the face of a long whitewashed wall some eight feet high. Between stout stone posts standing a foot or two higher than the coping of the wall a great wooden gate like a barn door at once began to open before us, and through the aperture we left our doubts and entered upon the domain of our dreams. Before us lay a straight driveway bordered by beeches that met above and canopied the route along which the rising moon, sifting through the dense leafage, flecked the road with silver, and revealed at the further end of the alley a plain, old-fashioned doorway set low upon the ground. At

the right of the entrance, dangling from a heavy spiral spring fixed beneath an upper window, and swaying in the evening breeze a yard or more beyond ordinary reach, we discovered an antiquated bell-rope that calmed any apprehensions we may have felt as to the rococo note of our setting. We found later that a very slack wire, sagging along the branches of the beeches, connected the spiral of the bell with a knob appertaining to a small door within the outer gate. This was supposably for the benefit of the locked-out, but the skill required to pull the slack wire taut enough to produce any effect upon the bell was attained by none of us during our stay.

At one side of the severely square stone mansion straggled off a succession of gray walls, old barns, and outbuildings of various sorts. These were in all stages of repair from soundness to utter ruin, and occupied a large share of the gentle slope here dropping away to the deep curve of the road beneath.

The German equivalent of *castle* is *Schloss*, but the French, is *château*, a very different affair, though when the ordinary mortal thinks of a castle it is the German *Schloss* that possesses his imagination; a sort of huge cellar poked through the top of a high hill to air in an atmosphere of legend and romance. Such interesting piles occasionally occur in France, but, in the main, a château is a fairly well preserved build-

Our Château

ing of definite plan and more or less artistic unity, even in ruin testifying to the taste of the nation to which it belongs. But the word château is of wide application, and includes any house belonging to people of gentle blood, though it be but a mere farmhouse. Of this latter class is our residence. Its absolutely simple lines are relieved by but one decorative feature, a crenelated border of darker stone at the corners matching in color and design the flat window copings. The house is covered with the light stucco so generally favoured in Europe, and is a type of other buildings scattered over the face of the country. Some are larger, some smaller, but this rectangular ground-plan; this sharply peaked roof pitching down from the ridge-pole in four directions, and apparently kept from sliding off entirely by two huge end chimneys that shoot high in air; this light stucco with its darker crenelations by way of trimming; this, in all, represents the architectural imagination of the Breton architect of the eighteenth century. The walled lawn before the building is cut by eight parallel rows of smooth barked beeches, while here and there fig trees, lilacs, and other shrubs relieve the formality of the design, and offer attractive recesses wherein tea tables snugly fit when tenants are minded to sup in open air.

Yvonne was our first truly Breton experience, an elderly peasant retainer of our noble hosts,

let with the place to guard the interests of her hereditary superiors, and curb destructive tendencies on the part of wild foreigners. She stood at the open door, and welcomed us as wandering and possibly wayward children, thereby defeating our intention of experimenting with the swaying bell-rope. With her benignant face framed in the stiffest and whitest of caps, she presented quite the picture we had hoped to see, and in time proved herself to be quite what she seemed. Though gentle, and in a degree tolerant, she let us distinctly understand from the first just how far we might go, and instilled in us a clear notion of what was due to herself and her masters. Yvonne had secured our servants, and made everything ready for our reception, so all we had to do was to walk in and let her, like the general she was, assemble her Breton host from unknown quarters to grapple with our belongings.

The rough flagstone flooring of the entrance hall gave us the first sense of really being residents of a château. We would have gone on into the salon occupying the entire west end of the building, but Yvonne called halt, and constrained us to attend at once to the meal awaiting us in the opposite direction. In passing we caught such glimpse as we might of a bewitching garden in the rear, where waving branches, seductive perfumes, and glorious shifting moon-

light suggested desertion of the ranks, but Yvonne's firmness overcame rebellion, and we soon found ourselves gathered around a heavy black oak table on which milk, eggs, and fruit, those staples of French fare, were displayed in frugal moderation rather unconvincing to a famished company. The energy and completeness with which we disposed of the feast, and the confidence with which we demanded more transformed Yvonne's air of hospitality into a stare of blank astonishment. Fortunately we were well enough acquainted with the customs of the country to realize that she had provided what she considered just enough and no more, so to spare her too great indignity we forbore to press our claims, and gave ourselves up to a study of the room, which having formerly been the kitchen presented many peculiarities. In the interests of tenants the present kitchen occupies a new wing fitted with appointments more recent that those of 1735.

Our next summons was to the spiral oaken staircase neatly tucked into one corner of the oblong hall, treads and balluster undisguisedly axe-hewn years ago. The wax and wear of generations had wrought such glossy unevennesses upon the former, that, throughout the season, the stairway proved a glassy man-trap, responsible for many bruisings and batterings of our bodies that were occasionally chuted from

some treacherous knobby knot above to the safe level of the floor below, where the slide was stopped perforce by the opposite wall.

Yvonne now had her own troubles, for, to establish luxurious superfluities in a Breton château, where heavy oak presses take the place of closets, and furniture is reduced to very simple elements, takes time and much deliberation. The rooms on the main floor were soon assigned, and it began to look as though some of us must desecrate the salon, when Yvonne turned towards the spiral stairway, and led still higher to what we imagined must be the attic. But we had miscalculated the space within the high roof, for, although we found sloping walls, hooded windows, heavy beams standing free from the sides of the house, and, in the servants' rooms real Breton beds, the ceiling was flat, and above it still remained unexplored spaces to nourish and keep active a sense of mystery, since they were destined to remain forever closed to us.

By some unrevealed principle of choice Yvonne selected me as tenant of an upper chamber to which I followed her with some mistrust, but on glancing from the window over the bay at one side and the wide landscape on the other which our own trees screened from observation at any less elevated position, I became convinced that the choice was a mark of signal favour on her

part; and not a day passed during our whole term of occupancy that I failed to bless her when I looked upon the miles of rolling country that stretched beyond the confines of our lovely garden, to the left the open sea, and from that past craggy coast and over alternating field and forest set with hamlets in hiding indicated by slender spires.

The night was far gone before we were ready to repair to our baronial couches, and even then the unwonted emotions of the day invaded also the hours that should have been devoted to sleep. One grievance we all shared, and that was, that our boasted château when viewed with critical eye was a substantial stone farm house, and it was nothing more. The name, "Beaumanoir" went far to keep up the fiction of feudal associations, but was it not rank deception to date letters home from "Beaumanoir" without explaining that of turrets and towers and secret stairways to fit we were utterly bereft? After writing, too, that we were to spend the season in a real castle, and having let imagination set it forth with every accessory! We cannot indulge in fanciful association with feudality, for Breton builders of the centuries too far away to be modern and too near to wear the halo of antiquity, had a fashion of carving the date of their buildings to be set up in some conspicuous place, and over our back—or front, maybe,—

door we have in unmistakable figures the year 1735, which from almost any point in the garden visibly robs us of the comfort of belonging to ages ancient or even middle.

The Romans used to call this land the First Lyonais, later it was known as the Second, and finally as the Third Lyonais. In prehistoric ages it is supposed to have been connected with Cornwall, Wales, and Ireland, broad marshes then lying where the separating waters now roll. The earliest inhabitants of which we have any knowledge ranged a land of dense forests, and were divided into six independent tribes that, in time, formed a rude confederacy when each chief dwelt in his own capital city. Three of these cities, save for disputed remains, have been lost; but Condates became Rennes; Diaorig, Vannes; and Condivic, Nantes.

III. THE CHÂTEAU

THE ease with which we accustom ourselves to new conditions, no matter how unusual they may be, is surprising. We had not been a week in our interesting Breton home before we all began to feel that we were part and parcel of the establishment with a tie of relationship to the numerous ancestors that gazed fixedly upon us from the walls of the salon. We were soon on speaking terms with the neighbouring peasantry, and in the many tales of tragedy relating to the fishermen our sincere sympathy was early enlisted. No charitable soul need sigh for occupation in a land of fisher folk, and about Dinard our humbler neighbours betrayed a child-like confidence quite winsome. Even the poor half-witted woman whom the authorities considered a disgrace to the community, and who wandered about the roads at her own erratic will, apparently without let or hindrance from any relative, became an object of compassion with us, and haunted the kitchen door.

The château soon had us all in the grip of its many fascinations, one of the strongest being its cheapness. Here were the house, three beautiful

old-timy gardens, gray stone structures of unusual kind in profusion, old wells, that might have been dug by the druids, wrapped in shrubbery to match, and numerous odds and ends whose original purpose nobody could discover; all for a mere song, compared to the prices demanded at our own summer resorts. But even the modest rent asked in Dinard is high when confronted by the offers made by owners across the bay, where eight or ten hundred francs will secure for the year property more extensive and buildings more pretentious than "Beaumanoir." The truth is, that the foreign Colony is a plague to any spot on which it settles, prices go up, comforts decline, so far as they imply independence as a component element, and, as for local colour, it receives so thick a wash, that it recalls the dim peering forth of original decorations in restored churches.

It is sad, of course, that the Breton noblesse has fallen upon evil days, but since it has, it is perhaps just as well for its members that the outer world has stepped in to the rescue.

Poor Brittany! Its staunch royalism has cost it dear, for republicanism has exacted payment to the last penny. To aggravate the impoverishment, the dependence of the peasantry upon the lords of the soil seems here to have retained something of its early significance, and the nobles, with an almost feudal sense of responsibility,

fulfil obligations towards their retainers that often tax sorely their declining fortunes.

Our proprietors, clinging with desperation to the far too heavily mortgaged cradle of their race, rejoice in a name of several sections strung together with the significant *de*. This chain-like possession may be jangled in the face of too presumptuous *nouveaux riches* to their confusion when the native arrogance of such tenants gets to be unbearable; the house their money will secure, but a name like that is a matter for matrimony only, and even then the fact that it could not have come by inheritance leaves a canker in the bud. The fact is our hired name comes nearer fulfilling requirements than does the château.

About the garden though there is no mental reservation; such a wealth of venerable vegetable profusion must be seen to be appreciated. The central garden stretches from the mansion to the brow of the hill overlooking the bay, and occupies the wide space between a walled kitchen garden and another opposite that gradually blends with the farm land. In the main, ours is like all the others throughout the land, of which the principal features are straight gravelled paths, trim—supposably—borders, ingeniously designed overgrown bowers, weather-beaten fountains and sundials, and a semi-tropical looking shrubbery. Our box has grown to the size of trees, and we

have it both trimmed and untrimmed, twenty or more feet high. When we first looked upon the enchanting domain, the lilacs were in full bloom on bushes that resembled apple trees. Holly, laburnum, and a host of glossy leaved shrubs that defied the botanical acquirements of the entire party, fairly wrestled with one another in an exuberance of growth born of the mild moist climate.

The moss-covered walls played a great part in the impression of gratifying completeness that we received. Upon them in all parts stretched long arms of much pruned grape, plum, peach, and apricot branches, likewise moss-grown and venerable. The promise of future feasts then presented to our confiding fancy was remorselessly broken by the unusually hot dry summer that followed, but we could not charge this deception to the trees. Everything must have been planted when the house was young, and time has greatly softened the original severity of the design. The bower in which terminates the path from the door has become a nest of wild natural beauty, through the dense foliage of which the sun has hard work to flicker. The stone parapet to the seaward has partly crumbled and here a cutting away of the tangled branches reveals a leaf framed view of the water, or permits a look down into the cut along which winds the road far below.

From this side our château really does look like something distinguished, for it has the stately *perron*, beloved of the French, across its entire width, and that suggests, in a way, the St. Germain mansion, certainly a model adequate to requirements of utmost architectural rigour.

The central entrance here opens immediately into the apartment behind the hall-way, which ought to be the dining-room, and isn't. In simplicity the interior of the building vies with its outer plainness. The rectangle of the ground plan of the main portion is divided from front to back into three equal parts, i. e. the partition walls so run, and transversely a wall cuts the centre of the middle division to form the hall and the room opening upon the garden. Could any design be more inartificial! The original dining-room just behind the hall has become a mere lounging place between the security of the house and the emancipation of the garden. Its fine fireplace and elaborate mantel serve now no especial purpose, and the prettily carved closet in the corner we could well dispense with, since it has become a sort of catch-all for miscellaneous rubbish that everybody would like to be rid of, yet nobody has the strength of mind to give away or destroy, a variety of impedimenta but too familiar to the average household.

The ceiling of our hall is decorated with a stout iron hook that hangs directly in front of the en-

trance to our really aristocratic looking salon. It is no ornamental detail in elaborate wrought iron, not a bit of it. It is a good honest iron hook such as often appertains to the upper entrance of a feed loft, and is safe to lift a ton if necessary, or possibly greater weight. Certainly it adds nothing to the attractiveness of the entrance, and for some time it did not connect itself in our minds with the wooden trap just below it, probably because we had concealed the trap beneath a heavy rug. Even then we wondered why our painted gentry in lace and ruffles of the apartment just beyond should have set the thing in the very face of their own retreat. Then we bethought us of a narrow terrace against the inner face of the front wall close beside the great gate, and this, in turn, recalled a thin slit through the stone work there, the slant of which, though we had not at first observed it, permits a gun to command the entrance. Then by putting two and two together, and remembering that when the house was young privileged piracy received the euphonious name of privateering, we concluded that if the old hook could tell stories we might be sure that its account of its services would be interesting. Then too, in a rebel land, a well guarded cellar probably stored safely much that the revolutionists would have given a great deal to lay hands upon.

The *salon* occupies the west end of the house and on the opposite side of the hall is the Breton kitchen which some furbishing and rearranging has made into a dining-room.

The *salon* is the living-room, and there, by a generous distribution of cushions, rugs, and bric-a-brac, we have transformed Breton simplicity into irrational complexity, to the deep annoyance of Yvonne who trembled to see her world submerged, and waves of drapery cover the waxed polish of her cold woods. The room has a ceiling disproportionately high and a broad front window that just fits one strip of beech-divided lawn. No charm of irregularity disturbs the severity of our surroundings, the back window is the counterpart of its opposite sister, but its outlook is over the garden. The great stone chimney alone breaks the long stretch of side wall which is the end wall of the building.

This apartment is entirely panelled in wainscoting finely carved and painted white. To the colour we did not object until visits to similarly wainscoted rooms in other châteaux of the vicinity taught us that beneath the paint is to be found dark well-seasoned oak, and now we are dissatisfied with the room and with our ancestors in a body, since we cannot determine which one spoiled the graining we might have enjoyed.

The ancestors hang all round the four walls, drawn high to keep them out of danger. We

have all kinds from armoured to ruffled and bewigged, in oils of more or less merit. There is no doubt about it, from ancestors emanates a subtle influence that compels descendants to live up to their level, and to this we have succumbed.

In the furniture we read the tale of fallen fortunes.

On the side wall opposite the ornate chimney piece hangs a rare Venetian mirror. A millionaire might seek in vain to find a frame so heavy in which the graceful gilt filagree and glass were so elaborate. This was brought home by a red coated gentleman in the corner when he returned from the grand tour. The high-bred face still seems to turn with pride towards his purchase.

Beneath the mirror stands a heavily carved chest or armoire, a true Henri III and the larger chairs, the heavy tables are fit companions for the chest. Though poor, the owners do not think of improving their state by parting with any of these objects so endeared by associations. The whole re-echoes the impression gained down in the bower where the wooden seats are half decayed, the trees so old that they threaten to fall on the intruder, and the hard gravel floor has become a nursery of hardy, struggling growth of many kinds. Everywhere is thrust upon our notice the charm and the decrepitude.

The dining-room is *sui generis*. Like the hallway it has a rough flagged floor which we have

inharmoniously softened by means of a rug. At one side an extraordinary cavernous fireplace is royally raised upon a dais. This is fitted with crane and bar, while ragged spots on the near-by wall show where the clockwork of the old spit has been rudely torn away. Within the depths of the fireplace a little grate of stove is quite lost, and more than half the heat it furnishes on raw mornings flies aloft. The stone floor condenses moisture in remarkable quantity, but perhaps it does not favour rheumatism. The ceiling is raftered, and painted a brilliant yellow, too far above us to affect us by its buttery aspect. Clumsy iron latches, hinges, and window fastenings are fitted to balk a siege, if only the besiegers would teach the besieged to fasten them, and then wait till they were fixed. The china closet is made of a carved Breton bed, and on the other side of the room a black oak dresser, old enough to please the most exacting, disposes of the rest of the table ware.

The most curious feature of the architecture is a small servant's chamber projecting half over the room as if built on a shelf. This odd little bed-room opens upon the staircase midway of the first flight, and its wall above the dining table consists of sliding wooden shutters. It must have been a sort of opera-box whence the chief cook might superintend the scullions and oversee the meals. Breton servants of two centuries ago

must have needed a good deal of watching, for there is a square peep-hole in the butter-coloured ceiling, through which the eye of the mistress in the room above also might make observations. The hole has a neat plug which conceals it from ordinary gaze, a small bevelled square of wood with finger notches at the sides by which to lift it. The châtelaine there gave orders or looked down upon the spitted roast, to see how the coming meal was progressing, or keep the servants from cutting off choice bits.

The Breton beds in our attic are the simplest of their kind, mere wooden closets with a drawer below. Above the drawer a bed, fitting exactly the bottom of the closet, is laid, with no springs or other attempts at modern devices for comfort. In peasant cottages, the fronts of such beds are often elaborately carved. In front, below, runs a long chest, usually designed to hold linen, but serving incidentally as a stepping stone to the bed high towards the ceiling, and as a convenient stand for the cradle when in use. On a shelf, within, rests the mattress where, behind closed sliding shutters, the worthy peasants manage to sleep in comfort during the night, with no disturbing theories about microbes and ventilation. As they daily emerge unasphyxiated and apparently none the worse for their airless repose, it is to be inferred that modern ideas on those subjects are not fitted to Breton requirements.

The Château

From the numerous relics that bestrew our grounds it is easy to see that at some remote time the land appertained to the long gone priory of the Montforts. The deep well in the corner of the west garden still bears traces of a carved curb, and a niche at the back has undoubtedly lost a saintly occupant. Several huge stone watering troughs lie around with no obvious *raison d'être*, and on these figures are still to be traced although almost effaced by the wear of time. Of the huddled outbuildings a few have fallen from higher estate, one, in particular, containing an elaborate chimney-piece, remains of a fine staircase, and suggestions of past grandeur in ruined door and window cases. Nobody seems to have had sufficient curiosity to learn anything of the building in its prime. The only use to which it has of late been put is that of playground for children, or lodging for harvesters in the busy season on the farm.

IV. AT HOME IN DINARD

ALTHOUGH our kodaks have wrought their best upon the glorious scenes that dazzle us by their unlimited profusion, nothing but disappointment comes of black and white reproductions of the glittering polychrome always beneath our gaze. The sparkle of the multi-coloured waves, the vivid greens of the varied foliage, the restful gray of huddled hamlets that peep from among the trees in every direction; and all bathed in the limpid pearly light of this moist atmosphere no photograph can give. Across the broad bay, St. Malo, with stout walls and high roofs dominated by the graceful spire of the cathedral, is reflected in the dancing waters that advance and recede across the wide yellow sands above which it stands; further back towards the mouth of the Rance, St. Servan, less picturesque, yet forming a congruous extension of the sister city, leads the eye down the shore till the heavy tower of Solidor arrests attention, almost the last mediæval relic remaining to the oldest settlement of this coast. Between the two towns projects a fortified rock, used as a military station, and before this the

white tide gauge of the government is placed. Rock and island dot the waters as far as the eye can see.

Along the horizon a misty line, looking as though it ought to define the position of Jersey, is really the hills of the Chauseys but half as far away, and, if the day be dark, even the Chauseys are hidden. Forming a natural gateway to the harbour stand two rugged islands, the Great and the Little Bey both crowned by decaying fortifications of Vauban. At his own request Chateaubriand was buried on the crest of the Great Bey looking towards the open sea, and the lonely tomb, half covered by straggling weeds, apparently pinned to the inhospitable rock by the contracted rectangle of iron fence which is its only protection, is the first landmark sought by the St. Malo fishing fleet as it returns to winter at home.

The landscape at the rear of our property is scarcely less superb. Beyond the flower-bordered lawns, framed by walls and barns, a slope of farming land falls off to a grove below. Across the hollow rises rapidly a varied rolling country, over which, as seen from above, the eye roams for miles in every direction, free from the obstruction of the dense foliage of the garden, which screens our own strip of sandy bathing-beach from any post of observation at the house.

One day, with a great refurbishing of disused

debilitated French, we sallied forth to call on Madame, our châtelaine. According to continental custom it rests with strangers to make the first call, and put themselves upon trial. We set out with some distrust of our ability so to manage the conversational medium as to carry this very significant and formal rite to a conclusion worthy of the land whose social honour lay in our hands, for the theory of the French does not include any linguistic concession to foreigners. Outside of Paris, in which city considerations of a baser nature have modified the national practice, it is assumed that everything lovely and of good report, either originates in France, or must, if imported, receive the approval of Frenchmen. To expect natives to meet strangers on the ground of their language is to expect an abandonment of their principles and moral convictions.

We knew that the lady in question lived somewhere along the narrow, curving, deep-cut road straying off towards the beach below, but nothing faced this road but high irregular walls that seemed linked to the barns and huge watering troughs on our own land. The walls were evidently the much patched relics of some large monastic establishment. There were traces of filled-in gothic apertures; chipped denuded old gargoyles springing forth in unexpected places; with every characteristic but their native ir-

remediable ugliness washed away; and disjointed projections of heavy arched mouldings, the reiteration of the old tale of departed grandeur. If Yvonne's shock-headed niece had not stepped from one of two moss-grown barn doors, set like green eyes in the scarred gray face of the wall, we should have turned back baffled, but the girl directed us to knock at the other eye, and soon this was opened for us by a neat serving woman who ushered us across the pretty garden before the humble cottage now housing the descendants of our own gold-laced gentlemen and Pompadour ladies. The upper drawing room in which we awaited our hostess might have been a room of the château, so closely did its mixture of ancient elegance and modern simplicity correspond with that which awaited us on our arrival. Everything heavy, worthy a place in a museum, everything bought to supply deficiencies, of quality so poor and flimsy that the rich peasants would scorn to use it.

Our reflections and observations were cut short by the entrance of a frail slender gentlewoman, no longer young, whose manner allied her unmistakably to our ancestors, so unaffected was its refinement and courtesy, and so French. Our hosts, too, had quitted their task of trimming the moss covered branches upon the garden walls, to acknowledge our attention, and, although to outward appearance they were but

hard-worked farmers, bent and toil worn in the never-ending struggle with adverse fate, they were quite above any consciousness of the incongruity that weighed upon our spirits, and undoubtedly would have resented as impertinence the pity and sympathy roused in our hearts by their lowly condition.

Evidently such portraits as were especially dear to the family had been put out of harm's reach by being transported, for from the walls of the modest apartment other gaily attired gentry smiled and "looked cheerful" upon us; ancestors we did not know we had; and above the mantle relatives in miniature invited close examination, our great-grandmother especially, for she was the sweetest prettiest young thing in her line that we had ever met.

The conversation circled mainly about early Dinard in the days when our high-born family had affairs pretty well in its own hands, and had not dreamed of being discovered by outlanders; when the domain of "Beaumanoir" extended over most of the territory occupied by the present town, and the family presented the Church with land whereupon to build the sanctuary.

We learned that by looking farther to the north than the Chauseys on a clear day we may discern Jersey itself with a good opera glass, an accomplishment that none of us have realized.

As tenants, we were even interested in the

history of the patched and broken transom of coloured glass above our garden entrance, mainly, I suppose, because it is so covered with patches of paper that we have held many discussions as to what the curious pastoral scene of the design originally represented.

When we left, our hosts left too, doffed their Sunday best, and unconcernedly returned to their gardening.

Being out, we concluded to see the only two antiquities of brand new Dinard, whither those who sigh for historic association should not wander. Even in its newness Dinard is not so pretty as it should be. Dwellings that present a charming aspect from the water rise blankly from the edge of the ill-kept footpaths, plain flat fronts with plain doors and windows. In many cases along the street that follows the coast line, a roof behind a sort of area way is all that is visible from the road, and the house is entered by way of the garret. The Boulevard with its clipped lindens and begardened residences is the best part of the city, but, somehow or other, gravel is too much in evidence, there are gritty suggestions even there.

Dinard is awake only about six weeks in the year, for the flock that arrives in mid July leaves in September; but for that six weeks the community is galvanized into feverish energy. Shops carry on flourishing trade, booths are set up by

Parisian houses, salesmen of every variety cater to the prevailing extravagance, and then everything stops. Many shops and booths close entirely, and those that remain open to purvey to local needs make a practice of laying away the finer grade of goods to await the better prices of the next social high tide, so that even shopping, that great resource of the idle, is out of the question.

The chief sight in Dinard is the old priory, and in the search for that you come upon more old wall, more plainest of deal doors serving as gates, more charming inclosed garden land, and much more crumbling stone ruin. The priory is so well hidden that it takes some persistence to find it, but when found the roofless overgrown space between slowly decaying walls amply repays one for the trouble of arriving. At their altar, now represented by a shapeless heap, the monks worshipped as long ago as 1324, when the monastery was founded by Oliver and Geoffrey of the noble house of Montfort. The order was vowed to the ransom of captives taken in war. Two sadly chipped and weather-beaten armoured gentlemen in stone still recline in opposite niches to guard the spot where they were probably priors when in the flesh. At the east end of the inclosure a crude statue, far from beautiful, of the Virgin peers through the leafage of a thrifty fig tree that has rooted itself and

Dinan—Rue de l' Apport

flourished upon the mound of debris that probably covers her shrine. The inner window casings of the north wall retain much of their graceful moulding and carving, but, for the rest, the chapel is a hopeless wreck.

Across uneven hillocks of grass-covered stone, and past barns and sheds, each preserving some token of relationship to the priory, we picked our way back to the outer road, and proceeded to hunt up Dinard's second show place down the tortuous Grand Street which follows the coast. This is a towered house that looms above adjacent roofs so plainly that it would seem impossible to miss it. On we walked till we suddenly became conscious of the fact that the tower no longer reared itself before our eyes, and turning back in surprise there we saw it some distance in the rear. They say that the Black Prince once slept beneath that tower, but when or why nobody seems to know, which robs the tale somewhat of convincing force.

That does not make any difference, though. The Black Prince and Anne of Brittany seem to have been provided by fortune with tenacious weather-proof halos warranted to cling and not wear off. One nap suffices to make the fame of the house. This one stands rather back from the surrounding buildings, and, as the tower rises from the rear, it is quite easy to pass it by. A very stably odour pervades the space before

the archway leading back to the tower, and the much worn tracery about the windows scarcely attracts attention, which is more than can be said for the rather noisy little wine or cider shop occupying part of the ground floor. We picked our way through a very muddy passage, and then climbed some steps into a small vegetable garden at the back, whence we gazed upon the fairly preserved and well whitewashed building. The tower itself is a sort of double construction in which a smaller sized companion bulges from the main trunk just above its establishment of the desired rotundity. Architects have a name for it the little parasite, but to ordinary gaze it has the appearance of a baby tower clinging to its father's portly back.

The streets in the main conform to the character of the cliffs. They straggle along in untidy pretentiousness till brought to bay by some sheer rocky descent, adown which the discouraged pavement gives place to toilsome, tortuous footpaths, which mark a more or less perilous way on the face of the steep ragged bluffs. From the quay one such path has been ameliorated by a stone stairway that leads in distracting zigzag straight upwards for an exhausting distance, so that even this scarcely deserves the name of easy road. In compensation, however, each cliff presents its own glorious outlook over the sea.

The great bathing beach is a scene of varied

activity. A large portion of its hard flat expanse serves to harbour the wonderful bathing machines insisted upon by English custom. The question is still debated whether these awkward wheeled boxes are designed to shelter the sensitive modesty or screen from criticism the indescribable costume of the virtuous Englishwoman, who considers it "fast" to wear stockings in the water.

Paris is not far from Brittany but Brittany is a long way from Paris. Although the tourist has swooped down upon the upper corner of the land, and has done his best to carry progress and enlightenment in his train, the worthy natives are quite able to withstand the assaults of the spoiler. They have their own idea of historic values, and what Julius Cæsar is to the rest of the world, Anne of Brittany is to them. John, Anne's great-grandfather was a powerful ruler, but his place in the Breton heart is many degrees lower than hers. Throughout all Brittany, anything touched or loved by Anne is hallowed. As she had a taste for royal progresses such cherished spots occur frequently enough to assure every Breton a chance to nourish his superstitious devotion to the great lady's memory, a woman who certainly achieved much, considering that she taught her turbulent nobles who had counted on managing the province to their own satisfaction with a Duchess thirteen years old on the

throne, that if they thought they could play pranks with her, they had made a miscalculation that she would correct for them.

Anne was daughter of Francis II and Marguerite de Foix. On the death of Francis she became coheiress with a sister Isabelle in 1488, but Isabelle's early death left Anne single handed to cope with the question of the Salic law, not native to Brittany, but foisted upon dukes Francis I and Peter II by France in the treaty of Guérand, made at a time when there was no impending likelihood of failure in the male line ducal. When, however, the last heir proved to be an heiress, her worthy Bretons ignored a compact that tended to throw them into the waiting arms of their strong neighbour, and set up their duchess without dissent on the part of her subjects.

That they acted wisely soon became apparent, but the wisdom was of a sort not anticipated. Our modern notions of chivalry had little to do with their defence of a women, their main idea was to take advantage of a weak administration to advance their own individual interests. The completeness with which they were undeceived is amusing, for although their lady exercised her power in high-handed fashion very often, it was always with the real good of her land at heart. Had not her methods been swift and effectual she must have uncommended died, and her

duchy would have been rent with the internal dissentions that had so often desolated it.

That Anne was always rather duchess than queen, is a fault for which no Breton condemns her, though her two royal spouses, Charles VIII and Louis XII doubtless often wished it otherwise. It became impossible for her when queen regnant to spend much time in her own beloved state, but she made frequent visits and never wearied of testifying her preference for her Breton subjects.

But, after all, Anne was a disillusioned thwarted woman. The sons from whom she hoped much died in childhood, and of the two daughters that reached maturity, she earnestly desired the elder, Claude, to marry in a way to secure independence for her inheritance; but Louis XII, quite as zealous for the interests of France, insisted that the girl should marry his own successor, that Francis who was gallant to all but his neglected wife. Anne died just before the marriage occurred, but with the knowledge that in all human probability nothing could prevent it, and a well grounded apprehension that Francis would prove but a cruel mate for her gentle devoted daughter.

The definite union of France and Brittany took place in the reign of Francis I, 1532, thus terminating the autonomy of a sturdy patriotic people, faithful to its nation, religion, and laws;

firm in adversity, dauntless in peril, never completely subjugated, and the most desired by France of the great dependencies.

Anne's second daughter, Renée, became that amiable, generous Duchess of Ferrara who provided a city of refuge to the oppressed Huguenots of France, till the church discovered what she was about, and hunted her *protégés* forth. Calvin first fled to Renée in 1534 where, too, went Clement Marot and others prominent among the reformers, but the *cotérie* was soon broken up, and its chief member then proceeded to Geneva. Renée's daughter was that Leonora whose heartlessness wrecked Tasso's life.

Hospitality seems ever to have been the virtue of the Breton rulers. Henry VII of England and Louis XII of France were but two of a long list of guests who found shelter at the Breton court from threatening perils. It is said, with much show of truth, that Anne's second marriage was a love match that resulted from her early interest in the misfortunes of the exiled prince Louis.

It is due to François de Laval, to whom Anne's education was intrusted, to say that her pupil, in an age conspicuously corrupt was a woman of scrupulous morality and high integrity, proficient in all womanly pursuits, and at the same time strong and capable in the execution of her important duties.

V. SUBURBS OF DINARD

THE social pace at Dinard is set by exiles from England who, in general, exhibit the faults of both countries untempered by the virtues of either. To a full assortment of the foibles imported from their island home, these estrays are prone to add not a few of their own invention, but they all square accounts weekly by attending service on Sunday in the English chapel, where they genuflect with much twisting and turning under the eye of a parson redolent of secularity. Those who cannot escape the sermon yawn or sleep through it, and the hebdomadal obligation is discharged. The over-vaunted independence of American women is a quality strictly reserved for home consumption. Abroad they exhibit slavish subservience to English mentors, and attempt with such success as may be, to reproduce in all its latitude the outlandishness, as it may literally be called, of a set so long removed from criticism it respects, as to have, in some degree, lost self-respect.

Americans often neither begin Sunday with a faithful discharge of their religious duties, such as that which forms the fitting preface to the

French period of rest and rational relaxation; nor cut from gambling, golf, or tennis the hour before dinner, in which the English preserve the significance of the day. The Massachusetts Sabbath is left as a Puritan invention in the land to which it was transported a babe in arms, and the giddy Yankees justify their course by stating airily that in France they must do as the French do. Their actual observance of this rule results in performances at which the well-bred French stare aghast. It is quite certain their own mothers would fail to recognize some of these transplanted daughters.

The truth is, that upper class nomads form a caste of their own, no matter what may be their nationality. This caste has well-known characteristics, and usurps social immunities that none of the members would dare claim in their respective homes. No one would dream that the national beverage of America is ice-water, for pure water is much too flat a drink abroad. More or less diluted, Scotch whiskey is the choice, and, at each cover at the hotel table, stands the honest bottle, needing no apology, and at balls the consumption of wine exceeds belief.

On the other hand, the well-bred Frenchwoman is propriety incarnate. As a girl she never left her mother's side. She was taught to stand, to sit, to enter and leave a room properly; and to bear herself towards superior,

equal, and inferior with fitting courtesy. The arrogance and self-assertion now so much affected by Anglo-Saxons has no place in French society. The very vocabulary of the Frenchwoman has been hedged about with prohibitions. Many quite proper expressions are forbidden to woman if masculine or unmusical in sound, and so neither the language nor the manners of the stable are borrowed by her to testify to her emancipation. At table she is temperate, conspicuously so with respect to wine. Stronger drinks are not considered seemly. In no particular is demonstrated more completely the exquisite artistic sense of the French than in the training of their girls. A native instinct of the eternal fitness of things has produced the woman who may still be considered the finest of her kind. From the beautiful finish of the best English manner, abstract the underlying shy stiffness, and add ease and vivacity; to the readiness and self-assurance of Americans join grace and restraint; to the domestic efficiency of the Germans, supply also business ability and more intelligent comprehension; then you will have in part the incomparable character of the cultured Frenchwoman.

This contrast may account for the fact that there is little social mingling of the native with the foreign elements in Dinard. The French summer colony keeps itself mainly to the high

rocky bluff that projects into the sea just below the town to the west, and is known as the Malouine. Entrance to this exclusive quarter is by way of a forbidding wrought-iron gate hung between tall stone posts. One almost inclines to ask permission to enter the park-like inclosure, but, in point of fact, the road is free to all well-behaved visitors, and the locality the prettiest in the entire countryside. To our eyes French domestic architecture seems weighted down with an excess of ornamentation, but peering out from the thick foliage of the Malouine the inconsequent brick turrets, bright tile cornices, erratic iron work, and uncalled-for balconies produce a picturesque *ensemble* that disarms criticism. Instead of Dinard's set streets we find rambling roads turning in and out between hedges and bowers. Gardens tip over the edge of the precipice seaward, and clothe the jagged peaks with a garment of bloom. Through every break in the over-spreading glossy leaved shrubbery gleams the ocean, and an air of comfort, if not of luxury rests upon the scene. All is decorous and restrained up here, but Dinard knows not the Malouine, nor the Malouine, Dinard.

St. Enogat is the mother city of these newer settlements, and, although from the station it looks like a place apart, one completely built-up street unites them all.

Often as we hear of the amazing thrift of the French, the actual fact comes upon one as a surprise. On this same road to St. Enogat, we had occasion to realize what French thrift may accomplish. Half way up the street there is a baker's shop conducted by very respectable people. It is no confectioner's with moulds of cream and pastries, but a simple bakery catering to the peasant, where the chief commodity appears to be flat round loaves of brown bread of the pumpernickel variety, in size something like small cart wheels. The place is neat and clean, but has by no means the appearance of the abode of wealth. It happened that the baker's eldest daughter was married while we were there to see. The girl had a completely appointed wedding and a trousseau unexpectedly fine. The bridal gown and veil were of the best, though not pretentious, but, in addition to the outlay necessitated by these rather elaborate accessories, there was a dot of ten thousand francs paid down. As the bride was the eldest of three or four daughters, Brittany being the province that goes furthest toward maintaining the birth rate in France, the parents, it may safely be inferred, expected to do equally well by each daughter in turn. And yet, these people were not miserly in order to attain the degree of wealth necessary for their purposes, for among the families of the poorer fishermen were many

whose accounts were generously carried along through the season, to be quite remitted in case the sea refused to return the absent breadwinner.

Just before reaching St. Enogat, its little tangled graveyard attracts attention, quite unlike those to which we are accustomed, and yet, so modified by foreign occupancy, as to depart noticeably from the conventional French model. The dead here have been left to the kindly care of nature which has wrapped the graves in profuse, neglected growths of weed and briar. Many English lie here, their graves distinguished by the absence of those beaded tokens of grief and remembrance which in all stages of repair cumber the resting places of the French. There is something particularly lonely about an English grave. The very fashion of leaving the dead far from his home and kindred repels us, while the resulting neglect of the grave intensifies a depressing desolation. The glittering French designs, "To a dear father," "In ever loving memory," staring up in sunlit glass from more or less damaged frameworks of wire are often unsightly enough, but it is impossible not to respect the faithful remembrance when the date on the slab beneath proves that the dear ones have long been gone, far longer than many of the apparently forgotten foreigners have slept near them.

St. Enogat enjoys high favour with the English.

Browning once spent some time there, though what he found of interest more than might have been furnished by any one of the larger villages of the land it is hard to see. The place is a mere expansion of the ordinary gray stone hamlet. There are narrow, muddy, unpaved roads; an uninteresting modern church; a *calvaire* also modern, in striking contrast to the curious ancient ones commonly found in the country; and a pervading air of dull stagnation. At the edges of the town are occasional picturesque bits, old farmsteads with inclosed barnyard-approaches larger, muddier, and more populous than ordinary. Here and there are houses with rough stone outer stairways leading to an upper story hiding itself away under the ponderous overhanging thatch.

A royal princess of Great Britain elected to pass some time at St. Enogat which shows that the place possesses some sort of fame. The princess came incognito. With her suite she occupied a villa beyond the town, and on several occasions was seen in Dinard looking about. One thing may be said in favour of the English, they exercise a fine courtesy towards their royal family. In America a person of note dwelling in a well known and accessible house would have been besieged by curious sight seers. The princess was recognized by a number of her brother's subjects, but her wishes were respected, and she

was permitted to enjoy her outing in peace. One isolated trespass upon the royal lady's privacy occurred, and, as might be suspected, the impertinence proceeded from an American woman. An English lady learning of the fact indignantly exclaimed with simple dignity, "That is not the manner in which we treat royalty!" Still, the Englishwoman ought to have reflected, that since America has no royalty, its daughters can scarcely be expected to know precisely what's what in dealing with it.

The high road after leaving St. Enogat becomes monotonous and uninteresting. It dips down off the rocks and follows the lower coast. The land is sterile and wind swept. Here and there stand semicircular walls of brick or stone brilliantly whitewashed to serve as beacons, warning small craft sailing in the shallows beyond. As far as St. Lunaire nothing more interesting appears, but at this point a wide grassy point of land lies to the right, and there the golf club has fixed itself with house and grounds. In St. Lunaire village the people have built a brand new church of which they are very proud. The disused old church looks from the outside as though it might be worth seeing, but the windows are boarded up and the doors fast locked. Experience with the churches of the vicinity made it seem to us unwise to put forth any great effort to get into the ruinous building,

though its position on a hillside gives to the exterior a very effective appearance.

St. Briac six miles from Dinard has a church in which the steeple, or rather belfry, is surrounded by two little balconies one above the other. It must have been an original inspiration of some Breton architect of not very remote times. It is quite uncanonical and audacious, but the effect is attractive. If anyone wished to go up into either balcony to view the country it would require some courage to step out upon the frail narrow ledge, for, seen from below, the ornamental projections have a very open crumbly appearance. They can hardly have been built for any use, and must be considered pure flights of æsthetic fancy. A curious frieze of sculptured fish is preserved in this church, a relic of the earlier Sanctuary that occupied the site. The frieze symbolizes the fact that St. Briac, who must by no means be confounded with St. Brieuc, is the special guardian of the fisher folk.

Behind Dinard where the Rance enters the bay lies the Vicomté, a bold bluff of great natural beauty whereon the land is cut into building lots and barred off with roughly-cut, straight streets in a way familiar enough. Besides a sea front there is here at one side the wild beautiful river valley, fortunately with banks too steep to be cut into lots and hence preserved in its pristine tangle of tree, shrub,

and creeper. The bare empty streets-to-be have the raw crudeness of what we well know as "unimproved property" for, as yet, few people have ventured to settle on the bleak summit, but, in time, it must arrive, as the French say, and some day will rival the Malouine. Already the church has secured the finest position, and has built a monastery. Although on the sacred spot women are taboo, an obliging caretaker just before the building was occupied permitted two of us to look into the cells facing the long upper corridor. They were bare and uninviting enough. As luck would have it, we were spied by one in authority who chased us away, and put the caretaker through a course of such violent instruction that we realized sharply our guilt in having tempted him from the path of strict obedience. From the point of the bluff you look down on stout old Solidor opposite at such short range that it seems as though a good jumper with a determined spring might easily land on either of the cone peaks without over exerting himself.

A little further on is the beginning of a long alley of great old trees leading to the manor house that but recently stood alone in its glory in the midst of this wide domain of fertile rolling fields. The straight road is bordered by tangled thickets alive with the twitter of birds, and made gay with many a wild flower upon which the

full light of the sun has never fallen, so dense is the arched foliage above. The imposing entrance to the château, seen down the long shaded vista, seems neglected and disused. Very likely some peasant caretaker is the only inhabitant now of the once stately home.

The peasant custom of receiving domestic animals as boarders in the home exercises on them a civilising effect quite striking. They have no immunity from the sudden and severe domestic storms which seem necessary for the proper Breton moral training of both animals and children, but they have apparently achieved a philosophy that counteracts rigour, for the confident air of comradeship betrayed by Breton dogs and horses, has a quality unapproached by our live stock.

Old peasants naturally tend towards the occupations of nurse or cowherd, and their charges have the best of them. To see a cow lead an old crone by her cord is a sight that excites amusement and sympathy for the victim in about equal proportions. In our neighbourhood browsed a cow named Bobinette. What the old dame, who sat all day on the green slope where she probably knit the family hose for the year, called herself we never knew. The cow called her *moo* with effect every evening, when an invariable dialogue preceded Bobinette's departure. Gathering up her work the old woman would approach

the calmly grazing cow with the conciliatory remark: "Ah! Bobinette, thou knowest that thy milking time is arrived." Till the caretaker had attained and grasped the long rope that Bobinette wore for the adornment of her head, and trailed beside her with snake-like glides or jerking contortions, the cow disdained to respond; but the moment she felt the feeble pull designed to lead her in the way she should go, without raising her muzzle from the feast below, she would give a low *moo* equivalent to a contrary minded *no*. Thereupon ensued a wandering see-saw over the face of the field, ending when the cow chose to decide for home, or felt constrained by such persuasions as: "But, Bobinette, thou hast no sense, thou art not good." "Hast thou forgotten the good barn and the hay?" "What behaviour is this that thou shouldest not be obedient? Thou hast no thought, no manners." In the end Bobinette would be seen loitering down the road, with many pauses for refreshment, answering with her imperturbable *moo* the still voluble questions and reproaches of her old friend and guardian.

VI. THE COUNTRY NEAR DINARD

ANY voyage of discovery or hunt after Breton interiors of the ancient type necessarily begins for us at our own garden where the staple crops seem to be snails and apricots. The fig trees give a delusive semi-tropical appearance, but promise no great abundance of fruit. As it turned out, the unusually dry season which came near exhausting even the ancient well in the vegetable garden, reduced our apricots to their lowest elements. An Englishman described the apricot as a cross between peach and turnip with too much of the latter. Judged by the specimens we raised, he cruelly slandered the useful turnip, for the Beaumanoir apricot was like nothing in the world but dry sponge, uncrossed by anything.

There is little danger of straying beyond the summons of the dinner bell, which is sister to the substantial door-bell, and jiggles from a spring just below one of the bedroom windows at the back of the house. The bell-rope dangles before the window of the dining-room, and, in wet weather, its gyrations design fantastic arabesques on the glass against which decoration

the maid bears active spite. The clang of the bell is rich and conventual, extending to the nearby villages, where the cottagers receive due notice of all our meals, since the waitress thoroughly delights in her pre-prandial exercise with the rope. Our repasts follow closely those of the neighbouring convent where there is a bell that vies with ours. The convent fixes its meals by the noon peal and angelus at the church so, at least three times a day, we are enlivened by chimes worthy of Bruges, that city where bells ring forever. Our neighbours, the sisters, eke out a livelihood by taking summer boarders of either sex, provided the pay be forthcoming, thereby manifesting a breadth of view rather confusing to those acquainted only with convents in America where men are held in abhorrence.

No sooner had we well established ourselves at Beaumanoir than we discovered that art with a very big A had to be reckoned with. The gigantic umbrella mushrooms that display themselves hideously throughout the grounds locate the position of æsthetic friends, who, in virtue of their superior talents, consider our sketchery theirs to command. In Brittany, art is part of the anticipated programme, and without it our satisfaction would be incomplete; but, as frequently happens, the looked-for blessing assumes an aspect not entirely soothing. Art personified

makes itself coolly comfortable at the expense of the ungifted, and artists leave behind them at home the fine reserve considered ornamental to the closest companionship. This emancipation from conventionality has for us the trying result of denying us any rights that Art is bound to respect. The garden is beautiful, hence it is a proper subject for pictures. The hall and home-like room adjoining lead to the garden, therefore they become a highway for sketchers. As for the pretty closet *en route*, designed to hold the porcelain and napery of a century ago, it is so full of dauby traps and wet canvases that no one but a born artist dare open it. Our parasols and umbrellas may lodge where they may. Although with one exception we do not claim to be able to paint pictures, the defect does not strike us as a valid reason for being exiles from our own castle, nor do we understand why our dwelling should be degraded to the level of a mere gateway to the garden; still, no one has the courage of his exasperation in the matter of protest.

It is rather surprising that the attention of the invaders has not been turned in the direction of a towered farmhouse some distance further along the road. That has few flowers, to be sure, but it does possess the stout round tower that we lack to our sorrow. A tower, be it known, is a most significant feature of Breton architecture,

for in the old days only families of a certain rank were permitted to build towers. The presence of that feature in the farmhouse aforesaid proves that it set out in life as a château. The place possesses trees, barns, and haystacks in superfluity, and ought to "compose" well enough to satisfy the most exacting artistic requirements. The gateway is far more imposing than ours, the stone posts higher and thicker, and topped with fat balls which wear has likened rather to boiled puddings than to cannon balls. Inside the gate delusion ends, for the usual spread of swampy barnyard muck extends between that and the door. The interior of the building in no wise repays one for making the dubious passage, since whatever of elegance or interest the house may once have held, has been swept away to give place to the simple whitewashed bareness of the farmer's home. The winding staircase of the tower, a heavy axe-hewn spiral, leads to ruin and a brand new roof, from which hangs a stout hempen rope to serve as baluster. But a swinging hand-rail freely swaying down a central well lends to the uninitiated faint sense of security when clambering around a twist-about of glassy oak treads hollowed and uneven.

Back of our garden we may take to the fields which are here prettily divided by lines of blooming gorse. In England the ragged beauty and

broad encroaching base of these ridges would not be tolerated, but they certainly add to the general picturesque effect of the scene. Probably the foundation of these flowery lines is stone, but, when in good repair, they show only heaped earth set with bush, tree, and bramble like a dropsical hedge. Many of the dykes are so old that the trees rooted upon them are full grown. Many of them have fallen into a decay quite in keeping with the tumble-down cabins inhabited by a majority of the peasants. Over all run blackberry trailers in profusion, but the berries are left to dry on the stems for the peasants believe that of blackberry was made Christ's crown of thorns, and, therefore, they hold the plant accursed. They tell you that blackberries produce fever and other maladies, so for that reason untold quantities of possible jam dry up and fall to the ground unheeded.

In any direction walking in Brittany is a pleasure that in sunnier lands it commonly is not. The sky is usually gray or, if clear, the sun shines with a comfortable, pale, lemon-coloured light that neither raises the road-bed to oven heat nor sears the eyes with its fierce glare.

Cross-roads must be attacked with circumspection, for the fact that they have a fair beginning does not prove anything regarding the outcome. Occasionally instead of leading into

a road beyond, they fetch up suddenly in the impassable mud of somebody's barnyard, and a cart track or two on the opposite shore indicates the only way of exit ahead.

On every road is seen the donkey, for the donkey-cart is the chosen vehicle of the peasant. The amount of goods the owner succeeds in piling behind one of these patient slender-legged beasts is a matter for wonderment. The diminutive donkey trots along merrily dragging behind him what looks like a small mountain, upon the treacherous slope of which, the stolid peasant contrives to fix himself beyond danger of sliding off. That he is able placidly to puff at his pipe in this coign of unstable equilibrium, shows the sound results of generations of careful experimentation, and a robust vigour of the nervous system.

On every hand stretch broad apple orchards producing the hard, bitter, unpalatable fruit used in the manufacture of cider, much of which, labelled Norman goes to Paris, though the Breton product as sold in this vicinity is sour and bitter with no clear apple taste such as makes the beverage in our own land beloved of the small boy. The Bretons do not consider cider fit to drink until it is very old, which perhaps accounts for the peculiarity of flavour. By rare chance fresh cider is sometimes obtainable, and is then a trifle more drinkable than the older brands; but,

St. Briene—Sabot Market

on the whole, it is safe to assume that a real taste for the Breton beverage is of those called acquired. Good wine may need no bush but cider seems not able to dispense with that significant emblem, and fully one half the cabins throughout the land display above the entrance the mop of mistletoe or sprawl of holly inviting the drinker to test the especial brand of draught provided within. Intoxication is considered a legitimate entertainment on all occasions, and the Breton like his Celtic kindred of other lands entertains himself liberally.

Breton villages are all made upon one pattern, a pattern common to the more remote districts of Scotland and Ireland also. These hamlets are sprinkled along the roads on every hand with a profusion surprising to visitors from less populous lands. Scarcely is the rank Celtic odour of one haphazard cluster of gray stone cabins left in the rear, than the next is scented from afar. These insignificant aggregations seem hardly worth naming, yet, on the map, each is set down with a title inversely proportioned in length to its size.

Along the road behind Beaumanoir, which approximately conforms to the coast-line eastward, villages are strung like gray pearls most skilfully matched. Upon the cliff the highway holds its own till suddenly running against the blank wall of cabin or church, it is forced into a

tortuous wriggle between huts, sheds, barns, and wine-shops, till it worms its way through to the opposite end of the town. Buildings are set down in any direction, according to the fancy of the builder, and it is not unusual, to find the road almost squeezed quite out of existence between opposing corners. The oldest cabins invariably present a side to the high-road, and in this side and its continuation of high wall, the only opening is a gateway through which may be seen stretching off at right angles to the high-road, the long line of dwellings of which the village is composed. These cabins, though usually rectangular are of all heights and sizes, yet each thatched roof seems intent upon hitching itself to its neighbour. The result is a sky line wavy and toppling, in which the older thatch, weedy and moss-grown, patched by bright yellow renovations, presents an alpine view in miniature. On nearer approach the cabins show very plainly where one generation fits itself into crannies vacated by those gone before. Almost any of the more ancient walls bear distinctly marked diagonal streaks telling where the standing corner of an abandoned ruin has been built upon and pre-empted at a later date, still remote. It is not uncommon to find traces of three or four successive stages of restoration, proving that as many generations were willing to bolster up the place into habitable shape.

A large proportion of the houses are built with a niche for a saint's statue above the front door, sometimes the patron saint of the family or village, but most usually that of the Virgin, the especial patroness of fishermen and sailors; of all, in fact, who go down to the sea in ships. The sundial, too, is prominently placed on some important wall, frequently, as are many of the little saints, it is protected by a glass pane, for the moisture of the atmosphere is inimical to unprotected saints, and soon denudes them of external beauties. These numerous adornments add greatly to the picturesque effect of the settlements.

Down the alleys abutting on the road may be seen the real daily life of the people. These vistas are muddy and littered but populous. Old women sit at the door and spin, younger dames wash, sew, or care for their children with a freedom from restraint quite European, and throughout the entire space tumble babies, cats, dogs, and pigs till you receive the impression that the climate is as stimulating to animal as to vegetable life. Parrots are in great favour, and few cabins fail to show before the windows a large parrot cage, whence continual chattering increases the abounding confusion.

Fine Breton interiors are not to be found in Upper Brittany near the line of travel. In fact the line of travel has a destructive effect on

interiors, though the substantial bright brass utensils, that pass from generation to generation of Breton housewives as part of their dowry, may be seen gleaming from almost any hearthside. These may be bought for ridiculously low prices, and make for the artist his most cherished models for still life. There are occasional unfrequented cross-roads a few miles out from Dinard where may be found specimen cottage interiors, but even in these, modern beds are elbowing out picturesque closets, and Yvonne told us once that if we had ever had charge of a patient dangerously ill, we would soon appreciate the advantage of having him off his inclosed shelf, and in the open where he could be properly cared for. Only one cottage did we ever find where change of no kind seemed to have disturbed the old ways. Here everything was waxed and polished to the highest lustre, but the woodwork was destitute of carving. On the chest in front of the bed, the family baby in its cradle was being slowly rocked by a little sister, a maid of perhaps ten years, though, who can fix with any certainty the question of ages where all faces are equally smooth and vacant, and all costumes identical! Mama was evidently abroad cultivating the strip of farm. Baby stared up at us gravely with calm round eyes, and Sister, after being assured of our good intentions, displayed the furniture we had walked so

far to see, and conversed with the solemnity of a grown woman in church. Viewed from the back, the child's full skirt, short bodice, cap, and sabots gave the impression of a woman seen through the wrong end of an opera-glass.

Conversation with the natives, although to be eschewed on account of the vicious accent, is full of interest, and in one respect, at least, enlightening. The local "*sais paw*" that does service for "*Je ne sais pas*," bears convincing relationship to Sawco, Chicawgo, Walawmette, Arkansaw, and dozens of other *aws*, brought to Canadian shores and left by natives of northern France to be disseminated through the United States. At intervals along the roads, and at almost every crossing stands the *calvaire* testifying to the fact that, however sceptical may be the peasantry of other parts of France, Brittany remains devoted to the church and its teachings. Indeed, to claim relationship with an ecclesiastic of any order is to the Breton peasant almost equivalent to a patent of nobility. Half the serene self-respect possessed by our good Yvonne arises from the fact, proclaimed early in the course of our acquaintance, that she has one sister who is a *religeuse*. The faith proclaimed by the Breton crucifix may be rudimentary, but it is sincere, and the variety of these tokens is so great, the antiquity and grotesqueness of many of them so striking, that Napoleon III,

during a tour through the province, was sufficiently impressed by their quaintness to entertain a design of having them all restored and put in order. The preliminary report on the subject showed that their number ran into the thousands, and he soon realized that the drain on the public coffers would be too great, so, with regret, he was compelled to abandon the scheme.

But if village *calvaires* are attractive, nothing so praiseworthy can be said of the churches, which are as uninteresting as one can well imagine. The newer are severely plain both inside and out. The weather quickly lends a spurious appearance of age to the exterior, but, within, even the older buildings have been scraped and whitewashed into meaningless cleanliness, and the only noticeable features are the votive ships that, suspended by a wire from the ceiling, slowly sway with their freight of dust and cobwebs before the shrine of the favouring saint. One or two belfrys piercing the thick foliage beyond our borders present architectural features that seem promise of better things, but so far as discovered the promises are not kept. The little ships, however, testifying gratitude for perils safely overcome are often marvels of ingenious workmanship. Sometimes they signify that the sea returned to shore some loved one dead, who was thus assured of the rites of Christian burial. Breton churches are rarely empty. Old men;

women whose black shawls prove them to be widows; burden bearers resting body and soul; religiously trained children whose restless eyes rove about as they cross themselves, finger their beads, and murmur the prescribed words; all these come praying for the safety of dear ones far at sea. There are few young men among the worshippers, for the coast is emptied of young vigorous manhood during the summer months.

On the coast road the tide with its inward rush or far away withdrawal provides an ever attractive study. A double flow thrust into the narrowing channel accounts for its extraordinary height. One influx comes along the French coast from the south-west while a second straight in from the open sea piles upon it and is met by an opposing wash from the North Sea. In the narrow gullies along the coast the force and rapidity of the rush is terrific at times, especially in the spring and autumn when the flood makes a daily variation averaging forty-five feet, and is sometimes raised still higher by strong winds. At low water fully a mile of flat sand and clay lies exposed below our little bathing beach, and out beyond the harbour dozens of rocky islands, hidden when the water is high, dot the scene, which is full of life. People drive out in carts on the level expanse to gather sand or driftwood; children with baskets or nets collect prawns or shell fish, very abundant about the isolated,

jutting rocks; while pleasure seekers clamber over the jagged cliffs, hunting the marvels of sea life, so rich in this locality. There are many points of rock where it is quite easy to be caught by the quiet sea of the rising tide. No heavy surf warns the climber, at most, a queer, little, lapping sound, easily overlooked by one interested in the anemones and curious shells, announces the turn of waters that rise insiduously, and flow in on all sides of every rise of ground.

Never does sea water take on greater variety of colours! Not only is the water itself bright, beautiful green, but as the tide goes out, and it grows shallow over the sands and sea-weeds, there appears a scale of purples. The changing skies reflect all their shadings upon this sea, and the sun turns it into liquid fire between the long, dark masses of shadow from the irregular shore. There are no tints of blue, green, gray, purple and gold that are not mirrored forth at some time. Perhaps, it never has the clear, light glass green of the water off Biarritz. There it foams through the rocks so pure that the stones below are as visible as in open air, and the colour shades from the opaque white of froth to a tint as faint as the greenish cast seen in the edge of broken glass. In point of variety, however, the sea off Dinard is unrivalled. Under a cloudy sky the dull gray reflections are as changeable as the brighter tints in the sunlight, and at sun-

set, when the blazing windows of St. Servan reflect long streaks of red across the waves, the whole expanse of the bay is of burnished gold.

The town crier is an institution that came upon us in our walks rather unexpectedly, for he wheels over the face of the land and toots a horn in masterly style that the world may collect to give ear to his tale. The sound of his horn at first suggests a coach, but in time it becomes the welcome herald of an animated personal column, unprinted for lack of a local paper. At set points the man dismounts, and, if on the spot, anybody may hear a full account of coming functions, lost children, casualties of various kinds, and such happenings as seem to him worthy of note. He, at least, talks French, which is more than can be said for most people with whom we come in contact. Of all fallacies, that of living in France to speak the language is the greatest. In Paris every Frenchman talks English or does his possible, not to mention the fact that the streets affected by the foreigner are crowded with English-speaking people. In Dinard the speech of the native is to be avoided, and, moreover, the upper servants are generally English. The English colony is omnipresent, and thus English in its native or American form becomes the language of the city.

VII. THE FOURTEENTH OF JULY

MOST countries have certain days when the occasion demands bell-ringing and to spare, but the continuous chime that Dinard can supply to celebrate the falling of the Bastille surpasses in that line most performances. To begin with, dawn, the time usually conceded to be proper for opening the exercise comes promptly in midsummer, and sunset which marks the close of the performance is shoved proportionately into the background. The long hours intervening are given over to church bells, convent bells, substantial dinner-bells favourably located like our own, and a number of odd municipal bells of varied ordinary application. These jangle merrily together or solo till the unsurpassed resources of the town reveal unsuspected possibilities in the way of peals and clangs and tinkles. To round the carnival of noise came isolated booms of cannon, intermittent volleys of musketry, and comparatively feeble crackling of fireworks throughout the day. The account may not sound pleasant or inspiring but we caught the spirit of the people and enjoyed their mirth.

As a matter of fact, the Bastille was no worse than some other prisons to be found throughout the length and breadth of France. The dungeons and oubliettes of Vincennes and the Châtelet were known to be more dreadful than anything the Bastille had to show, but the last named fortress occupied a commanding position, and was a fine example of its class. When in the year 1789 the people stormed and demolished it they did a good job, and put on record a protest that all nations must forever regard.

By evening Dinard took on tones of brilliance. A detachment of war-ships stationed in the harbour played its searchlights up and down the coast, bringing out ghostly pictures all along the shore. The great beach was the scene of a display of fireworks, tame, perhaps, but appreciated, and the modestly lighted grounds about the Hotel de Ville were thronged with happy folk delighted with the strains of a mediocre band, and fascinated by a very intermittent and placid display of pin-wheels, rockets, and Greek fires. The crush was a trifle too pressing, for though amiable, the peasant *en masse* is, in spite of his trim appearance, somewhat too odorous for close association.

The day would have been a failure with the children if they had not been allowed to go to the grounds of the *Mairie* to see the fireworks and hear the music; so there we went, and for

some time squeezed and crowded a passage for them through the mob. At last we gave over, and let ourselves be carried around the inclosure with the slow-moving living rotary drift. This soon convinced our small charges that our own terrace was airier, sweeter, and better adapted for sight-seeing, a happy opinion which took us all home in mutual amity.

The real occasion of the presence of so many war vessels in the harbour was a projected visit of the President of the Republic, which occured in due time shortly after the Fourteenth.

Brittany, it is well known, is inclined to royalism, therefore a little well applied flattery on the part of the democratic powers can do no harm, and may come handy. Gold braid, sashes, medals, and arms are not likely to be taken amiss in any part of France, so on this occasion the President made a progress as nearly royal as consistency would permit.

The flutter of the Americans over the prospective visit seemed to exceed that of the natives, though why this should be so, it is hard to tell. Perhaps they felt that, on general principles, the honour of the cause of democracy lay in their hands, and that by loyal support they might further the propaganda. Our neighbours spent days in devising decorations for an American arch, destined to span one of the highways, and it was expected to be the finest arch exhibited

for the presidential approval. Everybody who could paint and some who made no pretensions in that line went to work at coats of arms, since, after much deliberation, these were pronounced to be the most dignified elements of ornamentation for a civic demonstration. It is astonishing what a number of separate coats Brittany can furnish from two or three emblems, but in point of variety they certainly fall short. Whatever their deficiencies may be, however, they play a far larger part in the ornamental economy of this country than they seem to in any other known locality. As to France the tri-colour, so to each Breton community its particular variation of the ship-ermine-stag device upon which local patriotism effuses its ardour.

The American arch was complete in its display, that we can vouch for, since the books of reference and all the artists employed on the collection were gathered at one time or another under the hospitable roof of Beaumanoir.

The city really blossomed as the rose, being generously plastered from one end to the other with tri-coloured posters announcing the line of march, before which, for days, the peasants from the surrounding country gathered in crowds to make sure just where the coming procession might be best seen.

Of the three arches erected, the American was on all sides conceded to be most appropriate and

imposing. Every coat that Brittany boasts grouped about the French arms seemed to satisfy all tastes, and a touch of the stars and stripes signified the nationality of the donors. After all the fuss and preparation, the main part of the President's visit to Dinard was made in St. Malo and nearby towns. When he finally tore himself from the hospitalities *en route* and reached the city of his ostensible destination, there was a little orating and a greater portion of collating at the *Mairie*, but for the general public, the great man's progress from the wharf towards the scene of these functions constituted the whole visit. All the world lined the streets, the crowd concentrating in the vicinity of the grand rustic double-arch spanning the divergence of the two main thoroughfares; peasants in holiday attire, shop-keepers, gentry, passing and repassing, greeting and bowing, crowding and chattering, all in a cheerful agitated bustle of happy anticipation. Over all the sun shone brilliantly.

Each Dinardais appeared to take the presidential visit as, in some degree, a personal honour, but as the welcome guest reached the wharf at ten minutes after three, intending to take a train at ten minutes before four, the allotment of time did not look as though Dinard occupied any very great place in the Presidential calculations.

The most favorable post of observation was

the high enclosure before the Club, so, in order to make sure of a seat in front of all society wishing front seats along the stone terrace overlooking the deep-cut street, we were forced to occupy our chairs more than an hour before the procession was billed to pass. The tedium of possession was considerably lightened by the view of the peasant crowded road. The caps and aprons of the entire countryside were on exhibition below us, while the greetings and little happenings in the good-natured smiling throng were entertainment in themselves. Still, by the time, somewhat belated, that the detectives made the preliminary tour in search of possible bombs or firearms, the regulation introduction to any European procession, and now, alas! also to our own, we were half tempted to withdraw without sight of the dignitaries to follow. Soon, however, increased stir among the people, rising murmurs of anticipation, and the distant noise of applause revived the flagging interest. Now appeared the police elbowing back the crowd with peremptory severity to make a clear road, and then the carriages began to file past towards the "*Mairie.*" The hero of the hour could not possibly be mistaken for anybody else, although every man driving was bedecked to the utmost. There were attendants before and behind, at the sides were guards with firearms, but the President, hat in hand with incessant saluting,

looked as if he had stepped down and collected himself from his generally distributed portraits. The pageant did not last long, but what there was of it seemed to be satisfactory to all.

Hard water is a grievance common in Europe, and ours in Dinard is no exception to the rule, though perhaps the rills that trickle through the bosky hollows back of Beaumanoir, to end in fanlike silvery expansions on the beach below, furnish a more amenable element, since their course is marked for miles by a succession of linen clad thickets, having the appearance of popped armoires. From one washing pool to the next meanders the soapy overflow, till the lower reaches of all streams attain a thick cloudy grayness, attenuated only by the weekly cessation of slapping, wringing activities on Sunday. At last the sand drinks all, soap, soil, and sediment.

To look at a washing pool makes one admire the skill that from a shallow puddle with mud bottom and water that seems pretty dubious as to cleanliness should come clothes that show white on the bushes, at any rate. The officiating priestess spreads a garment to its widest, gives it a scientific preliminary flourish, and then brings it down on the surface of the pool with a sounding slap. The article is next swayed about, still on the surface of the water, and finally withdrawn to the smooth stone washboard,

and then soaped, flopped, squeezed, and belaboured with a beef-bone, till the wonder is, that it doesn't become paper pulp. A little study of methods leads the traveller to regard his weekly return of rags with respect. The washing pool under our immediate gaze was perhaps twelve feet square at the side of the high-road behind Beaumanoir. The slanting coping of the sides serve as washboard for as many women as choose to cluster around it. The exiguous stream that feeds it becomes a mere dribble into the upper corner during the height of summer, so that the opposite corners of the pool are green with mould the greater part of the year. The water, too, renewed so sluggishly, becomes so heavy with sediment that it looks too dirty for use; yet, even here the clothes come out fairly white.

As the warships remained in the harbour some time, and the public received a generous invitation to visit them, we decided to accept, but wind, weather, and circumstances turned against us and we gained the side of the Admiral's ship, only to learn, with such softening as polite circumlocution could effect, that, as preparations for a ball were in progress, the ship was closed to the public for that day. We tried coaxing, to the astonishment of the Frenchman, whose fiat had been pronounced, and we had it anew impressed upon our minds, that we must wait till we reached home before trying to utilize the pro-

found bows and graceful flourishes of exterior courtesy. It does sometimes seem as though it need not be too injurious to the self-respect of the average European man to expect him to swerve aside from his chosen course enough to let a woman pass him without stepping into the gutter to do so; but they may have good and sufficient reasons for their own way of doing.

While in our disappointment we railed during the homeward trip we met a wedding party trudging towards the *Mairie*, a rather doleful looking train, though there is probably more festivity about the affair than appears to the outsider; as much, in fact, as appertains to weddings in general, where the groom clinches his teeth to see it out, the bride makes it a point of pride not to weep, and her mother, disregarding conventionalities, lets the honest tear course adown the wrinkle by her nose. Our procession was of course headed by the bridal pair, wearing gloves as the crowning elegance of costume demanded by the occasion. The groom, apparently younger than the bride, had already imbibed courage in the liquid form of cider till his progress held circular possibilities. Following the leaders came the parents and elders doing their best to instil into the somewhat awed company a jollity befitting the occasion. The girls, paired off with youths who made the body of the train, were doing their best to recall the

minds of their escorts from visions of unlimited gratuitous cider, with but meagre results. The exhibition as a whole seemed a depressing commentary upon marriage as a Breton institution, still, a spontaneous festivity certainly develops at some period of the affair, for, from the tavern, which is the scene of the last stages of proceedings, sounds of revelry ring far into the night, so boistrous and loud that the entire neighbourhood must lie awake to listen.

To have the chattering birds announce daylight around three o'clock when getting up is strictly regulated by the movements of a white capped maid who appears at the bedside with coffee and rolls to strengthen resolve in the matter, has some disadvantages. Of us, there were sturdy workers who protested against this way of doing, and made a brave beginning by invading Yvonne's dining-room in the morning, but the reception accorded to them by that discomfited devotee of tradition threw them back into the ranks of the "lazybones." Every experienced person knows how insidious are European customs in the matter of breakfast. Our blatant energetics sing now very softly, and, to all outward appearance, take breakfast in bed quite as comfortably as the rest of us.

The fixed disapproving gaze of the elevated ancestors beneath which we move and have our daily being is unduly stimulating to the imagina-

tion. We are not ordinarily prying, but a keen curiosity concerning their lives and doings is but natural under the circumstances, though it meets with little encouragement from Yvonne or the family. The largest canvas suspiciously resembles Louis XV, and opens a wide field for the vagrant fancy in which we can scarcely expect the descendants to guide us. A particularly valiant warrior in the corner, so incased in armour that he looks like a tin turtle, doubtless ended his warfare centuries ago, yet, if he were to return to earth to-day, and hide his glittering glories beneath well worn overalls, I am sure we should take him for our proprietor and never know that we had met a ghost.

The earliest spring blossom about Dinard is codfish. With the first ray of a drying sun the fences in all directions are trimmed with the flattened salted store of the fisher folk, and the world may know that the new season has begun.

So many people make Dinard their permanent home, that the world is never entirely stranded at social ebb tide. Still, early spring gives little warning of the whirl that engulfed us during "the season." To the elders the round was as monotonous as it always is in a small place, but the young people were of the age when naught bearing the stamp of gaiety comes amiss.

The Casino, with its tireless little horses and firm bridge, by means of which the impecunious

daily strive to acquire plasters that shall heal the gaping wounds of their fortunes, and the pecunious strive equally to add tissue to theirs; the dances, where people in full dress continue the conversation broken off in golf costume at St. Lunaire or over tea cups at the Woman's Club; the luncheons and dinners at which with the same people is aired the same reckless criticism and scandal that seem to develop naturally in expatriated communities; the walking; the automobiling; the driving; the whole rush catches surrounding life in a waterspout that swings it higher and higher, and at last throws it out upon Paris, London, or transatlantic steamers, exhausted enough to appreciate the misprized rest possible only in a big city.

The event most enjoyable of the gay season proved to be tableaux, perhaps, because that designed by our particular Artist at Beaumanoir was conceded to be the most effective. It came near falling through for want of a peacock, that bird of ill luck being too great a hazard for the superstition of the community, but perseverance conquered the peacock stuffed, and much glory came therewith.

VIII. EARLIEST BRITTANY

SEEK wisdom where she may be found, and that is among the stalls of the *rive gauche*. We found her in a yellow dress, and on that peculiar rough paper that proclaims cheap French literature, but till we were settled had no time to pursue her.

The book is a fat little History of Dinan, published in that city in 1857 and written by the curator of the small museum there, Luigi Odorici. Wherever the author's history coincides with our own acquisitions, it is noticeably inaccurate, but as legendary history need not be accurate, and as he prefaces his work with much that we have never found in English, it may not be amiss to quote him. As the saints whose odd or unpronounceable names are scattered broadcast have been so long gone that no one knows their stories, so these legendary kings come to us from pre-historic times shorn of but a poor remnant of their stirring actions.

Gratian of Rome, as we all know, preferred hunting to ruling, so in Albion and the Third Lyonais he left Maximus to his own devices. Now a prætor, or what not, who has a fine prov-

ince fairly thrown at him, can hardly be blamed for seizing the real power, which in Albion the natives were but too willing to give him, and in the Lyonais he secured it with the assistance of a native prince, Conan by name, at which time came over those Britains that have given the peninsula its name.

Conan, a refugee from Albion, having had opportunity to observe the ease with which in the year 383, Maximus threw off the Roman yoke, apparently decided that he would practise a similar policy. With his more than willing clansmen he revolted on his own account, and succeeded in establishing himself, King of Brittany, first of a line of sovereigns, all but one of which were Celtic.

As for his methods they were treacherous viewed in the light of to-day, but that was a time when treachery and war belonged together. As kings go, Conan was good, and kept peace between the indigenous tribes and their newly imported kinsmen, so that fusion began which resulted in the later Breton race.

It is probable that the land, worn out and harried by the exactions of the Romans, was ready to accept with little adverse criticism any rule which promised protection from outside interference. Certain it is, that Conan received the title of Meridec, or Great King, and from all accounts he must have been truly patriotic.

His character comes down to us as strong, able, and upright in all relating to his usurped government.

The early history of Brittany falls into three distinct periods, one royal and two ducal. Conan's line ruled as kings in their own right quite aside from France and its interests. A line of native dukes succeeded the kings. These were often allies of the French monarch, but in no wise acknowledged his supremacy. In time, however, the politic and far-seeing neighbour sovereigns furthered matrimonial connections between the two ruling houses, so that on the extinction of the line of native dukes, their natural successors were also of the royal family of France, and thus as head of the family, if not as overlord, the King of France claimed the allegiance of the latest Breton princes.

Awaking to the situation, the Romans, too late, stirred up the people of Aquitaine to help them drive out Conan, but Conan did the driving himself. He pursued the Aquitainians into their own capital, Avaricum, which he seized, and later established his court at Nantes, from which city he promulgated wise laws for the regulation of navigation, the erection of proper defences, the establishment of religious houses and churches, and the maintenance of good municipal government in his cities. The religious affairs of Brittany had always been in the hands of the Bishop

The Port of Dinan

of Bourges, but Conan achieved the independence of the bishopric of Tours, by which the Bishop of Tours became Metropolitan of Brittany. It was St. Martin of Tours who died rejoicing that largely through his personal labours almost all Gaul had become Christian.

Having by his sagacious rule consolidated his power, Conan died about 421 A. D. After the fashion of the time he left the kingdom to be partitioned among his sons, but the people supported the claim of his great-grandson, Salomon, whose reign was brought to a sudden close by his assassination in 434.

The summary disposal of Salomon left the way clear for the accession of the famous legendary hero, Gradlon or Grallon, Count of Cornouaille, or Cornwall. Tales and legends innumerable have for their subject Grallon's piety, his wicked daughter, his founding the Abbey of Landevnec. Even the indefatigable poet Botrel, who has spent years in ferreting out the old ballads of Brittany, has not come to the end of this theme. The bards of the market place begin early to sing of Grallon and hold a rapt audience all day. In the evening they apparently make a note of the stanza where they left off, and the next morning go on from where they got to the night before.

The next king, Audren, was contemporaneous with Atilla, in the wholesome fear of whom, the

difference between Breton and Roman was forgotten. Audren waited for no second invitation to get beneath the military wing of Aëtius, and Erech also, elected in 464 pursued the same policy. The disorder and confusion of this time undoubtedly account for the appearance of a Roman name next in the royal line, though of this Eusebius little has come down to us, and that little is bad. Possibly, like the Carthaginians, he suffers in reputation from having been sung by hostile bards by whom he was considered a cruel alien despot. The Bretons brand him as a monster, but he had a fierce mixed race to master and, that he managed to keep them under control and in a certain degree of order, seems to indicate that of ability he was not lacking. He could not, however, live in peace and hold his court at Nantes, so he formed a separate province of Lower Brittany, under the name of Domnonée, and made Vannes his capital, sending Budic, the second son of Audren, into exile in Britain.

After some years the Bretons succeeded in driving the usurper from the throne. They recalled their own prince Budic, and set him on the seat of his ancestors.

The nation to which young Budic returned differed in many respects from that ruled by Grallon. The recent upheavals had resulted in much displacement of races. New Gaulish

tribes had sought refuge in the mountains of Brittany, and the Teutonic invasions of Britain had driven fresh hordes of refugees from that island. These with the older inhabitants formed three distinct peoples.

The Gauls swarmed on the frontiers, the Britons occupied the coasts facing their late home, while the indigenous Celts, true to their fate, were pushed before the invading hosts down into the extreme end of their tongue of land.

Fortunately for Budic, a strong outward pressure tended to weld his subjects into national unity. Clovis had set his heart on extending his sway over the Bretons, and self-preservation forced all Brittany to work together to keep Frankish ambition at bay.

Throughout the life of Budic the Bretons successfully withstood Clovis, but when, in 509, their brave king died, the Frank obtained temporary foothold in the province, drove its young prince, Hoël, in later years called the Great, into exile, and fondly fancied that Bretagne had been permanently conquered.

Hoël bided his time in England, and was well received at the court of King Arthur. When he had attained to man's estate, the noble Arthur, touched by the tale of his misfortunes, furnished the young prince with troops and bade him win back his kingdom.

In 513, Hoël set sail, and on landing on Amori-

can shores was joyfully received by his devoted subjects. He immediately attacked the Franks with such vigour that they were forced to retire to the Seine. Then he also went to Paris and extorted from King Clotaire the confirmation of all his powers.

Side by side with the temporal advancement of the kingdom went its spiritual well-being, if, indeed, this did not outstrip the political pace. Of great men in the church Brittany has always produced more than its due proportion, and in these early times its saints and bishops were already men of world-wide fame. In the reign of Hoël a further division of the ecclesiastical power took place, and Dol became the metropolitan bishopric of Brittany which removed the country from the jurisdiction of Tours, and made it spiritually as well as politically independent of France.

Although in the end, Hoël was succeeded by his son, Hoël II, Brittany for a long time underwent all the miseries resulting from the partition of power among many sons, that royal custom that remained so long in force, and led to so much unnecessary bloodshed. In the approved fashion Hoël II gradually disposed of a wide family connection, but still, in spite of his ability as poisoner, murderer, and robber, he was not powerful enough to secure for himself a peaceful reign. As for Hoël's successor, his son, the weakling

was content to pass an aimless life at the court of Clotaire, nominally king, but flattered and wheedled out of any real desire to act the part. By the incapacity of this man, Alain I, called Judual, the limits of the kingdom were restricted to the county of Rennes, while his relatives made themselves masters of the other provinces. Theodoric took the greater part of Cornouaille; Connobert was Count of Nantes; Comor, whom we know well as the redoubtable Blue Beard, was Count of Leon; and Waroch, son of the famous Macliau, called by the Romans Maclovius, whence Maclou and Malo, made himself Count of Vannes. We can see from this list that distracted Brittany at this time, produced some of its most celebrated men.

Of all claimants for power, Waroch was by far most formidable, as Chilperic discovered, when, advancing with his army as far as the river Vilaine, with the intention of seizing the country, he met the warlike Waroch, and suffered entire defeat.

Waroch's pious father had made him enter a monastery. From being monk the son had become bishop, but a bishopric was by no means the office to content him. He desired to become prince, and being certainly the strongest and ablest of the contending nobles, the Bretons, weary of incessant fighting, gladly flocked to his standard. He recognized the feeble Alain as

overlord, which satisfied the nation, always true to its king, and left him free to pursue the terrible course of warfare, by which, at the time of his death, in 594, he had ridded Brittany of all invading foes.

Thanks to Waroch's thorough execution, Alain's son, Hoël III, ascended his throne without encountering any opposition to speak of, and managed also to keep away the grasping French. This Hoël is said to have had twenty-two children, all cenobites.

In 612, Hoël III was succeeded by his fourth son, Salomon II who wrested the crown from his elder brother, whom he relegated to a convent, and reigned with great wisdom for twenty-five years, during which he contrived to get along peaceably with the neighbouring kingdom, and found time to establish abbeys and religious houses of one kind or another in sufficient number to ensure pardon for whatever might be amiss in his personal career.

No sooner had Salomon gone the way of all flesh than the defrauded and forcibly monasticised brother, who had nursed his wrongs in seclusion for twenty years, amid surroundings favourable to the well-being of his body, and incidentally, of his soul, came out, and reassumed the crown as Judicaël. The good king Dagobert kept an eye on Judicaël, and his realm which he hoped some day to get for himself. He made a

flattering treaty with the monkish king, and invited him to visit the court of France. Simple Judicaël was only too happy to display his pomp and magnificence while Dagobert and his court praised and admired without stint, but, all the time, the churchmen were busy working upon his superstitions, and the result was, that Judicaël, worried about having turned his back on religion, abdicated in favour of Judoc.

Unfortunately the plotters had chosen too weak a tool, for Judoc flatly refused to be a king, and Judicaël was obliged by his people to go on reigning since they had no notion of giving Dagobert a foothold in the land.

At last the priests scared Judicaël too thoroughly,—for in that day they had the art of stirring souls at their fingers' ends—so he broke away, and ran off to the cloister, leaving the kingdom to the perils of an interregnum.

The heir Alain II was a little child, and even when he became a man he proved to be an incapable *fainéant* who never fairly emerged from obscurity, and whose reign is a blank so far as he is concerned. His death was one of the mysterious takings off so common to mediæval royalty, and his son, Grallon II found his claim to the crown contested by a host of descendants from the younger line of Budic. These had held high holiday of late, and, by the time Grallon appeared to claim his rights, they were power-

ful enough to limit sensibly his power in his hereditary fief of Cornouaille. From 690 to 818 Brittany was practically a republic rent by strife between contending nobles, with France standing ready to take advantage of every misstep. France seized church lands, exacted tribute, and pushed its own exasperating claims. A quarrel for the possession of Cornouaille between Grallon's nephew, Daniel, and a certain Budic, attracted the perilous interest of Charlemagne who put an end to the strife by calmly taking to himself the province, a proceeding stoutly resisted by the natives who gave the great king trouble enough.

Immediately after Charlemagne's death, Morvan, the rightful heir of Cornouaille, stopped paying tribute, and assumed the title of king. But Morvan was no match for Louis le Debonnaire, and before long he was forced to flee to the forests, where he kept up the losing fight till he died arms in hand, leaving to his compatriots an inspiring example of indomitable bravery.

For two years longer the French were able to hold the Bretons at bay, but then Wiomarch headed a general insurrection, and for a while kept out the usurpers. Louis bestirred himself actively, and after a stoutly contested struggle, re-established the former order of things in forty days after Wiomarch's uprising, but to do so it was necessary to kill the native chief. An assas-

sin, Lantbert by name, surprised and murdered Wiomarch, thus depriving the Bretons of the leadership that had secured their temporary victory.

So, at last, we reach the great Nominoé, celebrated in song and story. This ruler is distinguished by his deeds rather than by his birth, though, since the liberation of his native land necessitated the destruction of some abbeys which were hotbeds of French resistance, the priestly chroniclers give him a sorry character, and would have us regard him as an unscrupulous tyrant.

In the beginning of Nominoé's career Louis of France, recognising his prudence, valour, and ability, made the fateful mistake of appointing him governor of Brittany.

With a vivid memory of Maximus and Conan, and a warm appreciation of their course, Nominoé lost no time in attempting to deliver the land from bondage. In this endeavour he was heartily seconded by the people who cordially hated their conquerors, so before many months had passed, Nominoé was king of all but Nantes, which remained in the hands of Lantbert, styled Count of Nantes; but as the hireling Lantbert twice surrendered his city to the recently arrived Northmen, his subjects, resenting piratic amenities, drove out the Count, and put themselves under the protection of Nominoé. The latter

ruler was actively keeping up a brave fight against the French, who carried war and desolation over the face of the land. Driven to extremities, and perceiving, as many a ruler before and since has had occasion to, that the church was a tower of strength to his enemies, Nominoé resolved upon the course which ruined his reputation with his monkish chroniclers. He disposed of a round number of refractory bishops, and set in their shoes ecclesiastics of his own choosing, who were naturally more capable of intelligently grasping his ideas of government, a measure which worked *à merveille*, and soon settled the French question. That these changes might be sweeping enough for his purposes the king invented two new bishoprics, Tréguier and St. Brieuc, which made now nine in all Brittany: Nantes, Rennes, Quimper, Vannes, Dol, Léon, and Aleth being the others.

Such arbitrary activity on the part of one whose power was by right of sword only, rendered the more conservative and superstitious of his subjects mistrustful, but the not too scrupulous Nominoé, on observing this effect of his statesmanship, in defiance of much opposition, caused himself to be consecrated in the cathedral of Dol, with a high-handed disregard of precedent quite in keeping with his earlier measures. He laughed at the protest of the evicted dignitaries, turned a deaf ear to the angry remonstrances of

the Archbishop of Tours, snapped his royal fingers at the Bishop of Nantes, who refused to recognise the ceremony, and was deposed for not presenting himself at it. Nantes was immediately provided with a new bishop more appreciative of coronations.

Meanwhile Charles the Bald saw with chagrin that Brittany was slipping from his grasp, and, with a hastily collected force of Franks advanced to meet the resourceful Breton whom he found quite ready to receive him, well intrenched near the Vilaine where it washed the walls of the monastery of Ballon. The French fought their best for two days without being able to dislodge Nominoé, then he assumed the offensive, sallied forth, and drove them on a tight run to Mans, which place of refuge they reached just in time to escape falling into the power of the enemy.

From this time, 846, the French gave up their hopes of outwitting their strong neighbour, but the leisure afforded by independence gave Nominoé too much time in which to review his past course. A doubt seems to have assailed him as to the constitutionality of certain proceedings, and the disapproval of his spiritual superiors had a chance to sink to the proper depth in his soul. At this time we see him making unusual efforts to square accounts with the higher powers. He made large grants to the Abbey of

Redon, and founded St. Magloire at Léhon, the parent house of St. Magloire at Paris.

Nominoé died in the midst of an expedition against Chartres, which he undertook after reducing Vendôme, and his son, Erispoë, 851, ascended the throne. Salomon, a nephew of the late king, instigated by Charles of France, immediately contested the succession, and in less than a year, succeeded in wresting from Erispoë the county of Rennes. In this cession was laid the foundation of the later decided French influence in Breton politics, since in losing a third of his kingdom, Nantes, for which Erispoë did homage to the French king, attained undue prominence in Breton affairs. Then, too, renewed attacks of the Northmen so occupied Erispoë through two critical years, that Charles and Salomon between them found an excellent opportunity to confirm themselves in usurpation.

That he might win over the Breton people, Charles proposed a marriage between his own son and Erispoë's daughter. Salomon, however, took this proposal in high dudgeon, since his own power might suffer from the projected alliance, so, to make sure of having no further trouble in that direction, he caused his cousin to be assassinated before the high altar where he had fled for refuge. By taking action thus promptly, Salomon, son of Nominoé's eldest brother, Rivallon, aided also by the convenient

disappearance of minor claimants, came to the throne as third of his name, in 857.

As might have been supposed, the new king from the first, was the subservient tool of France. The allied monarchs made the Northmen yield Angers which they had seized, and for his support Salomon received from Charles, besides material rewards not to be despised, a series of honours nicely calculated to flatter his barbaric pride. He was permitted to array himself in royal purple at court and to wear a gold ring, he might have his own archiepiscopal coinage, and, more desirable than all else, he should take precedence of the other kings. These marks of favour were to be hereditary in his family. Charles gave him Coutances, and a part of Avranches and Cotentin. In the overflowing satisfaction of his soul Salomon at once improved on his ancient title, and proclaimed himself, "Prince of all Brittany and Part of France."

As had been the case with his predecessor, seven years of undisputed sovereignty gave Salomon too much time to think. The irregular act which had brought such rich reward began to assume a hue of crime, and the comfort of his evening meditations was alloyed by anxiety to patch up some sort of peace with the saint whose altar he had been obliged to desecrate. As the time drew near in which, if things went well with him, he bade fair to be thrown into

the immediate society of the worthy saint himself, and in all probability would need his good offices, Salomon went at building monasteries and relieving the wants of the poor with a frenzied zest that seems to have been largely wasted, and as a last resort betook himself to a cloister to see what prayer would do for him.

Not alms-giving or devotions availed to quiet the criticisms of the more censorious among the nobles, and the king was constrained to issue from retirement temporarily that he might call an assembly of the nation to confirm his abdication and the peaceful succession of his son. Two bishops and two counts were the sum total of lords spiritual and temporal rounded up by the royal threats and commands, all others having previous engagements in conspiracies against the throne. Perceiving this suspicious coolness towards his interests, Salomon and his son betook themselves without delay to the refuge offered by the altar of St. Sauveur of Plélan, where the traitors speedily followed and found them. He might have remembered that his own example was prejudicial to regard for the sanctity of altars. The nobles apparently thought his way good enough for them, for after slaying the son in the sacred place, they tore out the father's eyes and further injured him so that he died the next day, losing the crown in the way he had gained it. The power now became divided between

Gurven, Count of Rennes, and Pasquiten, Count of Vannes; an arrangement which, as may be imagined, did not wear well. Charles of France immediately bombastically proclaimed himself king in default of direct heirs, but found the claim easier to make than to keep. Gurven, Erispoë's son-in-law, had already endeared himself to the people by a spirited defeat of the Northmen. Abandoned by his cowardly allies, Gurven had encountered Hastings and his ravaging Danes on the Loire to their complete discomfiture. This roused Pasquiten's jealousy and led him to make common cause with the Northmen in a descent on Rennes; thus he unwisely destroyed his last chance of rivalling Gurven in the affections of the nation. Gurven, although at the time sick unto death, appeared in the field and was once more victorious, but the effort cost him his life. A few days later, Pasquiten was treacherously assassinated by the very Northmen for whom he had turned traitor. Each man left heirs and the two crowns became hereditary in their respective families.

Pasquiten as Count of Vannes was succeeded by Alain III, the Great, while Rennes fell to Gurven's son Judicaël, whose mother was a daughter of Erispoë, which made him Nominoë's great-grandson. Renewed attempts of France to conquer Brittany caused these two princes to forget their differences, for their hereditary

enemies had aided a descent of the Northmen on the Morbihan coast. Judicaël imprudently attacked the French without waiting for his ally to come up, and lost his life in the encounter, though his forces gained the victory, killing, it is said, fifteen thousand Northmen.

Alain now became sole ruler, and for thirty years the land rejoiced under his beneficent rule. His only child, a daughter, was wife of Mathuëdoi, Count of Poher, but on Alain's death in 907, instead of proclaiming the Countess Queen, an interregnum of thirty years was maintained, during which the Northman Rollo ravaged the coasts unchecked. Mathuëdoi's son and the chief nobles sought the ever grateful protection to be found in England, till they learned that Charles the Simple, taking advantage of their desertion of their posts, contemplated sending an army into Brittany to accomplish the long desired conquest of the country. This news brought the Bretons home in haste in 937, only to be driven again into exile by the Northmen.

The Northmen just at this time were having everything pretty much their own way, and when Alain got back to England, what was his surprise to find there Louis IV, son of Charles of France, in no better case than himself. The two princes condoled with each other equally grateful for the hospitality they were enjoying.

A year later Alain IV, Twisted-beard, returned

to better purpose. He appeared unexpectedly on the coast near Dol, cut the barbarians to pieces, and recovered successively Dol, St. Brieuc, and Nantes which had been reduced to a mere heap of ruins. Alain lost no time in restoring the city, and before a great while made it again his capital.

On the death of Alain, in 952, the counties of Nantes and Vannes went to a natural son, Hoël IV who created his brother, another natural son, Bishop of Nantes. For twenty-seven years, in the face of domestic treason, plundering incursions of barbarians, who were incited by the intriguing Conan, son of the Count of Rennes, and minor difficulties, Hoël clung to the royal power; but, finally, pursued into the depths of the woods by one of Conan's mercenaries during a chase, the king was perfidiously done to death, and left with the spear of the enemy run through his body. Favoured by night the murderer fled into the heart of the forest and made off.

At the news of this treachery the doughty Bishop of Nantes threw aside his sacred regalia, and determined to revenge his brother's death. Foulkes of Anjou was only too glad of a chance to join in the fight, and dispute on his own account Conan's right to the title of chief of Brittany. The warrior bishop and his willing ally met the enemy on the plain of Conquereux in a bloody though indecisive battle.

The bishop, Guerech by name, was poisoned in 990. He left a minor son who shortly died, removing at a most convenient season, the most serious obstacle to Conan's supremacy, acknowledged by the nation as a whole. But in ascending the throne the new king failed to take into account the deadly hatred of Foulkes of Anjou who forced him to give battle on the very site of the earlier combat, and there Conan met his death, ending in a Conan the line of sovereigns begun by a Conan.

IX. ST. MALO

WHEN times are dull in Dinard there is always St. Malo by way of tempered gaiety, and, for a spice of peril, the hackneyed tale that the ferry boats are condemned channel steamers, bought at a bargain, and patched up to do service here. In fair weather that aspersion does not count, but when waves swash clear across the decks, when foaming crests bat and break high on the plunging smoke-stacks, when the small tub gyrates so boisterously as even to shuttle the classes together; then the mind reverts to the patches.

The classes are, of course, fenced apart, but such is the thrift of the gay world of Dinard, that it usurps the airy deck appropriated to the seconds, till peasants who desire seclusion must go "first."

The fare is modest enough at highest to meet the approval of any class. Wooden benches under a narrow shed aft cost five sous,—the single trip, but the far more desirable seats around the open forward deck are offered at the same price for the trip and return. Besides these airy positions, there seems to be some sort

of third arrangement which permits the humbler voyagers to form part of the freight in dim interior regions. In the sheltering gloom he and his family may be descried sitting on the bread or lying at length on the flour bags, but the composite odour of the retreat protects him from prying observation.

A quarter of an hour usually suffices for the passage from Dinard to St. Malo, but times go by turns most variably, and the captain alone knows, or hopes to know, the hour of landing. The pent-in sea rages violently in stormy weather, the little vessel strains and wrestles like a living thing, and an hour or more of serious struggle to reach the desired *quai* is no unusual happening. Viewed from the shore the sight of the St. Malo boat in a gale is an inspiring sight, it plunges so gallantly, and makes so brave a fight; but one survey from on board satisfied our Fairy Godmother that her future trips across should be taken by railroad via. Dinan. Landing is effected as the tide permits. When the waves wash up around the walls, the boat lands at the main wharf before the Porte de Dinan. The lowering waters expose the ragged reef that connects the Great Bey with the shore, and there passengers are set down to stumble over rocks, and keep the partial causeway as far as the beach upon which opens another city gate. At extreme low tide the reef shows further out, till

the Little Bey is linked to the land, and then there is about a mile of slimy slippery rock to follow, enough to dishearten all but fanatics in the matter of sight-seeing. They say that no one ever becomes sea-sick going from Dinard to St. Malo, but susceptible subjects would do well to make fair weather trips if they have an interest in keeping up a reputation.

A near approach does not rob St. Malo of its beauty, the gray wall, backed by houses, higher, but equally stern and forbidding; a sombre simplicity of façade, topped by high peaked roofs set with rows of dormer windows; square stone chimneys like towers, form a picture not to be forgotten.

St. Aaron, of pious memory, in the year five hundred and something discovered on this island a nice habitable cave which he at once fitted out with the modern improvements of his day. It made him a very tolerable home, from which, during his long life, he proceeded on thankless labours for the well-being of a people quite satisfied with paganism and savagery. Years after St. Aaron had given over the fight, St. Maclovius came that way. For short the rather Hibernian name of this good man was turned into Maclou, and, as time went on, for shorter, Malo. Maclovius spied the cave, and seeing what a good job of it Aaron had made, perceiving no doubt the strong saintly odour still clinging to the walls

he pre-empted the property, furbished it anew, and settled to the task of continuing dubious experiments in the spiritual irrigation of this most arid soil. Thus grew apace the traditional holiness of the spot.

In the ninth century Bishop Helocar thought that St. Malo ought to have its cathedral, so he began one. As the edifice seems to have been a-building pretty much ever since, the good Helocar would probably be puzzled to point out any of his own work, even if the restorer has spared it, which is doubtful.

In spite of appearances St. Malo, save for the donjon of the château and one or two other buildings, is not old enough to possess the true flavour of ripe antiquity. The chief interest of the town centres about the seventeenth century. For anyone who can resolutely banish from his mind Aaron, Maclovius, Helocar, and all their works, and content himself with more modern heroes of the pirate type, St. Malo abounds in sufficiently moving tales by sea and flood, with hairbreadth escapes and reckless daring. For such a visitor the tight little town is a pocket edition of the work he crossed the ocean to study. Though there are here more inhabitants than are claimed by wide-spreading Dinard, they are so compactly squeezed within the walls that it is quite possible comfortably to tread the whole ground, and prowl through every street.

The walls are consolingly complete, and, without break or patches needing apology, make a snug circle about the piled up interior buildings. If the subject be pursued far and critically enough, the portion of new wall may be considered rather excessive, but it culminates in so fine an old château that the whole effect is perhaps as good as it ever was, and, maybe, better.

A distinct gratifying impression of antiquity falls upon the visitor the minute he enters any one of the well preserved gateways. The heavy iron barred doors, the rusted portcullis and gratings with such machinery as the inconvenient barriers demanded, seem ready to shut out the inventions that have cast discredit upon them, or to tumble down upon the head of the scorner.

Once through the gate and out upon the other side, the long narrow street, lined with apparent sky-scrapers done in smudged and dingy granite, clambers up towards the cathedral at its end. There are many walled cities and other deep, narrow streets, but for trim, finished compactness St. Malo is a gem by itself. The traveller loiters aimlessly, and by the time he has entered well the network where the high sombre dwellings are jammed tightly together and thrust towards the roadway, to the prejudice of the occasional attempts at a footwalk, the twentieth century loses something of reality, and its wonderful inventions seem scarcely important

enough to repay us for the piratic swash-buckling state of affairs they have here supplanted.

When it comes to pavements, St. Malo's best begins with the main street, but the concession to modern notions becomes narrower and narrower the further it thrusts itself into the conservative heart of affairs. Just before entire extinction, it runs as a mere curbstone before the doors, just high enough to catch the unwary toe and throw the stumbling shopper into the midst of wares he would purchase. The middle way's the best through St. Malo, except when the prominent gutter does not usurp that cobble-stoned dip. As surface sewerage is the system of the town, it is well to concede to the vagrant gutter every advantage it exacts.

The seventeenth century houses are generally dated, in the fashion of our château, though wind and weather have so damaged the figures above the richly ornamented doorways that they are frequently no more than crumbling layers of scaling stone. Comparative architecture becomes a study in itself under the impulse given by the few dates still recognisable, though in this department there is proof of the comparatively short period of St. Malo's greatness.

The Cathedral, now reduced to the rank of church of the first class, seems to stand on the highest spot within the walls, but in point of fact, the summit of the rock is some distance

beyond, and is occupied by the small church of St. Aaron, opened but once a year for service. Ostensibly, however, the larger sanctuary dominates the compressed city, and the tall spire certainly stands higher than any other structure. At a decided angle the principal streets lead uphill to it, so that it forms the central point of almost any good intramural view. The spire, by the way, is new. Napoleon III in his enthusiasm for Brittany gave orders to build a spire for St. Malo, meaning the church of St. Malo at Dinan. Quite fortunately, it would seem, the architect mistook the emperor's intention, and erected the spire in this place, far more prominent, where its artistic effectiveness is unrivalled.

The façade of the Cathedral is renaissance of mediocre quality, but, in spite of the uninspiring exterior, a most attractive series of styles presents itself within, where columns of many ages stand ranged for instructive comparison, some undoubtedly dating from the earliest days of the building. As cathedrals go, this is not very large, but for the size of the town it is notably vast, with a heaviness of pillar and breadth of transept disproportionate to the length of the nave which ends abruptly back of the altar in an oblique flat wall indented with shallow chapels. The end conforms in direction to the street behind the church, and has every appear-

ance of having been cut to fit. The suspicious heat with which Malouins repudiate this aspersion, and insist that the street was laid out long after the church was finished, does not go far towards quieting the suspicion that here religion has been curtailed in the interest of commerce.

Sanitation does not seem to be much studied in St. Malo. The inhabitants thus far must have escaped the prevailing microbe cult, and do not bow down and worship the powerful bacillus. By all known rules, St. Malo should be the hotbed of pestilence, but it is so swept and purified by ocean breezes that germs have no fair chance to prosper. The sun has very hard work to find its way as far down as the rough cobblestones that lie in a perpetual smeary bath of vile, oily mud. In the poorer portions of the city each house has alleviated the domestic stress by attaching adown the front wall an ample drain pipe. From the main trunk of this vertical sewer, smaller branches start out at every story to carry off the contents of round pail-like sinks beneath windows presumably lighting the kitchens of the various apartments. This, to any but Malouins, seems like flying in the face of Providence, for the miasmas of drainage are thus brought under the very noses of the populace. The visitor scarcely dares to breathe till he discovers that no part of the city is really far enough away from this primitive system of

St. Malo—Rue Grande

drainage to insure safety, and to live at all in St. Malo one must breathe as do the Malouins.

A systematic survey of the town should begin with a walk around the walls where there is a good and sufficient stone walk walled breast high on both sides. In our own case we attacked the place blindly, and, inspired by the light of nature and a curious doorway, we struck into the lower town, and first stumbled across the two streets, that, like Neapolitan importations, masquerade as staircases most of their length, and which would have done better if they had extended the staircase feature a little farther down, thereby sparing weary feet an uphill struggle towards the restfulness of broad flat steps. No wonder that the class doomed to walk encases its feet in sabots, for it requires just about an inch thickness of good solid wood to withstand the rigours of the average European cobblestone.

The narrower *via scala* here is little more than a passage between walls and dilapidated timbered houses, most of which present open shop-fronts in the lowest story, with wares so heaped upon the bench-like counters that they threaten to spill their overflowing burden out across the steps before your feet barrier-wise. Behind the piles of goods is carried on the family life of the section. As in Naples it abandons itself in confiding security to unfettered variety of action,

firmly relying on the protection afforded by the screen of merchandise and the veil of obscurity; or, possibly, serene in the consciousness of upright intentions. The side glimpses obtained in gaining the heights above are occasionally astonishing.

The walk about the walls offers so great a variety of outlook, it would be quite easy to pass a whole day in the endeavour to compass all the beauties spread below. Towards the South, the inner harbour, far fuller of shipping than one would at first suppose; beyond this, the many ship and lumber yards of St. Servan; off at one side, quite alone in the fields, an unfinished church which presents a most imposing front, its portal flanked by two square towers, but which proves on nearer inspection to be a small and very disappointing architectural deception.

Though now so neatly and firmly joined to the mainland by moles and bridges, St. Malo began its career as a distinct island, one of the many that fringe this coast. The present connecting causeway that makes the town practically one with St. Servan lies in plain sight behind the harbour. Far away, stretch undulations of field and woodland, threaded by the marked depression that traces the course of the Rance.

Before Dinard, clinging to the opposite crags, and extending from the gray bare rock where a

life-sized statue of the Virgin looks upon the outpouring of the waters of the Rance, spreads the broad bay, that two or more miles ahead past the rocky Beys unites with the open sea, here treacherous beyond its wont.

From the coast line at the left, arm after arm of rocky headland thrusts itself out towards the host of jagged granite islets in the perilous sea beyond, as if striving to point out to the mariner the warning buoys and lighthouses set so liberally in these much-travelled waters. Far below the lesser promontories, the misty outlines of Cap de Frêhel reach out beyond the rest holding a beacon high over the waves. Turning seaward, and looking straight ahead, we follow the wavy outline of the Chauseys or with a glass search for a trace of Jersey. Near at hand, on the right, the wide gleaming sands of the Paramê beach curve towards the rocky headlands of Rotheneuf. Off in that direction stand several islands so like to St. Michel in appearance that it is difficult to realise that the historic abbey is really just here out of range.

Wherever in the view townward the walk brings you before the principal streets they are seen to cut across to the opposite wall straight, deep, and long like gray cañons. The bright gleams at the extremity of the narrow defiles indicate the position of the terminal gates where the outer water serves as a mirror.

As you pass northward in the circuit the level of the city rises, and the mouldering courts and gardens of the poorer quarter of the town lean against the stone rampart as if they had not strength to stand alone. Old shops and sheds are down there, the roof tiles so covered with moss and lichens that their original tint is lost in curiously shaded greenish grays, brightened with patches of vivid yellow. Fig trees, so shut in that they have never seen the sun, incline piteously towards the lightest corner, the foliage sparse, and the stunted limbs tufted with black parasitic growths.

Gradually the level of the town rises to the height of the wall, and at this point a gate between two buildings opens upon a crooked twisted way leading into the city. It is useless to continue the walk along the wall, for the château, but a short distance beyond this gate has been closed to the public ever since the government took it for a barracks, and the way there into the street leads down a long stone staircase that ends in one of the most unsavoury districts St. Malo. By passing through the inconspicuous gate one comes near the chapel of St. Aaron, and if minded to see the interior must hunt the custodian and produce something in the way of gratuity. A short street of steps in the vicinity comes out by *la Maison du Cheval Blanc*, into which Anne is said to have ridden on a white

horse on the occasion of her sole visit. In looking over this denuded palace of the past one is forced to confess that of comfort the princely lady had little according to our modern ideas, and the laundresses who seem to be the present occupants probably fare better in many respects than did the doughty queen. Of the castle nothing is left but one rough tower and a portion of the adjacent rooms. These stand in the rear of a court in which the washing of the tenants goes on, and tubs of soapy water are tipped over the cobblestoned pavement with an incalculable freedom that daunts inquisitiveness, and promises to float strangers forth upon the surrounding squalor faster than they went in.

Following this street towards the unusual Duguay-Trouin house, there is to be seen a curious court backing upon the living rock which just here rises like a wall, bearing on its height other buildings and streets. A washing pool is said to be above there, but if so, we did not succeed in finding it.

The Duguay-Trouin house has lost most of the old panes in the glass that stretches across the upper stories between the narrow bands of sculptured woodwork, but the style of the building has not been injured by the substitution of cheap, common glazing. The finest specimen of this style of building in St. Malo is the, so called, Bishop's House, fully twice as large as that of

Duguay-Trouin, with a front almost entirely of glass. There are others in the poorer parts of the town, but an especially beautiful example, formerly in the Rue de la Harpe, has had its front torn away recently to be replaced by an ordinary commonplace stucco façade.

Years ago St. Malo was rich in beautiful carvings both within and without the dwellings, but the mischievous dealer has robbed it of nearly all its treasures of graven wood. One doorway in rue Broussais not far from the cathedral remains to show the elegance that once abounded, though how long its curious and intricate workmanship will escape the snare of the prowler is a question.

The home of the corsair, so plain and severe in exterior, was a depôt for the wealth and luxury of the world. The slender remains of former magnificence now to be traced within some of the old houses lends convincing force to the store of legends telling of the life then led. Rich stuffs, princely furnishings, carved woodwork, painted ceilings; nothing was too rich or rare for the families of the gallants who preyed upon the world's wealth at sea. These things poured into St. Malo in an inexhaustible stream. Today most of these grand old houses are cut up into dingy offices, which, despoiled of all that could be removed, still bear traces of earlier elegance. In a few streets the buildings have

been remodelled into apartments, now occupied by the present gentry of the place, but there is no wealth there to-day that can compare with that of the old sea rovers who were patronised by royalty, and were able to make terms with the government.

Opening before the Hotel de Ville there is a park-like square unexpectedly large considering the limited resources at hand. Adjoining this, the paved plaza before the cathedral adds to the effect of space, while the prominent buildings lend an aspect of dignity to the spot. Amid set flower beds stands the statue of the hero who throws both Chateaubriand and Jacques Cartier into the shade, not to mention Lamennais; the notable sea warrior Duguay-Trouin. From the base of the statue one may look with him out over the wide waters that were his element, and realise how natural it is that St. Malo should have produced the greatest seaman of France. As a spot in which to rest and review in calm quietude the many impressions received in an aimless ramble, this park commends itself to weary and foot-sore sight-seers.

The castle is fast closed, even to unmilitary woman who might carry a kodak or prove to be a spy. It is impossible not to bear a little grudge against the powers that permit nothing further than the sight of its thick, squat, round towers and massive walls from without, though it is

easy to imagine the crude roughness of the interior. About the château, also, there is a great deal of "restoration," but the little donjon was in existence in 1378 and no one knows how long before that. It is a pity that the striking tower built by Anne, and still known as "Qui qu'en grogne," should have lost the inscription she caused to be engraved upon it. It ran; "*Qui qu'en grogne, ainsy sera, c'est mon plaisir.*" which may be freely translated, "Whoever wishes to grumble, grumble away, but I intend this to stand as I choose. Now you know what to expect." Let no one who does not understand French be deceived. That is not exactly the way Anne put it.

Anne's only visit to St. Malo must have caused her Malouin subjects to dread a repetition of the honour. A contumelious clergy, having joined forces with a rebellious faction, presumed to lay a ban on her project of enlarging the existing castle. On the principle that to have a thing well done see to it yourself, down came the Duchess in hot haste to supervise and protect her work. She gave the priests to understand that they would do well to confine their attention to matters spiritual, and that until she asked it she had no need of their advice in temporal affairs. The building, under this impulse went on bravely, but to show that the matter still rankled, Anne gave, as a finishing

touch to the tower, the contemptuous legend by which it is still known.

The house where Chateaubriand was born is now a hotel, or possibly, the hotel occupies the site of an earlier building, but this mark of distinction St. Malo has obtained by merest chance. The Chateaubriands were not citizens of the place, but were making a visit there in September 1768, or as some say 1769, when somewhat prematurely the child entered upon his renowned career.

X. ST. MALO'S GOOD RECORD

THE history of St. Malo forms a small chapter of its own, because from the earliest times it has been the fief of the church, and yielded obedience to the general laws of Brittany only when that course commended itself to the clergy.

St. Malo had little chance to make a great figure till the ravaging Normans came to a standstill in their province of Normandy. It took till the latter part of the eleventh century thoroughly to repair the damage it had repeatedly sustained, but from that time on the city prospered, and by 1090 in conjunction with Aleth (St. Servan) the foundation of its future glory were laid, when its fleet rendered material aid to Brittany and Normandy which had joined in support of Robert's cause against his brother William Rufus.

About this period the Alethian bishops, Hamon III, Daniel I, and Benoit II fixed their residence for some months of the year at St. Malo, which thereafter became in a sense an episcopal see. In 1108, Benoit ceded the Rock of St. Aaron, the church and its dependencies to the order of Marmoutiers, but when in 1143,

Jean de Châtillon became Bishop of Aleth, he found the monks so troublesome that he resolved to rescind the grant, and made several journeys to Rome with this object in view. But for the timely concurrence of St. Bernard he might have failed of the victory he finally achieved over the insubordinate Benedictines. Such, however, was the reputation of St. Bernard, that saintly persecutor of the noblest Breton of them all, that even the pope had to give way and revoke the act of Benoit.

Jean should be considered as the real founder of St. Malo's fortunes. No sooner had he rid himself of the wranglings of the monks, than he transferred the see permanently from Aleth, which had become a mere suburb of the sister city, whereby Helocar's church became a cathedral, and the episcopal seat enjoyed all the privileges and dignities appertaining thereunto. Jean surrounded his city with the stout walls within which the temporal and commercial interests of the community found a security favourable to their growth under the undisputed authority of the bishop and chapter, with which neighbouring powers treated as equals. The rule during Jean's administration was firm and just. He established an admirable municipal government with efficient officers, obtained right of refuge for his cathedral, and sent forth fleet after fleet, well manned and equipped.

In 1230, in settling certain difficulties with the Bishop of St. Malo, Mauclerc, Duke of Brittany, signed an act in which he promised to indemnify the vassals of the seigneury for losses suffered at Bordeaux or elsewhere during these differences, that he would promise them protection except in their own port of St. Malo, and would stop fitting out merchantmen till the bishop's vassals were contented. This clearly demonstrates the line drawn between the Bishop's vassals and the other Bretons, and acknowledges the churchman's right to rule his own port.

It was a Malouin fleet that accompanied St. Louis on his second crusade, and in the numerous conflicts between French and English before Bordeaux the chief dependence of the navy was the St. Malo contingent. In the days of Philip V it was the Bishop of St. Malo, Raöul Rousselet, who in the church of St. Denis placed in the hands of the king the sacred oriflamme, and blessed his march against Robert of Artois.

In the long strife between the houses of Blois and Monfort, the walled stronghold did a little trimming, by which judicious course it managed to steer clear of trouble with England. Its sympathies were with Monfort, but not strongly enough to make it take a stand prejudicial to commerce. Doubtless England was willing enough to avoid conflict with St. Malo, for she

had enough on hand without stirring up what was a veritable wasp's nest.

John de Monfort had no sooner established himself upon the throne of Brittany than he became embroiled with Charles V of France, and invited the English over to assist him. The earl of Salisbury entered the harbour of St. Malo on the thirteenth of March, 1373, with a fleet of forty large vessels followed by a great number of transports, and, without regarding the immunity of the harbour, as belonging to the ecclesiastical seigneury, burned there seven Spanish ships.

John drew upon himself the hostility of his subjects who drove him from his possessions. During his absence, St. Malo submitted to Charles V who, for the very valuable assistance the city gave him, confirmed its right to acknowledge the rule of the lords spiritual only.

The English having heartily espoused the cause of the exiled Duke John, sent Lancaster to besiege and take St. Malo, but the attempt ended in ignominious failure, and Lancaster and his troops were covered with disgrace.

The next year the Bretons, themselves, recalled John, who at once set about his darling scheme of subduing St. Malo; but the Malouins in self-protection placed themselves under the rule of Charles VI who confirmed anew their rights and port privileges, July fifth, 1395.

After the terrible defeat at Agincourt, Charles,

on account of the valiant services rendered to his cause by the Duke of Brittany, made over to him, in spite of the remonstrances of the church, the city of St. Malo with its rights and appurtenances.

In the darkest days of the reign of Charles VII, William de Monfort, the Cardinal Bishop of St. Malo, armed a fleet to repulse the English. Standing on the prow of a vessel, the Malouin prelate harangued the members of the expedition of which he was the soul, and so inspired all by the fire of his speech that they sailed against the enemy, and, after a fierce contest, came out victors. This brilliant victory was one of the few bright spots upon this dark page of French history, and it aroused the sluggish king from his lethargy sufficiently to extract from him an edict by which Malouin vessels were exempted from port dues for the space of three years.

When John V of Brittany came to die he longed to be at peace with all the world, and so he promised the English that their ships alone should have free entry into the port of St. Malo, and that the Bretons should no longer provision the French garrison stationed at Mont St. Michel, where, all during these troubled times, the French standard had been kept flying. But John's successor, Francis I was an ardent friend of Charles VII. With the assistance of the Malouins and the people of Dol he cleared the

coast of the English. Four years before his death, Francis I confirmed the franchises of St. Malo, and forbade his Farmer-general to exact more than former dukes had justly required of the town for work on the fortifications then in progress. It was at this time that the great donjon of the castle was erected. This prince died on the seventeenth of July, 1450, overcome with remorse for having killed his brother.

Louis XI was so impressed with the municipal franchises enjoyed by St. Malo that he took them as models for those granted to Paris, hoping thereby to augment the population which his frequent wars for the public good had seriously reduced, and when the English Henry of Lancaster was pursued by the emissaries of Edward IV his life was saved by the inviolability of the cathedral's right of refuge.

The title of Admiral, borne by the Duke of Brittany was at first purely nominal, since till the year 1487 a military marine could be procured only from the merchant, but when the King of France became the husband of the Duchess of Brittany, the Malouins, in return for confirmation of their extraordinary privileges, readily lent themselves to his plans and equipped a fleet for the sole purpose of harassing the English merchantmen. They also entered heart and soul into the expeditions of discovery then so general, and the waters of Canada and the shores

of Newfoundland became an open book to them.

A marked year was 1494 in the annals of the city, for the burghers, realising for the first time their own civic strength, rose against the ecclesiastics, and insisted on the establishment of a government of their own, with the consequent separation of temporal and spiritual power.

The citizens refused to present themselves at the assembly of the canons, and from a safe position managed affairs municipal after their own notions. This unacknowledged rule was maintained with many hitches and pauses until the year 1513, when, by their sheer obstinacy, the burgesses, secured possession of the City Hall and it remained for the canons to get them out. This was the year that saw the birth of Jacques Cartier in their town, an event they were far from recognising as of greater importance than the getting rid of church rule. Francis I of France came to hear of the spirited fight for power carried on by the Malouins, and the tale pleased him so well that he travelled to the city out of pure curiosity to see what they were at.

As may be supposed, the fleets were in their element during the quarrels between Francis and Henry VIII, and the pope Paul III selected the Malouin bishop as bearer to Henry of the sentence of excommunication. When Henry II succeeded his father on the throne of France one of

his first acts, in 1547, was to recognise the services rendered by the Bretons by sea. He was so much pleased at the amount of damage done to English shipping by Malouin privateers, that he granted St. Malo the right to fit out as many vessels as it chose, armed as it thought best, with full power to inflict upon English commerce all the injury it could.

Charles IX was moved to inspect the plucky stronghold, so in 1570, accompanied by Catherine de Medicis, his brother, and his confessor, William Ruze, he made a visit. William Ruze although Bishop of St. Malo had never seen his cathedral nor did he ever visit the city again. The party reached the town by way of Dinan. The people rejoicing in this mark of royal attention sent a fleet down the Rance to escort the august visitors to the harbour in all honour. The king and suite first debarked at Solidor where there was a sumptuous dinner provided at an hour which would make the meal a breakfast of to-day. After this, returning to the ships, the guests proceeded to their destination and were received at St. Malo with every demonstration that gratified loyalty could devise. On the following day, *Fête de Dieu*, the king attended service in the cathedral, where it is to be hoped William Ruze embraced his one and only opportunity of celebrating Mass in his own cathedral; and after this the court party witnessed an elabo-

rate naval sham combat arranged for its entertainment. The citizens fairly loaded their king and his companions with gifts, which, considering that they were probably originally stolen at sea, was not so onerous a tax on their hospitality as it might seem. Having done St. Malo thoroughly Charles returned from this profitable jaunt by way of Dol and Cancale.

The proper equipment of a pirateer demanded heavy preliminary investment, since no municipality stood ready to furnish gratis the guns, irons, cutlasses, and ammunition going to the outfit of a first rate ship, though they took good toll on the plant. Still, in spite of disaster by wind and wave, this was as about as secure a repository for capital as could be wished, since in good seasons the dividends were enormous, so that, no matter how high the premium, pirate stock was always in great demand, and the expensive tools of the trade were, as likely as not, dissentingly furnished by those least interested in St. Malo's prosperity.

In the terrible massacre of St. Bartholomew St. Malo took no part, but in the days of the League it threw itself heart and soul into the Catholic cause, though, finding the opportunity too good to be neglected, it refused allegiance in political matters, and, for a time, was practically an independent republic. The order to acknowledge Henry IV as king was received with

significant silence. The absence of the Bishop allowed the Syndic to summon a meeting of the citizens in the episcopal palace, and there harangue them with a direful explanation of the grave dangers to which their holy religion would be exposed from the rule of a heretic king. The people armed themselves, barricaded the streets, and swore to die in defense of the Roman Catholic Church. The city was so powerful, that, with its vessels, it was able to provision all the neighbouring towns that held out for the League. Its help was given all the way from Avranches as far down the coast as Morlaix. Henry's change of faith, however, ended the opposition, and St. Malo's weight was such that all the other rebellious Breton cities were forced to follow her lead, even Dinan itself.

Later, when lack of funds prevented Henry from coming to chastise a rebellious and insolent Duke of Brittany, the Malouins offered to furnish the king with all the necessary ammunition for the expedition, and as much money as he should desire.

The local historian Charles Cunat, being a naval officer has not considered the literary sons of his city as falling within his province, so his book, published like that on Dinan in 1857, quite neglects Chateaubriand, Lamennais, and the lesser and more recent light, Hippolyte Michel de la Morvonnais.

For the first, a walk in the town convinces one that no local historian can do much for him that the people have not already done. His name is displayed in every conceivable position, a jam with which the St. Malo slice is only too thickly spread. Lamennais was truly a Malouin, and the fine large family mansion belonging to his race, the place in which he first saw the light, still stands in all the severe solidity which is the distinguishing feature of Malouin domestic architecture. La Morvonnais enjoys a reputation almost entirely local. He was born in St. Malo in 1802 and died there in 1853, leaving many works of poetry, and a prose romance entitled, "The Manor of the Dunes." The act which has most endeared him to his compatriots was his building a church on his estate *du Val* and undertaking the support of the new parish.

XI. ST. SERVAN

THAT a town so bare and uninteresting should rub shoulders with that granite girt gem, St. Malo, we resent with a feeling quite without echo in the mind of the native inhabitant. The Frenchman admires the bright, convenient, and novel, and is amused at our zeal in the search of all that is musty and old.

St. Servan puts its best foot foremost, and the prominent position of old Solidor gives delusive promise of more of the same, when, in fact, having passed Solidor and a group of ancient bits on the neck of land at its rear, very little not of the nineteenth century presents itself. Solidor, itself, was built by the great John in 1382, so it is probable many of the most ancient buildings and walls in its immediate vicinity have to do with that time, but there is nothing besides their age to recommend them. It is rather comforting to know that Ruskin assures us that age in itself is the element most worthy of respect in things old, for the restless hunt after old stones, which, when discovered, lay no claim to beauty or any architectural value, stands greatly in need of sanction by one in authority. We had hoped

much from the visit to St. Servan, but these glowing expectations only intensified the disenchantment that followed.

The crowded quarter of the town is as dull and monotonous as St. Malo is delightful. The great, gray mansions no longer have the harmonious setting of deep, narrow street and walled fastness, but stand at intervals, connected by strings of cheap little business houses. In these, however, you really can buy many things far cheaper than at St. Malo or Dinard, one antiquity shop, in particular, being a mine of rare treasures, so, on the whole, perhaps, it is well to have one spot where prices do not aspire to keep pace with the artistic associations of the vicinity.

The "pont-roulant" from St. Malo deposits its passengers near the foot of the long, almost straight, main street of the place, a modern-looking business street. To us the "pont-roulant" is an entirely novel contrivance. A tall, spidery, derrick-like structure, fitted below with small wheels, rolls upon car tracks lying at the bottom of the narrow passage connecting the outer with the inner harbour. The square platform on top is furnished with a little cabin, some outside benches, and a firm outer railing. At low tide, when the rails are exposed, it seems a very simple affair to be drawn over them by rattling chains running over two drums in plain

sight. The very constant and ample vibrations of the machine are a natural and not entirely unpleasant feature of the ride. But when the whole working gear lies buried beneath twenty-five feet of water, the surface of which plashes just below the platform, and the jerky chains that drag you along are far from sight, there is a sense of insecurity about the method of locomotion that makes the clanging bang with which the mongrel bridge hits its moorings as musical a sound as the situation can produce. When the station gates are thrown wide open passengers escape through them with a subconsciousness of danger evaded.

The long uninteresting main street leads to a square upon which debouches the Route de Rennes, a charming country road embowered with double rows of great trees, and set along with handsome places; an alluring stretch whereon a short stroll only is necessary to console one for the disillusions provided by the commonplace city.

So many French towns seem just to lack the *je-ne-sais-quoi*, and to do so in exasperatingly intangible fashion, that some comprehensible theory of the cause of the deficiency would surely be thankfully received by the cogitating stranggers who seek one.

Possibly the fondness of the French for wide expanses of gravel may in part account for the

impression of bareness imparted by many city squares. Whether French grass is tenderer than English or not remains a question, but, at any rate it is not so generally encouraged in public. It may be that the downtrodden product, not only tolerated but admired, in Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens would offend French taste, and decorative "Keep-off-the-grass"-es would affront "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity."

St. Servan boasts a fine brand-new Courthouse, a so-called boulevard, even more abortive than that of Dinard, and a park. Furthermore, by way of open space, a gravelled dusty parade ground is set round with pollarded lindens. On a warm day this ground gathers and redistributes heat in a way that makes it a positive insult to perspiring humanity.

But rents in St. Servan! Therein lies a virtue that clears St. Servan's score and leaves it to the good. The German lady who comes to Beaumanoir to help our Schiller and Goethe, pays for a pleasant apartment of seven rooms, a yearly rental that in most large cities would barely keep her in a modest flat of the same size one month. Nearly every place on the bowered Route de Rennes stands begging some foreigner to make himself at home, permanently or provisionally at a price cheap beyond anything he before ever dreamed of.

St. Servan—Tower of Solidor

Leaving the square in a direction opposite the Route de Rennes, you wend your way tortuously towards the wharf, by the side of which Solidor tower rears its gloomy, massive walls. The church and the old part of the town, occupying a jutting bluff of their own, back of the extensive barracks and fortifications, are found in this quarter. A poor, old house, not far from the church, bears a sculptured tablet, telling that here resided in 1840 Marie Jamet, founder of the order of "Little Sisters of the Poor." She was a poor working girl, with absolutely no further means of dependence than her daily toil. At the age of eighteen, aided by a friend but sixteen years of age, she began to devote herself to the care of the weak and aged about her. By faithfully sacrificing her youth and powers to this one, noble object, she laid the foundation of one of the greatest charities in the Roman Catholic Church. When her work in St. Servan seemed accomplished, she removed to Rennes, where she enlarged her plan of operation and accomplished more, even, than had been done in her birthplace. She became Sister Superior of the rapidly growing order she had established, and took the name of "Sister Mary-Augustine of Compassion."

There is little to attract one in the old quarter, called "La Cité." One or two doorways; a beautiful bulging turret, hidden down a miry

lane, and whitewashed like a cellar wall; and the original church, or rather a chapel occupying what remains of the old building, the apse; are about all the most inveterate lover of the gray and hoary can find to glow over.

Life here seems at a standstill. A whole day spent in sightseeing produced in the way of traffic two wagons, one carriage, and on a narrow road, just where most appalling, one of the broad-bodied carts peculiar to the region, heavy of wheel and clumsy of manipulation. It was laden with brushwood that overhung in every direction so far that it scratched and scraped the walls on both sides of the way. The great Norman horses, harnessed in the usual fashion, three tandem, zig-zagged and lolled over the rough pavement this way and that with an all-overish freedom paralysing to contemplate. The driver kept his long whip flying, and produced a terrifying succession of sharp cracks which the horses supported with philosophy, having learned by experience that the exercise was intended to display the driver's skill rather than to urge their progress. For the world afoot nothing apparently remained but a turn about and wild run ahead of the equipage, when the brushwood was brought to a stop before a gate in the wall, and after some fumbling with bolts and bars, the driver, still cracking his whip, worked the outfit through the rather straitened aperture.

The parish church, a modern structure, gives greater evidence of the care that wealth alone can assure than any other in the vicinity, and it wears an air of religious prosperity that is a relief to the soul, surfeited in this neighbourhood with crude interiors.

Country walks in the land of high stone walls are not always beautiful, but people who have come to know the security they afford are willing to support the disadvantages.

The original reason for establishing a bishop at Aleth lay in the obstinacy with which the earliest inhabitants clung to the rites of Druidism. It seemed that there was no course left but to make the city a Christian centre, and so proceed from within against the false cult.

The old "Cité" is by far the most ancient settlement on this coast, but all these places are so closely connected by tramways that they form practically one loosely spread town.

In taking the trams for the country beyond, the first stage of the trip is disappointing. It leads past unsightly lumber and ship-yards, but once beyond these, the road skirts the beautiful beach of Paramé, and then takes a turn inland.

The French love Paramé on account of its aggressively new villas and staring white casino; the English frequent it because of the unequalled bathing facilities; and Americans go, when they do, for their customary reason, because other

people go. In the height of the season the beach here is the gayest place in the vicinity and draws guests from all the surrounding resorts, its large casino being admirably adapted for social purposes. The fusion of the different elements of the animated mass becomes fairly complete, for bathing is the real business, and salt water does much to soak away stiffness. In the sea all men and most women are equal, and a mile of beach affords ample space for the exercise of Christian charity.

XII. THE BRETON DUKES

WHEN the last king of Brittany died, of the numerous claimants for the throne his son Goeffrey, ancestor of England's murdered prince Arthur, was strongest, and making the best of his hereditary title as Count of Rennes, he styled himself Duke of Brittany, retaining the title till his death in 1008. He had married Radegonde of Penthièvre and their son succeeded as Alain V, a strong capable man.

Alain confirmed the succession to his own posterity by annihilating the claims of his younger brother Eudes, to whom, by way of compensation he granted a small province and recognised him as head of the cadet branch of the house. So well had Alain settled this matter that he scrupled not to confide to the care of Eudes his five months old son. The charge was faithfully fulfilled, and the child followed his father as Conan II.

The Bayeux tapestry tells the tale of Conan's attack upon William the Conqueror in one of the border fights. Conan, forced to flee to the priory of St. Malo at Dinan, was here besieged by William, conquered, and obliged to acknowledge

William as overlord. In the year of the Battle of Hastings Conan was opportunely poisoned, and as the suspected poisoner a son of Eudes, accompanied the Conqueror, the inference is obvious.

The dukedom now passed to the son of Conan's sister who had married Alain Caignart, Count of Cornwall, a natural son of Conan being passed over. The new duke was insignificant, but his son, Alain Fergent (1084–1112) defeated William's army at Dol and married his daughter Constance.

The country had become so impoverished by incessant war that Alain devoted himself to domestic affairs. So oppressive had feudal obligations become in Brittany that Alain, at the first call for crusaders, was glad to avail himself of this escape from his embarrassments. On his return from the Holy Land, having reigned twenty-eight glorious years, he retired to a monastery at Redon, leaving the crown to his son, Conan III.

Now it was, that Louis the Fat dealt the first blow to feudalism by giving charters to the cities. Conan gained the ill will of his nobles by following the royal example and reorganising municipal affairs in a way that left the bourgeois and clergy banded against the nobles. Pierre Abelard was born near Nantes towards the close of this reign.

Conan disavowed a pretended son Hoël, but Hoël upon the death of his reputed father immediately contested the claims of Bertha, Conan's only legitimate child. The conflict was long, but in the end Bertha established her right, and, with the assistance of her uncle Eudes, made her son Conan IV seventh duke of Brittany. Bertha had married Stephen, another of the Penthièvre family, and through his father the boy duke was also Duke of Richemont.

Some of the discontented Breton lords formed a conspiracy against their new ruler, and so frightened him, that, forgetting all consideration of honour, he sold himself and his country to the English. The victorious Henry II presented himself before the walls of Dinan, and demanded to be received as rightful lord. The Dinanais had other ideas on the subject, and refused to let him in, whereupon, to get even with them, Henry pillaged and burned the adjacent village of Léhon, sparing only the buildings appertaining to the priory. For this disgraceful work Conan was compelled to retire in ignominy to Guingamp, 1165, where he died despised, in 1170, leaving to his daughter's husband, Geoffrey Plantagenet, his claims, and ending the race of native rulers. Conan had nominally ruled since 1156, but, when, on Geoffrey's death, the widowed Constance claimed the title Duchess of Brittany and Countess of Richemont, her so-called subjects indig-

nantly objected that by his cowardly behaviour her father had forfeited his rights.

The story of the unfortunate Arthur is but too well known. After the death of the defrauded boy, his mother's second husband, Guy de Thouars usurped the power with the title of tenth duke. Since he had a daughter of the true line, Guy was permitted on suffrance to hold the reins of government during her minority. Guy's incessant endeavours to make Brittany absolutely independent of France at last irritated Philip Augustus to the point of marching in person to Nantes, where he declared the youthful Alix duchess in the place of her too patriotic father. Philip also took it upon himself to settle the matrimonial affairs of the princess, and brought forward a suitor for her hand, Henry d' Avaugour, heir of the allied Penthièvres, but for one reason or another the Bretons put off the marriage time after time till Philip lost all patience, and, although the Penthièvre contract had already been drawn up in Paris, he clinched matters by marrying Alix out of hand to Pierre le Dreux, a cadet of his own family, thus beginning the line of French dukes.

The Bretons must heartily have regretted their obstinate intractability, for Penthièvre was by far the most fitting mate for their duchess, since he was descended from Gurven a relative of their own king Erispoë, and was a direct des-

cendant of the great Nominoë. It is hard to see why they should have made the stand they did, for their plea on the score of the youth of the parties was for that period a most laughable subterfuge.

From the reign of Pierre, called Mauclerc, the history of Brittany has been more or less part of that of France. Pierre went to the crusades with St. Louis where he died of a wound, leaving his son John I le Roux, to succeed him. This John was followed by his son John II, who met with a most singular death.

Philip the Fair, of France, desirous of doing honour to the pope of his own choice, summoned the chief nobles of the realm to witness the investiture of Clement at Lyons, on the fourteenth of November, 1305. After leaving the church where the ceremony had been performed, Philip, who had been leading the horse of the newly made pope, handed the bridle to John of Brittany, and remounted his own steed. The change had scarcely been effected when an ancient wall fell into the road upon the cortège. John was killed outright; Clement was injured severely, the tiara being knocked from his head; the king and his brother, Charles of Valois, were struck with stones, and numbers of the spectators were killed or wounded. The ceremonies designed to redound to the glory of Philip were turned into a scene of gloom and death. The remains of

the duke were brought to Ploërmel where he was interred in the choir of the church of the Carmelites.

No opposition to the peaceful succession of Arthur II was raised, and his most notable act was the convocation at Ploërmel, which then seems to have been the capital city, of the estates of his realm, when the third estate was well represented. The children Arthur left constitute his chief claim to importance, since through them came the bitter wars that later involved both France and England. John III succeeded his father; Guy became Count of Penthièvre, and ancestor of the powerful family of that name; and the youngest son, also named John, was he of Monfort, the claims of whose descendants were contested by Charles of Blois. Such were Arthur's bequests to his country, and in this way do we reach the heroic age of Breton story.

John III, being childless, had given in marriage his niece, Jeanne of Penthièvre, to Charles de Chatillon, Count of Blois, designating the young husband as his successor. The half-brother, John, although younger than Jeanne's father, Guy, determined to wrest the power from the youthful pair and seize the ducal honours. The Salic Law had never affected Breton succession, but, to strengthen his claim, John assumed the position that as the Breton dukes were now peers

of France, they had become in virtue of that rank subject to the French law of inheritance.

The opportunity hereby offered for the interference of France and England was too good to be slighted, though, strange to say it was France that supported Jeanne's son, while Edward of England upheld the Salic succession. The long struggle began in 1341, and one of the most iniquitous measures was compassed by Philip of France the next year. A grand tournament was arranged, and the peers of the realm, Bretons included, were summoned to attend. The tournament passed off brilliantly and was followed by a feast at which the guests of honour were such Breton nobles as were suspected of too great partiality for the English king, Edward III. In the height of festivities Philip's adherents suddenly turned upon the visitors and all the Bretons were seized and beheaded. An entertainment so sanguinary was too striking for the taste of Brittany. There were nobles enough left to resent the treachery in a way that Philip found formidable, but he succeeded in getting hold of John, whom he imprisoned in the Louvre, and then tried to seize the castle of Hennebon which might help to pay his increasing debts to his numerous allies; Normandy, Burgundy, Loraine, Navarre, a Duke of Athens, besides Spanish and Genoese auxiliaries.

John, fortunately, had a wife of mettle, well

versed in the accomplishments of the age, who could fight and pour boiling lead on the head of the foe as effectively as the most notable warrior. This lady, also a Jeanne, made everything tight and snug at Hennedon, then she cried to her husband's friend Robert of Artois,—who, by the way, was Philip's brother-in-law,—and to her English allies, "What ho!" She sent the same stirring summons to a majority of the Breton nobles with their German mercenaries, and having well roused the forces, sat down to the serious business of keeping the French at bay. So brilliant was the success of this wifely support that when John at last escaped, he ran home to a castle as good and stout as ever, though he did not live long to enjoy it, and Jeanne in 1345 found herself left widowed, to carry on the war by herself.

It now came Charles's turn to be shut up, and for nine years he made himself as comfortable as he could in the Tower of London, while his Jeanne, she of Penthièvre, with Du Guesclin to help her, maintained that side of the contest. The scarcely less renowned Oliver de Clisson, son of one of the nobles so discourteously beheaded by Philip, tendered his services to the other Jeanne, and the war went on just as well as the most exacting fighter could desire. Still another Jeanne figured as belligerant in this strife which is often called the war of the three

Jeannes, and that was the mother of young Oliver, widow of the decapitated Oliver de Clisson, Jeanne de Belleville. In revenge for the murder of her husband, the lady assembled her vassals and attacked a castle occupied by the troops of Blois. The castle fell, was sacked, and the defenders were all put to the sword.

Charles came back from prison a greater fire-eater than ever, but by this time a young John was waiting and ready, who, in the battle of Auray, 1364, defeated and slew Blois thus securing for himself the ducal throne.

By this time the Bretons had had so much bloodshed that the most warlike were satiated, so the peace of Guérand was joyfully signed in the following April, to be as joyfully broken when the Bretons supported Anne. John made polite concessions to the widow of Charles, founded a satisfactory number of expiatory religious establishments, granted a profusion of flattering privileges, and therefore he was hailed with satisfaction as, John IV, the Conqueror.

To begin with, John found it necessary to impose a variety of new taxes. Then he owed much to the English for their aid, which had to be paid by giving them a comfortable coign of vantage from which to worry the French, while, at the same time, he was openly professing allegiance to Charles V, his king. Charles was too wise for him, and discovering the double dealing at a

time when soldiers were scarce, he dealt his deceitful vassal an effective blow by trying to persuade the Pope to canonize Charles of Blois whose life had been one of exemplary piety. This move kept John so actively employed to hinder its execution that France felt no fear of his machinations for some time. The trouble John had to get the Pope weaned from the idea of having a saint of his own made him thoroughly angry, and when the matter was successfully ended, he threw off all disguise, and allied himself openly with England.

This measure brought down upon his head such a storm of wrath that for a time John was obliged to take refuge in the land of his allies, whereupon Charles declared his throne vacant, and asserted that Brittany was joined to France. As might be supposed this did not suit the Bretons, who immediately forgot their internal squabbles, and with a fierce cry of independence, brought John home in triumph. The death of Du Guesclin, in 1380, robbed Charles of his best warrior, and, being now in poor health, he made peace with John, and died in September of the same year.

Finally after a reign of twenty-nine years, during which he had manifested by turns bravery, cruelty, generosity, perfidy, John IV, seventh duke, died at Nantes in the year 1399, leaving another John but eleven years old to succeed to the crown. This boy was declared

of age when he was fifteen years old, and was shortly afterwards married to Jeanne of France, daughter of Charles VI, by which alliance he became brother-in-law to Henry V of England.

This John was the last ruler of Brittany who left a male successor. His son Francis I ninth duke, married Isabel of Scotland, sister of Louis Eleventh's unhappy first wife. Gilles, brother of Francis complained greatly about the small portion left to him, and made so much noise that Francis determined to rid himself of the incubus. The unfraternal plot was favoured by the grave misdeeds of the victim, for, among other things, Gilles had carried off the beautiful and rich heiress, Françoise of Dinan, the onyl child of Jacques and Catherine de Rohan. On observing the hostility of his brother, Gilles took refuge in a rebellious manner in the castle of Guildo from which place he was removed by Charles VII and Francis after but faint resistance.

The prince was deprived of his liberty, his life was threatened, he was transferred from castle to castle, put under the care of the most brutal of jailors, and, in the end, induced by the implacable de Rohan, Francis signed his death warrant, and the unfortunate weakling was one day found starved to death in the dungeon of Hardouinaye eight leagues from Dinan. Such was the sad fate of Gilles, son, brother, nephew,

and cousin of four sovereign princes, after nearly four years of captivity. Forty days later near Mont St. Michel a monk presented himself before Francis, and in the name of Gilles cited him to appear before the judgment seat of God at the end of forty days. This summons so worked upon the terrified conscience of Francis that he succumbed to remorse, and died on the day indicated.

Wishing to support the decision reached in the treaty of Guérand, Francis set aside his daughters, Marguerite and Marie, naming his brother Pierre as tenth duke. Pierre was a taciturn reserved man who enjoyed a great reputation for piety, though his domestic manners might have been improved upon. One day, wild with unfounded suspicions, he entered the room of his duchess, Françoise d' Amboise, and there, before everybody, gave her a sound trouncing, while calling her all kinds of bad names. The poor lady, more overcome by the publicity than the chastisement, cried, falling on her knees, "Ah, sir! go about it a little more delicately; when we are alone in our room you may beat harder—if there is room enough there." Upon this, the duke took her to their room, and beat her so rudely that for a long time she bore the marks of the blows. Some days afterwards the duke found out that it was all a mistake.

This amiable husband died in 1457 having had

no children except one natural daughter, so he was followed by his uncle Arthur III brother of John. Arthur had been Constable of France for thirty years and considered his new title something of a come-down. He would not permit people to address him as Duke of Brittany, saying, "I desire, and I ought to honour in my old age a dignity that gave honour to my youth," though, in spite of his theoretic loyalty, he had the courage to refuse to do homage to the king for his rightful inheritance as some of his predecessors had found themselves compelled to do.

Arthur was succeeded by another grandson of the great John. This ruler, Francis II did homage to Charles VII in true Breton fashion, "voluntarily and standing up, without promise or oath. Such homage as Dukes of Brittany had been wont to make, neither intending to nor making himself vassal for his land." This duke introduced printing, founded a university, and built many monasteries and churches. He wished to keep the peace that he might devote himself to the welfare of his subjects, but in this aim the policy of Louis XI defeated him, for self-preservation demanded that Brittany should enter the League for the Public good. A year later Francis made an attempt to shake off the yoke and outwit the wily king, by allying himself with England and Burgundy. Louis tried flattery, and tendered the collar of the

Order of St. Michael, but Francis remained firm, not only declining the honour, but offering a refuge to the king's special *bête noire*, Louis of Orleans. The invitation to escape from the royal jealousy was not accepted by Louis until the next reign when Anne of Beaujeu made herself too obnoxious and officious for comfort in the French court.

No sooner had Francis been laid in the grave than Charles VIII did his best to lay hold of the brave independent duchy. The Bretons would have none of him, and set Anne on the throne of her ancestors without a thought of the treaty of Guérand and its new-fangled laws of succession.

Seeing no other way of compassing the appropriation, the king's thoughts turned towards matrimony, although by all pledges then held sacred Anne belonged to the Emperor of Germany, Maximilian. There were suitors enough and to spare for this richly endowed maiden. Richard III of England had just lost his wife, his rival Henry Tudor who had passed much of his exile at her father's court, was said to have sued for her hand, and she is supposed to have carried on a desperate flirtation with Orleans, a real affair of the heart; but hearts were discounted, and in the end policy prevailed. Of this brave array of suitors, the sickly unattractive Charles was accepted, and the fate of the

gallant little state was a forgone conclusion. Anne hoped against hope to preserve its autonomy, but nothing now could prevent its final absorbtion by the power that so long had coveted it.

XIII. AURAY

THE foreigner who lingers for a season in Dinard and therefore flatters himself that he has visited Brittany, deludes himself. The land of legend with its typical peasant whose hatred of the English was born of the strife between Blois and Monfort, whose costume, no stage play, is worn because he remains unspotted from the world beyond his narrow range, must be sought with perseverance far down the peninsula. Yvonne, our symbol of Breton peasantry, is ignorant of the Celtic language. She became suspicious of mockery on our part when we endeavoured to extract from her information relating to national survivals, and declaring with some asperity that she was no *Bas-Bretonne*, she disdained the assumption.

Carnac was the inspiration of a voyage of discovery, yet it must be confessed that at first the name suggested only the Karnak of Egypt, and temples grand but rather inaccessible. The casual manner in which the trip was proposed, proved that there was a mistake somewhere, so we screened ignorance behind a great show of attention, and in time were rewarded by learn-

The Oldest House in Auray

ing that it would take us no farther than the Morbihan district, to see those stupendous relics of a rude age that have furnished material for scientific dispute from the time science began to dispute.

It must not be supposed that France and the British Isles monopolise such stone giants, for along the whole Atlantic shore of the Old World, from Mount Atlas in Africa through Spain, Portugal and up, more or less continuously as far as Iceland; in fact, wherever the hunted Celts turned at bay to make a stand against the oppressor, such monuments are found. France is especially rich in these relics, Poitou, Auvergne, and the Cevennes district all have some, but the Breton group covers a larger area than any other, and presents many features quite unique. The question of the origin of these memorials will probably never be settled, nor is our knowledge of the means employed to effect the manipulation of such masses of rock ever likely to be more than mere conjecture; that they are there is the fact, beyond this all is pretty much guesswork. Our age so ready to plume itself on its achievements has to bow before the work of barbarians.

The stones of Morbihan present some peculiarities that seem to point to a more recent origin than many similar collections. No evidence that they were connected with funeral rites is

forthcoming, and human bones are not found in their vicinity. Whether in the fierce upheavals of the fifth century the Celts found and adapted to their own uses the temples and altars of some earlier race supplanted by them; or whether later conquerors set up these memorials to awe the Celts themselves, is a point concerning which authorities differ widely. By some they have been relegated to ages before Christ, but it is quite decided that they could not have been erected later than 500 A. D. Lubbock assigns them to the Bronze Age, and advocates of their Phœnician origin have this much in their favour that they bear evident relation to some form of sun worship. Druidism possessed many features curiously akin to the Baal cult against which the Hebrew prophets waged such continual warfare.

In spite of the ability with which is upheld the Danish-Norman theory of their origin, the man convinced against his will may hold his Druid notions still, for who would sacrifice a world of cherished tradition in the interest of a truth so barren of comfort! Druidism is not so far away from us of to-day. Relics of the rites were practised in the forests of Dauphiny not two hundred years ago; the St. John's festival held annually in Brittany till well into the last century was a Druidical rite; and to this very day the Bretons of the islands off the farthest

extremity of the peninsula resort in stormy weather to ceremonies winked at by the native clergy, but denounced by the French churchmen as rank heathenism. But this is very far out, out in the land where the people have not yet learned that France is a republic, but still pray for the king, which proves that their religious advancement is not far behind their political.

Perhaps the best way to give a general notion of what we set out to see is to dub Carnac the Breton Stonehenge, for the latter temple has been so commonly used as illustration in the histories of our youth by way of encouragement to reluctant students, that it is well fixed in most minds.

After much talk, our start at last came under the head of those things that are called "sudden in the end," and we left the garden to the tender mercies of the snails and a few pet rabbits which possessed mysterious means of breaking jail to the prejudice of the cabbage and the distress of our noble gardeners.

On any map, look at the peninsula to be crossed, and then, if you can, explain why it takes a whole day to make the passage. A friend who had braved the eccentricities of the Breton inn, pictured the trip as a downward path leading to dirt, drunkenness, and squalor, with hard beds, rough sheets, and indescribable fare thrown in. The event did not convict this

Jeremiah of inaccuracy, but admitting all his drawbacks, and others not foreseen, a flight into Lower Brittany is a soaring into the region of romance and witchery.

Auray is about due south from Dinard, but the line cuts across the main routes of travel in a way that necessitates four changes of train. The first, at St. Brieuc, gave us an opportunity to enjoy our first real Breton meal, with soup, fish, two meats, various entrées and relevés, pastry, dessert, and coffee, a substantial breakfast, but all very good. The longest pause was at Pontivy, just at the border of the true Breton country, the first point where the assembled country folk used the ancient language instead of French. Napoleon had the making over of Pontivy, and there is a suggestion of Benjamin Franklin in its straight main street with broad flagged pavement. It looks more like a street of Philadelphia or Trenton than of a remote inland European district, and suggests so strongly broad brimmed hats and Quaker bonnets, that the ridiculous boyish headgear of the peasant, first met here, seems in some sort a compromise.

The old town that underwent imperial transmogrification had sprung up around a seventh century monastery erected by the English monk, St. Ivy, hence the name, which was for a while changed to Napoleonville, but in time the ancient Pontivy regained its place. Under the

Rohans the city became the seat of jurisdiction, and the towered castle built in 1485 by John de Rohan is one of the best specimens of its class to be found, though to-day it presents but a collection of roofless spaces enclosed by crumbling walls. The stop we made was just long enough to admit of a walk up the main street which leads directly to the castle that frowns down its length from an elevation facing the head of the opening. On the way nothing more notable presented itself than a great open square and the barracks, bare of ornamentation, but even the hurried exploration of the town proved that we had reached a land no more France than Gibraltar is Spain. Men of all ages were topped with the round felt hat with rolled brim and millinery trimming of ribbon velvet and bright buckles. To the initiated each variation of velvet, buckle, and flaunting streamer tells of a new commune, but we could only see that some bands were broad and others narrow, some buckles big and some little, some had one strip and others two or three, and no friendly guide was forthcoming to enlighten us. Sturdy young fellows often look well in this boyish headgear, but to peer beneath the rolled brim, jauntily cocked on one side, and discover the wrinkled weasened face of toothless age brings a sense of unfitness so strong that the surprise is that it should so soon wear off.

The various trains we employed were one in the matter of leisurely advance, especially on up grades, but the flower covered banks, the hills of the middle peninsula, the purple heather of the fields, made lingering a delight. Along a certain stretch of country the road coquets with a limpid poplar-bordered canal. Sometimes it curves away and the water is lost to sight, then suddenly the two meet anew and run alongside as though refreshed by the temporary hiding. The light blue sky too presented an abundance of cloud heaps, working and weaving as they drifted overhead, while below the full tide of summer's vitality clad the rugged face of earth in its richest leafage. Nature was so surcharged with beauty that we were sorry when twilight dimmed the scene and the name "Auray" told us that our journey was ended.

The station and town proved to be two, and a gently jogging omnibus carried us over a couple of miles of straight poplar-lined road before depositing us quite in the dark at the door of the hotel. Of the town we barely descried the outlines of the ancient market building and the many peaked roofs that in Lower Brittany attain a cavernous interior capacity, unlighted save for chinks in the tiling through which stray sunbeams that reveal a labyrinth of beams and cross-pieces losing themselves in impenetrable gloom.

The old French market at New Orleans comes to mind at the sight of the Auray building, at least, thus it was when it first met our gaze looming in the dimness, fantastic and distorted by shadows. The glare of day robbed it of much illusion, and we found that the comparison would not bear examination.

Although we had telegraphed for rooms, we were met by a hostess, voluble with apologies; "the height of the season, everything engaged for days ahead, but a friend had come to the rescue from the country to open her doors to us, would we derange ourselves so far?" As the house in question was an ancient structure but two doors below, and the hotel was only too glad to promise meals, there seemed to be no reason why we should not derange ourselves, and many reasons to make the derangement agreeable. Both houses fronted the irregular market place to assure us of seeing all of life that should present itself, therefore we contentedly trailed after a second dame, while a selection of hotel employees trailed after us bearing the necessities.

A heavy front door opened upon a corridor in which the leader's taper made darkness visible in her immediate vicinity, and roused apprehensive conjecture in its train, so long seemed the distance we followed it. At the end of this doorless, windowless passage we reached a stair-

case winding by many landings up past blank wall a distance that appeared to be equal to that of the corridor. In the course of the ascent we came to a barred gate of iron, which our landlady proceeded to unlock with a key about a foot long. Through the gate the dame sent the procession, and then locked us in, after which, resuming generalship, she went on to a landing from which stairs branched on either side. Those on the left we followed and reached our rooms, comfortably furnished and neat as wax and rubbing could make them, where we soon settled our belongings and were led forth once more to dine.

From a long narrow dressing room attached to the suite there was the rear view of this street of ancient dwellings, and, as is the case with icebergs, the larger portion of the mass was that hidden from sight. The passageway behind the end window was but one of many which stretched indefinitely, roof after roof away back into the country apparently. Peak beyond peak and chimney beyond chimney, of all heights and sizes, and of age pre-historic. Water spouts stood out far from each depression to direct the flow of rain at any angle upon the rank grass of the crevasse-like cleft between extensions. A series of back doors opening upon regions conjectural, pointed to a decorous treatmeant of the slum problem, since these alleys

seemed to have no direct connection with the market-place.

The surroundings were so unusual that the next morning we eagerly accepted the landlady's courteous offer to show us her complete apartment. Although we were in the very top of a tall building, the steps opposite those leading to our rooms took us into the kitchen, hung around with shining coppers, which had a peak all to itself. From this a side door opened upon so fine a substitute for a cellar, that it was hard to remember that we were still exploring attics. Brick tiled floor, cobwebby gloom, high dusty window, fruity earthy odour; in fact all the adjuncts that properly belong beneath the house we found flourishing high in air under the sharpest of pitched roofs, where heavy rafters lost themselves in a batty musty gloom. The familiar collection of boxes, barrels, wood-piles, and rubbish stood about the edges of the space, and in the foreground a goodly wine cellar was much in evidence. Off at the farther end a ladder against the wall led to pointed openings still higher, inviting to triangular vistas interminable, into which the obliging lady favoured our going, but although presented with the freedom of the suite, adventure palled by reason of the back window view of the premises and the certainty that spiders and rats would resent intrusion.

Great was the clatter and flurry in the market-

place far below our windows on our first morning in Auray, and from the balcony we discovered rows of booths and a display of varied wares, for we had happened to arrive in time for the greatest fair of the year. The bustle was stirring, peasants crowded into town by every road, although when we earliest spied the scene the square seemed full to overflowing. From our safe position we could follow the chaffering and bargaining going on below, and study at our leisure the first wide display we had come across of true Lower Breton costume.

This piece of luck consoled us in a measure for having missed the great "Pardon" of St. Anne d'Auray which occurs annually, July 26th and originated as long ago as 1624 in this wise:

Once upon a time there lived a farmer named Nocolasik who possessed the farm called Bocenno and superabundant piety. When he was not ploughing he was praying or more often combining the duties. St. Anne was his patroness, and, appreciating such superior devotion, while he prayed she looked out for the land. Devastating storms she shunted, the wiles of the sorcerer she brought to naught, and the spells of the wizard were of none effect, for when he flattered himself that his magic cord would catch Nocolasik's sheaves, behold! they brought nothing but tares, and saved the farmer the trouble of weeding. Of course this exemption

from evil made the neighbours jealous, for they thought that Nocolasik had managed to seize the only corner of Paradise let down in that part of the country, but Nocolasik, himself, knew very well what he was about, and redoubled his praying.

Among other things, the pious farmer knew that in the ages past there had once been a chapel dedicated to St. Anne somewhere on his farm, which, on the whole, was a favourable circumstance. If he ever chanced to stay out late the dark road home was usually lighted by ghostly little tapering flames that burned steadily no matter how it might storm. Often he could smell a faint odour of incense while the tapers burned.

One summer evening as he sat near the spring where he watered the cattle not far from the middle of his fertile fields, a bright light suddenly surrounded him and seemed to issue from the water. There was no electricity then to account for lighted springs, Heaven alone furnished extra illumination, so Nicolasik was in no wise unprepared for the apparition that hovered in the dazzling radiance, and found it quite natural that the head of an angelic form should produce a halo and that the halo should light up the place. He knew in a trice with whom he had to deal, and he knew also the right way to go about it, prostrating himself before it

in humble adoration. Thus bowed he remained till a side peep convinced him that the vision had gone off with the halo, and then he set out with all speed to pour his tale into the ear of his confessor. The priest was certainly taken aback. He put on a lofty air and tried to prove to Nicolasik that not even the lesser saints of the calendar would make friendly overtures to a man of such low estate. His reverence really believed this, for the saints ignored the Bishop who, in turn, looked down on the lesser priesthood. As for the confessor himself, he thought himself much too good to associate with the like of Nicolasik, so how could he have comprehended the wide jump in the circuit just reported!

Far from resenting this view of the case, Nicolasik went back home to think it over, and on reflection began to suspect that he might have popped down too soon, mistaking in the twilight some naughty Korrigan for his patroness, since he had been too humble to take a good square look. His pardonable conceit shrank to nothing, and he redoubled his prayers to be kept from temptations of vainglorious assumption.

But St. Anne had no mind to be foiled by an ignorant parish priest, so whenever Nicolasik found himself in the vicinity of the spring queer things began to happen anew and went on happening. A confused but musical sound, like the rising of many waters, met his ear, and a light

broke forth, illuminating the whole country. He saw himself surrounded by an innumerable host, clothed in every known Breton costume. These came pouring in from the four quarters of the heavens to adore St. Anne. Thunderstruck, Nicolasik gazed at the apparition. "Fear not," said the saint in a gentle voice, "Hear my commands. God wills that on this spot I should be reverenced, and I direct you to rebuild here the chapel that for the last thousand years has lain a neglected ruin. Search for my buried image and reinstate it upon a fitting altar for the benefit of reverent pilgrims." The figure vanished, and Nicolasik hastened to assemble his friends and neighbours, to whom he recounted his marvellous experiences. Before him went a star, quite visible to the faithful, but hidden to unbelievers. It led the crowd to Bocenno, where, on opening the ground at the place where the vision had disappeared, the image was revealed quite as good as new, uninjured by its long burial. Nicolasik at first built a turf cabin to shelter the miraculous statue to which throngs of worshippers pressed. The fame of this wonderful shrine spread abroad and a new miracle took place. Nicolasik was blessed by one more heavenly vision in which angels descending a radiant ladder bore to him a sculptured block, the model of the church which all good Christians were commanded to unite in erecting in place

of the existing, unsuitable cabin. The details of the plan were so stamped upon his brain that Nicolasik was not only able to advocate the work with unanswerable force, but possessed the knowledge enabling him to direct the architects and builders like a real boss carpenter.

Now, at last, everybody wished to help, and troops of country people came with offerings of wood and iron and stone and labour, so that the whole church was finished before the world realised what was in progress, and the cross set above to proclaim the completion of the work drew pilgrims unnumbered to the holy shrine. As for consecration services, never before had such taken place, the higher clergy, the nobles, the rich bourgeois, all flocked to do honour to St. Anne, and to this very day the good saint remembers this worship, for the lame, the palsied, the weak flock to her Pardon to drink from the well, and she still cures the multitude, if not always in body, surely in spirit. Beggars have cause to bless St. Anne, for no one can refuse their insistent pleas while himself hoping for aid. For this reason the beggars keep up very audible solicitations during the entire service of the Mass.

Coffee in the Breton style is served in large bowls with no saucers. With the native it is scarcely treated as a beverage, but rather as a sop into which the rolls, young loaves of bread,

are broken, to be audibly gulped later. The spoon provided is appropriately a soup-spoon which must be left standing in the cup or laid on the cloth, which remains in use till well covered with semicircles of round brown dots that mark the position of unprotected former bowls. Butter for this reason is on demand, and milk is served boiling, unless it is expressly desired fresh.

The unusual spectacle of a hotel full to overflowing without one English speaking guest was so new to us that we were at once convicted either of having always followed the crowd or of never having possessed the true *Wanderlust.*

French travellers attend strictly to their own business, a virtue not to be despised. No matter how frequently their line of travel crosses yours, there is never a suspicion of curiosity on their part as to your affairs, or of anxiety to fix in their minds your exact degree in the social scale. If it falls in your way to approach one for information, you receive it with all courteous interest in your request, but otherwise the Frenchman scarcely turns his head in your direction, and, as for any look of recognition, he passes you as blankly on the twentieth occasion as on the first. Then, too, there is an entire lack of any desire to pose. The Anglo-Saxon, no matter how unassuming, has always on his conscience the duty of impressing his neighbour with full knowledge of

his proper worth, and feels it obligatory to avoid compromising associations. The Frenchman has but one responsibility, and that is to show how excellent his own manner is, not for the gratification of others, but as a matter of self-respect. It is rare to find in France people who pretend to be what they are not, or who indulge in false pride as to their station in life. Each occupies himself with his own pursuits, content to fill the niche in which he finds himself placed.

Our day began with a walk to the village church, and then a hunt after the various departments of the fair, which are spread abroad over the face of the village, occupying as much of its space as possible. We saw for the first time the true Breton cattle, little creatures, the cows about as high as donkeys. A dab of paint on the hoofs of many of the horses on the road attracted our attention, and we were told that this was the sign that entry dues had been paid. In the great market-house, were displayed quantities of sardines of every variety in the way of preservation, a fish, the sight and odour of which become an inseparable element of all memories of touring in these parts. From Auray on the trip is made in a pervasive aroma of sardines treated in a greater number of ways than the outer world dreams of. At each meal at least one kind, sometimes a complete assortment is presented, fresh, salted, smoked, or preserved in oil.

In Auray proper are some ancient houses but in the small hamlet across the little stream that runs past the town all the houses are so old that it is likely the original settlement was there.

The parish church of Auray is well situated in the midst of a grassy plateau, but architecturally there is little of interest about it, and religiously it is dwarfed in importance by St. Anne a mile out in the country.

Out on the road that follows the bank of the river, tucked away in a corner, stands a weather-beaten calvaire, curious enough, perhaps, but thrown into the shade by finer specimens at almost any point of the journey beyond.

XIV. CARNAC

THE outward drive to Carnac towards the extreme point of a flat, desolate, wind-swept peninsula, a distance of some eight miles, is devoid of any especial interest.

Our driver, when he finally consented to conduct us, proved to be the chatty person much concerned with our affairs of the moment, that the French driver is usually found to be. He exerted every endeavour to excite our sympathies in behalf of certain stranded rocks along the route, but he began his eulogies too long before experience and knowledge had created a perspective for our untrained eyes, and a stone was simple stone to us and it was nothing more. Driving home we regarded these very objects with all the awe he demanded. From their stations in wall or building, where in native ruggedness they had been degraded and utilised, they cried aloud with pathetic insistence. For centuries these monoliths have formed an inexhaustible quarry from which fields have been walled and whole villages built, so it is probably impossible to estimate just how widely they

covered the face of the land in the days of their prosperity.

Some distance before we reached Carnac, the dolmens began to rise along the road; here and there in bare neglected fields they reared themselves in various stages of preservation, from a solidity ready to defy time's assaults forever, down to crumbling ruins scarcely distinguishable for what they are.

They must be touched, handled, explored before a full impression of their huge bulk enters the comprehension, and to fail of gaining that through indolence is to deprive oneself of one of the most important features of the expedition. By all means, leave the automobile or carriage, stumble over the rough field and gain the side of the stone monsters, walk around, about them, and under them,—over, if you can. In the finest specimens the heavy parallel walls of gigantic upright slabs of granite stand as firm to-day as they stood when their unknown founders set them, and they support a flat roof of massive rocks. It is quite possible that many such structures, now open to the sky, are denuded tumuli and that the flat roof once covered a hidden burial or treasure chamber. To-day they are entered by following a worn footpath across the field which leads to a slippery descent which introduces the stranger into the cyclopean apartment. For fifteen or twenty feet the path con-

tinues beneath the rock canopy and at the end a stiff scrabble up five almost vertical feet ends the exploration out on the field once more.

In general the Druidical remains may be classed as: *Menhirs*, bare, rough, monolithic obelisks, rudely pear-shaped, set upright on the smaller end; *Cromlechs*, menhirs arranged in a circle or concentric circles, often inclosing a central stone, presumably an altar; *Lichavens* or *Triliths*, forming a sort of isolated doorway which may have served as entrance to some building of more perishable nature. These consist of two menhirs supporting a transverse monolith; *Dolmens*, as described, which seem to have been altars, for they frequently bear roughly made gutters, conduits for blood, and sometimes show traces of symbolic figures of beasts or plants, holes arranged symmetrically, and other rude carvings; *Alleys* are mere parallel rows of menhirs.

Of isolated monoliths the largest in this region are to be found at Lokmariaker on an adjacent peninsula but although not far away as the crow flies or a boat floats the sea runs so far inland that by road the distance from Carnac to these big stones is very long. Two of the most remarkable stones of Brittany are not in this district at all. At St. Sanson not far from Dinan is a menhir more than eight metres tall, and a mile out of Dol

is another standing thirty feet above ground, not reckoning the buried portion.

Carnac consists of the usual collection of stone houses fringing a broad unpaved space before a church, curious even for this land of curious churches. There are a comfortable inn, a modest museum rich in photographs and the prehistoric, and, beyond, a wide view of waters.

The church is dedicated to one of the numerous local saints who seem never to have strayed far from home and who now appear only on Breton stained glass to the confusion of the observer. St. Corneille is the particular patron of Carnac and cattle. He once made wholesale cure of a mediæval rinderpest and thereby preserved Carnac from destruction. As a memorial of this favour the front of the church bears above the main entrance a highly coloured glazed figure of the saint, flanked by glazed cows of simple anatomy and brilliant hide, rising in low relief from square plaques of pottery. The trio forms an ornamentation that for naïve incongruity exceeds anything yet met. But the crowning feature of St. Corneille's church is the sculptured crown over the side porch, a lace work in stone quite *sui generis*.

The wonderful alleys lie about a mile beyond the town. At first sight they are disappointing because the size of the individual stones is by no means colossal, some indeed, being nothing more

than blunt thrusts of rock carrying on their line. None of them are lofty enough to raise the general average above three feet; but as we stood at the head of the broad field and looked along the parallel rows that like a petrified army cross the gentle slopes, descend into the hollows, and extend ever on and on till they lose themselves in the woods a mile or more beyond, the fascination gradually seized us, and we grew to comprehend their impressiveness. Eleven such rows there are in this group, which is only one of three in the vicinity of Carnac, the stones of the other groups in point of mass far exceeding these. The direction of the alleys is from east to west, and at one end they terminate in a semicircle that binds together the outer rows.

Scientists have wearied themselves in the fruitless endeavour to explain the use and origin of this wonderful field of rocks. It has been called a camp of Cæsar; a *dracontium*, or temple dedicated to the worship of the serpent; and, again, a burial place with these colossal headstones, but the peasants know, beyond a doubt, that it was here that St. Corneille petrified a pagan army which pursued him, thus again saving Carnac from destruction, by which act he manifested himself as its patron. To this day the stones are called the soldiers of St. Corneille. If any one doubts this story it would be hopeless to try to convince him of the true origin of the

Carnac

alley at the humble hamlet of Hennebon, beyond Plouhinec, in a district once the home of the malicious, impious, little *Korigans*. These grasping, avaricious, pigmies hid their enormous wealth in the earth, and each erected above his store a gigantic menhir to keep it from Christian uses. Once every century on Christmas-eve at midnight these stones rush pell-mell to the water near by for a drink, and the treasures are for a time unguarded. But it is by no means so fine a chance to get them as one might suppose, for the plunderer must bear a branch of the cross plant surrounded by five-leaved clovers to keep away the rocks, which hurry back so fast that without this protection a Christian would be crushed to death. Even should the spoiler be successful the gold crumbles to dust unless a Christian soul be given in exchange, and thus, enjoyment of these riches necessitates the death of a baptised mortal. It is easy to comprehend why no peasant willingly looks upon the alley after nightfall of Christmas-eve, when the malicious demons might tempt him to his destruction, and why they shut their eyes tight when a sound like thunder startles them, for, although at Plouhinec it may be a thunderstorm, at Hennebon it is something far more serious.

Not far away from the alleys is a perfectly preserved tumulus surmounted by a small chapel, below which, a passage is said to lead to the

heart of the mound, but as the door is usually locked, in the interest of the sacristan, if he has been overlooked through ignorance or motives of economy, a fine wide view over the surrounding country is the only reward to be expected for toiling up the rather abrupt, uneven ascent.

Turning back towards Auray on another road a second field of monuments is reached, in which a smaller number of stones, quite differently disposed and consisting of much larger individual blocks produces at first sight that impression of grandeur which seemed before lacking. Here the plan of arrangment is circular, and, although many stones have fallen, and the ruin wrought by centuries of depredation and neglect has largely destroyed the original design, concentric rows about a central altar stone are easily traced.

The somewhat sombre character of the entertainment offered by Carnac was considerably lightened by the merry persistent flock of begging children that accompanied every stage of our progress; grimy, well-fed looking gamins, whose impelling motive seemed to consist, in about equal parts, of a generous desire to aid our designs and a less praiseworthy one to relieve us of all our small change. It must, however, be said for them that they appeared to bear rebuffs, which the exhaustion of our copper

money entailed, with smiling philosophy, and thereafter continued their active exertions in our behalf from purely altruistic consideration. They slid down under the dolmen ahead of us and looked back encouragingly to show that we need have no fear; they chattered of St. Corneille as they escorted us through the church; they lent us rather dirty, but strong and willing hands in our scramble to the top of the tumulus. But all former feats were thrown into the shade by the prowess of a youngster, who sprang from the dust somewhere in the vicinity of the cromlech at the end of the tour. He came forward with the assurance born of experience, and persuasively asked, "Pleace, weel you geef me a paynee?"

The attractive little swindler timed and placed his application very astutely, and was in no wise surprised when his amusing rendering of this brief bit of our vernacular brought a generous return in small silver, long after his companions had definitely abandoned all hopes of further financial success.

As we took a last farewell survey of the solemn field, we thought of Browning's beautiful lines:

"And still so much remains of that gray cult,
That even now of nights, do women steal
To the sole Menhir standing, and insult
The antagonistic church-spire by appeal

To power discrowned in vain, since each adult
Believes the gruesome thing she clasps may heal
Whatever plague no priestly help can cure:
Kiss but the cold stone, the event is sure!"

A recent writer in the Saturday Review has well expressed the status of this simple folk: "In Brittany, ever pious, ever poetical, nothing has changed since the Middle Ages, very little since the days of the Druids. You may witness the cult of ancient Keltic saints, whose very traditions have passed away. St. Huec, St. Widebote, St. Jubel, St. Judoc—we implore their intercession, though their lives and their miracles were shrouded in oblivion centuries ago. Stones and springs, though they may no longer be openly worshipped, are accepted by the Church as meet to be revered."

The ancient Druid god Belenus appears to have borne some relation to Apollo; and Tentates, to Mercury, while many of the Druid rites point to an earlier form of fire worship akin to the Biblical idolatries.

XV. QUIMPERLÉ

THE guide-books make many unauthorised statements about the sights to be met along the Breton railways. Here is a spot noted for its lovely children, there, a village celebrated for its beautiful women, and so on. All of us faithfully scanned the populace presenting itself for inspection, hoping to report on the superabundant physical beauty wasting itself upon guide-book writers, but it certainly called for close search. Some lovely children we saw, but not at advertised points, but when it came to the belles of Rosporden, they must have been off sardine fishing, for we saw but one woman there who could lay the slightest claim to anything beyond average beauty, even that was more a matter of size and carriage than of face and form.

One bright noonday we drove into the village square of Quimperlé, and were set down under the thick bower of linden branchery to be immediately fortified about with a rampart formed of our bags and bundles.

What there was in our appearance to set the entire working force of the hotel into agitated

upheaval, we could not imagine, and for a time, too long for our patience, we were left speculating on the mystery. To judge from appearances we were destined to camp *unter den Linden*, or charter the automobile that had opportunely broken down here, and which might, on a pinch, house us during the time its owner spent running up to Paris to buy the necessary replacements; for Quimperlé boasts but one inn and that one seemed disinclined to embrace us.

Finally, to the easing of our perplexity, out bustled a most untidy hostess, quite the person whose administration might be expected to abound in confusion and delay, and we received the expected information, fussily given with superfluous apology, that, the house being overfull, our case had called for most intricate rearrangement. This, fortunately, she had been able to accomplish satisfactorily, and if we did not mind being scattered through three floors, she would show us to our rooms. Luckily, indeed, we acquiesced, for scarcely were we disposed of, than there arrived a flock of all-possessing English tourists, who talked much and loudly of a prince in their train. Their evident pride in the captured scion of royalty was so irrepressible, we rather expected to find one of the Queen's grandsons in bad company, and an Arabian Night's picture of trailing ermine robes, topped with a fat gold crown, was what we

privately hoped to see; for, though we blush to confess it, we do not move in the society of princes every day and had a distinctly pleasurable curiosity about our fellow-lodger that must be laid entirely to the account of his exalted rank. For some time, although the whole party appeared regularly at table, we could not tell which of the very plain, not especially refined looking youths was, "The Prince" who by his mere presence spread such joy abroad, and lent us all a so gratifying sense of social uplift. At last, the discovery came with something of a shock, for the very commonest, stoutest, youngest of the lot, a mere ungraceful, hobble-de-hoy, rejoicing in a name of the Abbas Pashaw order, or with something akin to that as component part, was the much talked of noble. This quite dashed our uncommendable interest, for none of us cared to sit around watching the fourth or fifth son of the third or fourth wife of some Turkish or Egyptian sovereign—Indian, maybe, though he had the look of a very ordinary German.

Why the square before the hotel at Quimperlé is not pretty, I cannot tell, unless it is that it is not sodded. A little river runs through it, it is beautifully shaded with fine lindens, and the buildings in line with the hotel, all parts of a former monastery, are fairly neat looking. But we did not find it satisfactory. The hotel was a

whited sepulchre, all paint and gloss without, all dirt, disorder, and smell within. At Quimperlé we first began to manage the dozen or more courses of the never ending dinner with one knife and fork—or two, for I believe there was a change between fish and the meats.—By the time we got back to Dinard, though, we had become very expert in polishing them off on a piece of bread, and putting them on the knife-rest provided. At first, we foolishly tried to send the fork away with the plate, but the experienced waitress, with her beautiful Pont-Aven cap and wide white fluted collar standing out like a stiff wheel about her neck, lifted it in a didactic manner and planted it emphatically in its proper place on the glass knife-rest. Abandoning this hope, it only remained to remember to finish cleaning the implements in time to send the misused chunk of bread away with the plate. Having been left a few times waving a soiled bread pill in a vain attempt to deposit it aright, the lesson was driven home so well that when we returned to the land of plentiful cutlery it took us a day or two to unlearn the trick and resume ordinary table etiquette.

From Quimperlé the walk out to Rosgrand, a so-called château in the style of our own, is along a well-kept state road with a fine view over the surrounding country. Rosgrand, in a fashion prevalent in Brittany, has come into posses-

sion of a spinster, last of her race, who does not seem to live there. In the buildings on the property there is nothing very interesting, but the bare family chapel contains some wood-carving well worth a visit, and family tombs and to spare, but none of any especial beauty. The trees, however, that embower the property are its glory, and even the carvings cannot compete with them. The shaded, steep drive from the main road led us into the heart of a nest of farm buildings, down the tall outer staircase of one of which, an aged crone hobbled with all the haste she could muster to meet us and open the simple chapel near by. The tiny place of worship gave evidence of long standing neglect. It seemed nothing more than the family burial place, since mortuary tablets formed the most prominent feature of its floor and walls. The rarely beautiful screen of old carving looked sadly out of place, but Lower Brittany everywhere abounds in beautiful carvings in most unexpected and out of the way situations. We soon became so used to seeing similar gems surrounded by commonplace rubbish, we forgot our first mourning over the hidden screen of Rosgrand. The farm cottages looked so well preserved we asked one of the peasants if we might look into his house. He was very cordial in his invitation to us to enter, and the interior was one of the best of its kind. There must have

been a large family, for at least five of the closet-like beds stood against the walls, and the table down the middle of the room was of unusual length. The peasant himself had apparently just come up from town and was making his primitive repast walking around the table, a knife in one hand and a wedge of bread in the other. The presses, clock, and other regulation furniture of the large room were black, old, and highly polished. There was every evidence of well to do comfort as conceived by the Breton, and the man had an air of unusual intelligence. He talked French, too, which was more than his wife was able to do. Indeed, down here the middle-aged women rarely understand French. It at first looks like sheer affectation to see a well-grown intelligent woman shake her head stupidly in response to a question put to her in the language of the country or, at least, in such approach to that language as circumstances allow. It takes, however, but short time to realise that French is to the Bretonne a truly foreign tongue. Business transactions compel the men to become more or less conversant with the national speech, and of late the government had insisted on having children in the schools taught in French so the death knell of Breton as a distinct speech has already been struck. A more serious blow has been administered in the removal of the former Breton priests. So long

as confessions and other spiritual comforts were to be had in the Celtic speech just so long did the women with their natural conservatism, another name for mental inertia and laziness, refuse to learn any other language. Middle-aged and old women were reared in Breton schools under the supervision of parish priests taken from the people, and quite as blind in their attachment to local ways as were their charges. Breton is akin to native Irish and Welsh. Indeed it is said that Welshmen have little difficulty in making themselves understood in Brittany.

Quimperlé is a provoking city in some respects. In all its quarters, scattered bits of beautiful ruin bolstered between or built into more modern constructions whet the curiosity and keep it keenly alive. No one appears to know anything about these stranded fragments which to the architect have no great excellence possibly, yet, even though they may not be worthy of praise it is unsatisfactory not to be able to learn why they happen to display so much renaissance decoration amid so much plain wall. A curious something, largely balustrade presents its moss-grown, truncated pyramidal end to the main street, and has the appearance of having belonged to some palace or municipal hall as outer staircase. Not far beyond this a large Gothic window-frame with the ruined portion of the wall are patched and filled in to form one

side of what appears to be an ordinary dwelling house. The Guide-Book offers no explanation, and we found no inhabitant able to fill the hiatus. All, probably have to do with the old monastery now cut up into hotel, dwellings, and shops.

The church of St. Michael is so well placed on an eminence overlooking the town that it has an imposing effect, not sustained on near approach. It is smaller than it appears from below, and the interior is insignificant. The present basilica of "Sainte Croix" is a very recent erection, the former building having fallen down in 1862. The plan, which has been retained from the earlier building, is that of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem. From a great central dome, rather flat-roofed, branch four equal arms of a cross. Within, under the dome, the floor is raised, so that the high altar is approached by flights of steps from four sides. Beneath this raised platform is a crypt. The whole aspect of the church, both outside and in, is in decided contrast to the ordinary Gothic building. Its size and plan make it one of the most noteworthy churches of this region.

From Quimperlé we had intended driving to Concarneau and Pont Aven, since " Guenn " was supposed to come from the former, and high art to flourish in the latter place, but we were not forewarned that a *pardon* in the neighbourhood

was to denude the stables of the little town long before we set out in search of a carriage, so, as our other days had other tasks appointed, we could only wait till some conveyances came back, far too late for our expedition, and then take a drive to see Blue Beard's Castle. The one and only original Blue Beard hailed from Brittany; but, as is the case with Homer and other celebrities, seven or more cities claim him, so that each Department of Brittany has his castle, or what is left of it, on exhibition. In spite of this, Quimperlé is sure that its own particular Blue Beard's Castle is the only true one, and visitors who can accept Quimperlé's dictum are to be congratulated, since they alone have full satisfaction in the sight of one chimney-like structure, old and crumbling, rising from a shapeless, grass-grown heap of confused débris. The drive up to the spot, through a dense Government forest, is far more beautiful than the ruin, no part of which rises higher than ten or fifteen feet above the sod beneath.

The name Quimperlé in its present form is a contraction of Quimper-sur-Ellé, the Ellé being the rivulet running through the place. It used to be so called to distinguish it from the Quimper further down the coast.

The great Duke John IV de Montfort is said to be buried here in the convent that stands facing the broad town square. The gate was opened

for us by a stout, comfortable looking old sister, who told us we might wander about the little garden, but who could not give us permission to enter the buildings. We began to fear the tomb was unattainable, but she willingly opened for us the door of a diminutive chapel at one side of the entrance, where we found imbedded in a wall the old black stone we sought, setting forth the manifold virtues of a duke, who in life was as wily as courageous, and whose acts were often of very doubtful moral character. The tomb itself looks as though it might date from almost any age, with its curious old lettering and independent spelling, so we were inclined to think 1399 was about as good a year as any to agree with its other individualities. The most reliable authorities incline to discredit the tale of John's having been transported to this spot for burial, since he died in Nantes.

The deep, narrow valley at the head of which Quimperlé nestles so snugly forms a most attractive picture. The little stream that bisects the open town square wanders on between high hills, past small peasant holdings with their cabins and cattle where the opposing ridges seem ready to meet at any point and close the way. A mile or more below the town the railroad crosses on a magnificent viaduct reaching from hill-top to hill-top. The road is no spindling series of iron derricks but is composed of graceful stone arches

through which, in looking back from below, Quimperlé acquires all the finish of a finely framed painting.

Here we learned why the curbs of wells and fountains domicile so large a family of saints fortified by so generous an array of crosses and kindred emblems. It seems that in the earliest times the malicious little Korrigans claimed a monopoly of the waters. Running streams and springs were either discovered or called into existence by these impious revilers of the true faith which, notwithstanding, they feared with wholesome awe. The bravest Korrigan that ever faced a Christian trembled mightily at the view of the cross and, as for the sight of an image of the Virgin, that set the whole band to flight as though their reputed father were after them. The mere sign of the cross threw them into such a flutter, that, but for the forgetfulness of those who ever should have used this talisman, the sign alone would have been sufficient protection for the thirsty faithful. In stone there is no forgetfulness, so it became the practice to set up a permanent scare-Korrigan at all springs, and thus were they securely put beyond suspicion of providing a base for diabolic pranks. The impish tricks which these tormenting creatures delight to play upon mortals are innumerable, but with a solid little saint in charge the waters may be trusted to dispense health and refreshment

instead of rickets, fevers (?), wild delusions, or pains.

Just beyond Blue Beard's castle is the ferry of Carnoët where the vile sorcerer Milliguet used to take the form of ferryman and lure souls to their death. Whoever stepped into his boat forgetting first to make the sign of the cross was already half lost, but if, having embarked, he looked back there was no hope for him. Along the bank of the stream in a misty haze wandered the murdered wives of Blue Beard. Up and down they moved, never resting. The unhappy shades wailed and moaned and gibbered at the wayfarer who was constrained to fix his unwilling gaze upon them. The sight unsettled his wits, and when his terror had reached a height satisfactory to Milliguet he suddenly let the boat rush with the swift current, and the poor passenger was dashed upon the sharp rocks, leaving the ferryman free to try the trick again.

During life Blue Beard was known as the Count Camore, and the property appertaining to the castle above included this stream and ferry. The wives undoubtedly suffered much, but why they should have taken it out on inoffensive wayfarers it is hard to see. What possible satisfaction could have come to their ghostly shades from frightening people out of their wits? It almost seems as though old Milliguet had the entire family under his wizardly thumb, jealous

of the count, who certainly was successful in finding ladies to marry him. At any rate, the good ladies by the enchanter's spells were forced to swell the doleful party on the bank of the river, and the beard may not be so blue as it is painted.

However that may be, it all happened long years ago. The castle was laid in ruins by fire as far back as seven centuries, and till recently has been left to its slow decay. Recent investigations have unearthed a store of curious old tiles, specimens of which may be seen at the Cluny Museum in Paris. The colours are two yellows, a light and a dark, the designs are mainly fleur-de-lys and the bird that was the old Camore crest, the glaze is perhaps the oldest French glaze yet found, though that and the fleur-de-lys throw discredit on the traditionary date of the conflagration. If one insists upon historical accuracy he must be prepared to abandon the delights of fable.

XVI. FAOUËT

FAOUËT, although twenty-one kilometres from the nearest railway station, Quimperlé, is in the line of the regulation tour, for which reason the long drive does not carry the visitor into uncontaminated rusticity, though everything is refreshingly primitive. Throughout the length of the drive but one residence betrays interesting features, a stubby tower, irregular pitched roofs, windows set for the purpose of giving the desired light irrespective of outer regularity, all peering forth from thickets of shrubbery behind clusters of great trees. The place really looked as a château should look, but as it is the summer residence of some substantial bourgeois, he does not throw it open at "two shillings apiece for charity and one shilling fee to the housekeeper" as would a considerate English noble.

The road, however, is rich in the usual collections of stone cabins, called villages, back of one of which is the interesting old church of St. Fiacre. It certainly takes some time to become accustomed to the sight of fine, large churches planted out in the fields, far away from any con-

siderable town. Sometimes, as in the case of St. Fiacre, a more than modest little village lies near, but often the church seems to stand on its own worth with no assistance. We left the carriage and plunged into a muddy, depressed cart track, indicated by the complaisant driver. Ever muddier and narrower, our course lay through barnyards and past doorways in a meandering, inconsequent way. We hardly realized that the dozen, or fewer, little huts formed a village with a name. At last we came out upon fields, across which we reached St. Fiacre, a singular old building, which bears traces of several alternating periods of decay and restoration. From the cottages a crowd of women and children had collected, one of whom brought the key and let us in. The others ranged themselves in the roomy side porch, adopting various expressions and attitudes of appealing woe, which were pulled suddenly down over them with the convenient readiness of habitual veils.

Almost any Breton church shows some peculiarity of ground plan that gives it individuality, but in St. Fiacre the carvings attract most attention. The grotesque ends of projecting beams wherever preserved are remarkable for expression and variety, and the rood-screen is a lace work in wood. The peasants have done their best to spoil it by painting it in ecclesiastical reds and blues, but they have not been able to destroy the

delicacy of the work. As we left, we looked into a shed in passing, where men sat embroidering, while women were spinning flax. Embroidery is the business of the men in winter and in dull seasons. Practically all of the elaborate work of that kind exposed for sale in every part of the region is the work of men. The women spin thread used in the manufacture of coarse "toile de Bretagne," the most important textile product, and they work net into the Breton lace, so much used in their elaborate caps. The Breton linen is used for many household purposes here, and I should imagine it would outwear other linen by several generations. We had not slept on true Breton sheets till we reached Quimperlé, but there, though clean, our beds had much the feeling of sand paper, so hard and coarse was the linen. From specimens afterwards examined we learned that such linen as we slept on was about the finest of its kind, from which quality the material grades down to the coarseness of bagging. Some of the qualities would have been ideal as foundation for embroidery, but there is for it so fixed and limited a sale that it is likely none ever reaches the foreign market.

Fiacre is but a short distance from Faouët where we found the ideal country tavern, or village inn. After the slovenly disorder of Quimperlé its interior was like a breath of fresh pure air. Of late years this delightful resting-place

has been swept away by the march of progress, and the traveller of to-day may rejoice in the manifold comforts of an ordinary modern hotel.

The gracious hostess sent off the driver and horses to an unseen stable which afterwards proved to be tacked to the back of the house behind the corner tower, then she ushered us into the dining-room by way of a kitchen that tempted us to stop half way. We had no sooner deposited our wraps than we returned to the enticing spot where the maids were preparing the breakfast that we soon were to find delicious. For breakfast, read always luncheon, since the early coffee and rolls do not count and are nameless. They are mere nibbles to assist faltering nature to tide over till noon, or such hour thereafter as may prove most convenient for the consideration of a meal in courses called breakfast.

The only light, save firelight, entered the long apartment through the open front door and little window adjacent, for which reason a backward glance plunged itself into ever deepening gloom from which stood out vague outlines of armoires and dressers, a bench or two, and the tall Breton clock. A closed door at the extreme end gave access to the barnyard, and another in a tower that bulged forward in one corner opened upon a dark spiral staircase by which later we ascended to inspect the bedrooms. Directly in front of the window stood the table distinctive of the land,

black, polished by generations of owners, inlaid top, and a slit for money which drops into one of the deep drawers below. The table is the cash box or bank of the peasant as well as the family larder and dining-table.

Over a contracted heap of coals lost in the deep hollow of the chimney the inevitable eggs were undergoing gentle agitation at the the hands of a trim costumed cook. Around the great fireplace and adown the heavy rafters above hung bright brass pans and *brocs* from which gleaming reflections shot back from the lower dimness like witchlights.

The bedrooms were such as might have been expected from the polished wood and brass, the trimness of the domestics, and the neatness of the establishment. Simply furnished were the small chambers, but dainty with bright chintz, cotton hangings, and wood with a waxed surface reflecting as if in emulation of the brass below.

To confirm our satisfaction, the waiter, just before summoning us to breakfast, gave an extra rub to the already gleaming glass and silver, as if he would emphasise this feature of the management.

Up to this time Breton butter had not begun to come up to its reputation either in quality or flavour, but here, whether the long drive had sharpened our appetites beyond the point of nice discrimination, or contentment rendered

us uncritical, butter was of the best. Even the obligatory cider proved to be drinkable to those of us not yet educated to the true taste. It is not to be forgotten that some people really like Breton cider and pronounce it the most wholesome beverage known. But experience teaches us to observe that whatever men like is always pronounced wholesome, if there are bad results they may invariably be traced to other causes. About the best warrant for the healthfulness of the drink resides in the fact that the natives after absorbing quantities incredible of the stuff live to tell the tale. If the Breton apple should follow its sardines into extinction a decoction of sole leather in vinegar would make a deceptive substitute for the juice.

By a circuitous route it is possible to drive to the tiny church of St. Barbe, but the walk of a mile is so beautiful that it is usually approached in that way. The starting point is the market-house facing a broadening of the dusty road that answers as village square. The ancient building is mainly roof, for it is topped with the highest and steepest of peaked roofs within which rafters and ties, beams and cross-beams, constitute a plexus bewildering to behold, heavy, black and mouldering, scarcely discernible in the faint light filtering through the chinks above. This is said to be the finest specimen of its class, a class represent-

ing great waste of valuable timber, unless its æsthetic properties may be said to offset the prodigality. The swarm of gamins offering to guide us to St. Barbe by no means experienced the uncanny ghostly feelings that the gloomy criss-cross above inspired in us, for they capered in and out, each trying to out-do his neighbour in the matter of credentials, and were thoroughly astonished when we selected a modest little chap who had hung in the background.

We named our guide *mon Général* to his outspoken gratification, and he betrayed further pleasure by setting off on a brisk trot towards a sheltered lane between blooming hedgerows, so anxious to demonstrate his ability as leader, that if we had not constantly curbed his ambition, we should have dropped breathless; for just before reaching the height upon whose bare face St. Barbe is precariously perched, we entered what is called a Roman road. This steepest of ascents has been paved at some remote period with large, flat stones, now worn and slippery. All washed worn and broken this perilous ascent is covered with a soft, insidious mantle of pine needles. Going up was a trying performance over which when accomplished we breathed a hearty sigh of relief, but we found when later we tried to get down that our former trials had been as nothing. It was only by clinging to branches and snatching at rocks that we saved ourselves

from being quite jellied before reaching the plains below the hill.

The main occupation of the women, as we passed through the village, seemed to be flax breaking. The method was primitive in the extreme. Lengths of flax were laid in a narrow trough, standing on legs, about as high as a table. Across this, fastened to a pivot at one side, worked a long wooden rod or mallet which the old women raised and let fall with vigorous thumps, pushing the flax, so that every portion might in time fall under the pounding of the cross rod. It looked like a very tedious, monotonous employment, but in a land where tedium and monotony make the whole life of the people, more stirring labour would probably be distasteful.

As we left the toilsome Roman road, we emerged upon a contracted plateau and before us saw a stone cabin, a belfry and a beautiful little arched and balustered bridge leading to the summit of an isolated rock, crowned by a tiny chapel dedicated to St. Bernard.

The belfry, open at all sides, stands on four thick pillars with the bell as one might say out of doors that it shall be quite free to pilgrims who make a point of ringing it during the Pardon.

The guardian spirit of the place came running forth from his cabin hard by tendering the keys; a squat bow-legged ancient with a face of circular

benevolence. Pushed far back on his spherical poll was a tiny red cap, or bonnet, which made him look like a kindly German kobold. The man permitted us to clamber by ourselves down to the ledge upon which the church stands, but soon his better nature impelled him to follow and make sure that we were seeing all with due intelligence. The situation, facing a deep ravine gives a striking view quite overlooked by the kobold who devoted himself especially to the neglected and somewhat dilapidated interior of the edifice, which without his information would have seemed uninteresting. Some very old glass and many memorials of the family de Mun are what visitors are taught they ought surely to remember. The de Mun is the oldest family of French nobility. The line runs back without a break into the mists of crusading days and is closely connected with almost every great historical crisis of the country.

The little steeple of St. Barbe stands on the extreme edge of the rock, so from its upper openings you look down a sheer descent to the bottom of the almost perpendicular crag. For this reason, there are no satisfactory photographs of St. Barbe; for till an air-ship camera is brought to bear upon it, it will be impossible to place one advantageously. As a recent writer has said in another connection, beyond St. Barbe, "there is a vast expanse of nothing but scenery."

Just back of the church is a small lawn reaching to the edge of the rock. Here we sat to rest and view alternately the hill-hemmed ravine, with its scattered cabins, small farms and narrow road following the banks of one of these treacherous, rill-like streams, all rock in dry weather and devastating, tumbling surge in the wet season; and the pretty, Gothic building nestling against the bare rock wall rising above it at the back. From this lower level, a very elaborate marble staircase leads off at the left, coming out above some distance behind the place where we began our descent. Some of us looked at the long staircase and lost courage, but the rest resolved to do the place thoroughly, and so saw a little image of the Virgin, or perhaps St. Barbe, standing in a pretty grotto at one side that, added to the varied view, quite repaid us for our trouble. And here again we were vexed with the conjectures that cling to the traveller all through this land as to why so much care, money and beautiful handiwork should have been bestowed so far from human habitations. It does seem like great misapplication of energy; for comparatively few people able really to appreciate singular charm of this particular artistic extravagance take the long drive necessary to enable them to see it.

The cottage of the caretaker was not the least interesting of the day's sights. He invited us

to enter and look over his collection of—for the reason before stated—disappointing photographs, sold entirely for the benefit of the church. As we entered, his aged wife, a thin, withered specimen of old peasant, whose wrinkled face was also pleasant to look upon, rose to greet us, still holding in her hand a distaff full of the flax she had been busily spinning. An artist would have rejoiced at the picture she made against the sombre background of heavy, black furniture and smoked woodwork. Like most of her kind not a word of French could she speak or understand, yet she readily gathered that we wished to see her spin, and cheerfully displayed the simple machinery of her task with utmost patience. Then her husband invited us into the second and only other room of their dwelling, where to our great contentment we found him weaving the "toile de Bretagne" of the country. We were delighted; for in our walk we had now seen the entire process. We all wished to buy yards of it, but it is woven for dealers and by utmost coaxing we could only prevail upon the man to sacrifice one square of his cloth, but that was better than not getting any. These people had never seen a railroad, nor had "The General" who attended our steps faithfully and watched our every movement with closest interest. When we urged him on with "*En avant, mon Général!*" he beamed with such radiant pride, I am not

sure but we left a fixed military ambition in his breast that in future days may give to Republican France the general it hopes for.

We looked about Faouët a little before setting out again for Quimperlé, but discovered nothing more noteworthy than a few old houses and a grey, venerable little church, with the stubby columns, barrel roof, and square front tower peculiar to the ecclesiastical architecture of this section. The wooden barrel roofs, often brightly painted with starred blue, are a great feature of these churches. One porched house showed a beautifully carved, heavy, black beam across the front, the last, they say, of a decoration that was the glory of the Faouët of a century ago.

XVII. QUIMPER

CARRIAGES and automobiles do better for Brittany than trains, but the true way to get into the secluded nooks and corners where hide its treasures is by the now disreputed wheel. It does seem as though the early builders tried to see how far from busy marts they could raise their alluring châteaux, calvaires, churches, or towers. The busiest highroad sight-seer is fairly discouraged to hear tales told by wheelmen of all that must be missed except by tramps and wheelers; picturesque bits of scenery, ruined castles, unspoiled peasant life, and kindred attractions. But it is a point of honour with travellers to try to make their kind green with envy, and a touching up of adventures has come to be considered as pardonable as the affectionate "dear" which heads the letter to our most detested enemy. As we were sure we quite filled the time at our disposal with indefatigable and unremitting ferreting, it is a consolation to reflect that we probably could have put no more into it. Certainly we moved on to Quimper in the serene consciousness of having left little behind us unseen.

Quimper—A Group of Old Houses

Quimper

This town has a great reputation in France for its highly coloured pottery, and the majority of guests at the hotels are buyers who gather at this time to make the year's purchases. The local fame of the ware is so great that it is surprising to learn how difficult it is to find any account of the works in English, for the glaze, decorations, and shapes are justly admired. Our interest in the product was not met with much appreciation during an endeavour to visit the works. The factories producing the finest ware admit strangers to the show rooms alone. It is very likely that this is a necessary measure of protection since the secrets of the trade must be well worth spying upon. This being the case, we resigned ourselves to being conducted through the show rooms by an unwilling functionary, evidently supported in the distasteful task by the hope of making a sale. Just as we were about to abandon our search for an obliging workman and the faience process, we turned into a yard stocked with the coarser grades of pottery, which we learned belonged to one of the manufactories of table-ware. Here we were received with so much kindness, and our conductor took such pride in exhibiting the workshops, our damaged feelings were more than restored. From the crushing of the clay to the final baking, all was made plain before our eyes. The paste, rolled thin upon boards, was laugh-

ably like pie crust. Although this house does not produce the finest grade of dishes, the process is substantially the same in all the factories. It was astonishing to see the care and pains bestowed by the artists upon the stiff little men and women who dance around the rims of the plates or hold the platform of the middle. The colours are deep reds, blues, and yellows of a fierceness unimaginable when taken by themselves, but they seem to "compose" well when in use. A whole benchful of artists sat before a long desk under a carefully adjusted light devoting highly trained energies to the planting of coats of arms a little askew, to making each tiny peasant ugly enough to match his mate, and then filling remaining available spaces with flowers of botanic characteristics probably lost with the saints and kings of antiquity, all in the gaudy hues that had challenged attention from windows throughout the trip.

Pont l'Abbé is but a short distance from Quimper and on a holiday we went there. Such a crowd of happy pleasure seekers as filled the train was a delight to see, and the way they packed themselves into the third class coaches and then shut the windows tight in order to avoid the concentrated evils supposed to reside in a *courant d'air* was alarming to dwell upon. Considering that Frenchmen pass so great a time in the open air, Bretons too, and that they

can calmly sip wine under the blue sky when furs would seem to be necessary for comfort, what can account for their abject fear of air when they find themselves within four walls?

Pont l'Abbé contains two interesting churches, one that has lost nearly all of its distinguishing characteristics save the rose window, said to be the finest in Brittany; a castle turned into a flour mill; a long narrow market extending between two main streets; an antique chapel; its own type of houses, quite unlike those of the towns we had already seen; but, best of all, the very oldest inn in the peninsula.

These, though, are not the magnets that draw strangers to Pont l'Abbé, the trip is taken to look for costume; for the peasants down here still wear the gorgeous embroideries displayed in all the shops of the country. On high days and holidays this attire is said to be fairly dazzling, although the coif, a small wedge of white, worn above a shining expanse of well-oiled hair, smoothed over a pad at the back, is the least beautiful of any we met. The Quimper holiday evidently stopped short at some point along the road, for the Point l'Abbé peasants were going about in unmistakable, everyday dress, soiled with the grease and dust of generations. In the shops were displayed fine, new costumes, especially bridal outfits, valued at about five hundred francs. Every bride of any standing gets one,

but not for ordinary use. That is carefully laid away in the great wardrobe, to do service all the rest of her days on rarest occasions. The bride's earlier "best dress" which may have been the bridal gown of her mother becomes demi-toilette. The average everyday clothes we saw were frayed, dust-grimed, and worn past any semblance of beauty. The broad velvet of the garniture displayed its brownish-grey cotton foundation patched here and there with rubbed spots of the original pile, a sort of singed cat trimming. The slowly disappearing embroidery scarcely recognisable beneath the accumulation of the dust of years, made its presence known principally by a fringe of loose threads. Yet with it all, the costume is picturesque. Everybody in the village seemed happy and moderately busy. In cottage doorways women and girls darned lace or fashioned caps. There was nowhere to be seen the harassed, overburdened look so commonly observable in the corresponding class with us, in which the housewife must keep up with the fashion as well as with the housework.

The oldest inn in all Brittany is the Pont l'Abbé hotel and it is worth while to stop there while making trips in the vicinity, if for nothing more than the pleasure of sleeping in the carved beds of the quaint rooms and taking breakfast in the open court. After having seen the tombs

of the ancient barons of Pont l'Abbé in the church, it is well to drive out to see the old church at Loctudy with its tombs and statue of St. Tudy. The trip down the length of the flat, sharp peninsula of Penmarc'h (horse's head) takes a whole morning but the Gothic church of St. Nonna with its great square tower and carvings in which the interesting history of Penmarc'h which was long the rival of Nantes may be studied, well repay the exertion involved.

In Quimper itself interesting sights are of a variety more diverse than in other Breton towns. The old and the new mingle refreshingly, and off in the direction of Audierne other primitive spots rival the attractions presented near Pont l'Abbé. Chief among these is the church of St. Tuglan containing the statue of that abbé of Primelin. He holds a key the great iron original of which is piously preserved in the building. Loaves stamped with the key of St. Tuglan will restore rabid dogs to health.

Quimper cathedral is the finest in Brittany. Architecturally St. Pol is its rival but St. Pol is by no means so well cared for, this is a whole church even to the spires which are complete to the tip. In this cathedral the angle formed by the deflection of the choir from the line of the nave is pronounced. This feature of the Latin cross of the ground plan is much observed in Brittany. It commemorates the bowed head of

Our Saviour after crucifixion. The land rich in stained glass impresses the Protestant traveller with the importance of familiarity with the legends of the church. The windows of Quimper cathedral tell a connected story of Biblical and saintly tradition, each one being devoted to some particular incident. It was easy to follow the life of Our Lord, but the many beautiful representations of later scenes were a sealed book to us owing to sheer ignorance.

To any intelligent comprehension of the traditional interest of Quimper acquaintance with the life and deeds of Corentin is absolutely essential. Not much is known of the history of Quimper before the advent of Corentin towards the year 375 A. D. By some it is maintained that the town is the old Roman settlement, Corisoptium, and it is true that over in its suburb, Locmaria, Roman remains, bricks, pottery, medals, and coins have been found, but with that St. Corentin has nothing to do. He was brought up by his good parents in the Christian religion at a time when Druidism and Latin heathenism were contending for mastery. From his earliest years he consecrated his life to pious meditation and good works, dwelling in the hermitage he had erected by a fountain near the coast. Albert-le-Grand tells us that God, pleased, with his life of devotion provided his food. A little fish swam to him every day, pre-

senting its side that the hermit might cut away a sufficient portion for his needs. As soon as it was thrown back into the water, the fish became immediately whole again, with no faintest trace of the cut.

St. Corentin left his retreat to undertake the conversion of Quimper and the neighbouring country. One evening as he was performing his devotions after a day of unusual fatigue, a great noise was heard in the vicinity of the hermitage, and upon going out St. Corentin found the hut surrounded by a large hunting party, and in the midst was the King of Cornwall (as that part of ancient Armorica was then called), Gradlon, or, as it is often written, Grallon. As the hunters were all ravenously hungry, the good man went to his fountain and called his little fish from whose side he cut a morsel which he commanded the purveyor of the king to present to his master. The servant began to laugh, declaring it would take a hundred times as much to feed his train, still, he did as he was commanded. Then occurred a miracle, the little portion of fish multiplied itself so wonderfully that all were fed to satiety, though before their eyes the little fish still sported in the water whole as before. Gradlon, struck with this marvel, at once fell on his knees before the anchorite and acknowledged the religion of Corentin to be true and declared that henceforth Quimper should be a Christian city.

He granted a forest and a château to Corentin, who at once established there a monastery, not relinquishing his own exertions till all the inhabitants of the country round were converted. King Gradlon ordered the erection of a Bishopric of Quimper, with the saint as Bishop, sending him to Tours to receive consecration at the hands of St. Martin, then, having given up his own palace that St. Corentin might have an appropriate Episcopal residence, he retired to the mythical city of Is, not far away, and Quimper assumed the name of Kemper-Corentin, which before had been Kemper-Odel, to distinguish it from Kemper-Ellé, some distance to the East.

As the story of Is is closely connected with the early traditions of Quimper, it may possibly be well to give a hasty sketch of it. The legends of the district describe it as an extensive town, rich in all that makes the greatness of cities, and filled with a wealthy, luxurious populace. It spread over the vast plain where now rolls the bay of Douarnenez, and was protected from the encroachments of the sea by a long, solid dyke, of which the gates allowed the passage of only enough water for the use of the city. Gradlon himself presided at the monthly opening of these sluice-gates, and wore constantly about his neck the silver key of the chief gate.

Gradlon's daughter, Dahut, or Ahes, presided

over his court, as wicked a princess as history or romance ever told of, yet the good Gradlon was too weak in his fondness for her to correct her faults, and she spread corruption through all ranks of the people. Dahut, however, feared lest the continued urging of the clergy should in the end influence her father to exert his authority, so she plotted to steal the key, which was his symbol of office, and soon succeeded in obtaining it. By this act of unfilial treachery, the kingdom was thrown into confusion and the old king retired to a secluded corner of the palace, where he bewailed his loss. One evening he saw standing before him the Abbé of Landevnec, who had assumed the duties of St. Corentin, now long since dead. "Oh, King!" said the Abbé, St. Gwenolé, "Hasten to leave this city, and flee with your faithful servants, for Dahut has opened the great flood-gate, and nothing can withstand the fury of the waves." Gradlon, unwilling to leave his wicked child to suffer the consequences of her rash act, sought her, and placed her behind him on his own horse. Scarcely had he and his officers cleared the gates of the doomed town, when, looking back, he saw the glancing waves, bright with starlight, flowing over his loved city of Is, and still following higher up, as though to engulf them all. Faster and faster they fled, yet still the pitiless water gained upon them, till the spray actually dashed over their

steeds. Suddenly a voice cried, "Gradlon, unless you choose to perish, cast off the demon at your back." Dahut, terrified at these direful words, lost consciousness and fell into the raging flood which immediately retreated, bearing away the body of the wicked woman. Gradlon reached Quimper unharmed and there fixed his residence, thus making it the capital.

So many of the costumes pictured by artists have become obsolete, that the complete collection shown in the museum here is far gayer than anything now in use. The wax figures grouped as for a wedding frolic, with red skirts, baggy trowsers, red sashes, and leggings, preserve features that have mostly passed away; and the bagpiper, formerly musician on all occasions, is rarely met now-a-days.

The gate leading into the grounds surrounding the Bishop's handsome palace happened to be open as we passed, and as Fate seemed to have procured us this favour we seized the fortunate opportunity to stroll in at the unguarded entrance. A highly-cultivated garden was spread before us, backed by the portion of the city wall that still faces the road beyond. This was the only glimpse we succeeded in getting of the other side of the wall that presents a continuous face to the station road. The Episcopal residence, truly palatial, fronts upon this lovely expanse, from which we were soon chased by the janitor's

wife, though we had no intention of encroaching further upon the peace and security of the priests. She, however, was in a terrible state of mind and told us visitors were not allowed. As we had not visited further than five feet from the gate, it was very easy to relieve the situation by retiring that distance, filled with a wicked joy in having spied one of the most charming corners of the town before we realised that women were banned. Even yet the violent agitation of the portress is inexplicable, for we had no intention of breaking in upon episcopal revery by boldly presenting ourselves at the door to jangle the bell we heard in the distance.

The creek-like river upon which the city stands takes its quiet course through the main street in such wise that the dwellings opposite the hotel are approached by slender footbridges. From any of these bridges it is easy to inspect Quimper's central laundry. The stream runs low down in a walled cut, and all along the thus sheltered banks the Quimper washerwomen toy with Quimper's linen, flopping, splashing, paddling, and wringing. Anybody so disposed may wander along till he meets his own well known garments undergoing the process so alarming to the thrifty, but nobody was ever known to surmount his natural feeling of repugnance to the notion of having one's wash exposed to public view in this way. The only possible

comfort is not to know whose particular property it is of which the pounding and beating by the kneeling nymph forms so attractive a picture in one's mental gallery.

Quimper seems to be the headquarters of the trade in antiquities, lying as it does in the heart of the Lower Breton land. Brittany, though, like most other corners of the earth, is almost denuded of its old things, yet, there are still enough left to make the dealers' shops veritable museums. Prices, however, have advanced of late years, and although the carved bed-fronts, chests and wardrobes are still comparatively cheap, they cost far more than they did a few years ago.

As we sat in front of the hotel waiting for dinner there passed one of the most striking peasant types we met in the entire round of the peasant world, but it is extremely likely that some city magnate of peasant ancestry was enjoying a holiday through a fancied return to the nature that in childhood had contented him. If on the contrary, the man was the product of unalloyed conditions, then the peasant of Finisterre is a character worthy of remark. Imagine a tall stalwart man of some sixty years with the tread of a general—perhaps that is what he was—massive of frame, upright as an oak, and in his rather stern handsome face the look of one accustomed to be obeyed. Down the street he

walked with unaffected dignity that lent honour to his garb which differed only by its quality from that worn by the poorest countryman. The round felt hat, garnished by streamers and heavy silver buckles, the waistcoat of many buttons, and the broad red sash; the carriage must needs be stately to wear these with impressiveness, yet that he eminently accomplished. In all Brittany we chanced upon no more noticeable figure in forceful individuality.

The forest of Broceliande where Vivien and Merlin lived is not far from Quimper. Merlin still sleeps there under a great outcrop of rock near the spot where the enchantress once kept Lancelot imprisoned in her palace of marble and gold. In the heart of the woods is the "Endless Valley" where spirits of perjured lovers wander wailing in expiation of their treachery, and look for a deliverer.

At Audierne, too, you are again in the land of legend and on the coasts beyond, the extreme limits of primeval simplicity are reached. Churches, legends, people, costumes; all belong to remote ages. Gradlon's domain is there, and beneath the waters of the Bay of Douarninez you may seek the submerged spires and towers of Is. At Pointe du Raz the muffled cry of lost souls is borne upon the breeze, souls of fleeing Druids, who, thinking to escape from righteous punishment by taking refuge on the Ile de Sein

were hurled by a wild tempest into the depths of the Baie des Trépassés, there to weep in an agony of repentance till the great Day of Judgment. It sometimes happens that their skeleton forms walk upon the land and by night knock at the doors of the fishermen's huts begging for Christian burial, but all to no purpose; no power can shorten their period of penance.

The market at Quimper should not be missed, for on market day the vegetables are so fresh and arranged with such an eye to beauty that they are as effective as flowers. They attract too buyers from the whole country side so that this provides opportunity to study many costumes not ordinarily met with. The shepherds wearing sheepskins for cloaks and sometimes the baggy-trowsered islanders are there chaffering with the rest, and once in a while the Breton bard or story teller draws a crowd, although that feature of market day is commoner near Morlaix.

XVIII. AROUND MORLAIX

THE road from Quimper to Morlaix is a leading into temptation, a succession of charming bits and alluring surprises. It carries the traveller across the Black Mountains which seem there to hold in each dip some treasure, and to rear each height with especial reference to some new artistic grouping. Here and there are found ruined castles left to neglected dilapidation. They look down from their perches on apparently inaccessible crags, and threaten to entomb the unwary. They are, in truth, gradually dropping to the lower earth. Almost every nook guards its dismantled church, and though many have no great historic or architectural significance, all add to the prevading witchery. Most of them stand in the midst of a wilderness of broken walls and grass-grown rubbish that mark the position of early monasteries and chapter-houses or other ecclesiastical buildings. The calvaires become more numerous, more elaborate, and often far more grotesque and tell of a people isolated and exceptional. Legends multiply and the faith of the rustic narrator becomes doubly sincere. It goes with-

out saying that each forest nook holds its own particular group of supernatural habitants with its own spells to be avoided by local rites of exorcism.

Châteaulin, set among the mountains as in a cup, has a character of its own. Near it Mené-Rom, the highest peak on the peninsula, rears itself grandly. The present parish church stands on the site of the ancient hermitage of St. Idunet where was later the priory of Locquidunet. Notre Dame, above the town, with its gothic ossuary and curious calvaire was once the chapel belonging to a castle of which now remain but a few traces on the summit of the hill.

From Landernau there are many interesting expeditions possible. The town used to be the chief city of the Breton province of Léon which belonged to the Rohans. The church of Landernau is dedicated to St. Thomas of Canterbury, though why Thomas à Becket went so far afield for this honour nobody explained. Three or four miles out of town is the chapel of St. Eloi, the patron of horses and therefore much revered by blacksmiths. On the way the calvaire of Plougastel-Daoulas is to be seen, the greatest calvaire of Brittany. It was erected, 1602-4, in gratitude for the disappearance of a plague that scourged the land in 1598, and has recently been restored. The base consists of a massive arcaded square flanked by buttresses

and decorated with pilasters of the Tuscan order. Beneath the principal arcade stands an altar bearing statues of St. Peter, St. Roch, and St. Sebastian. The frieze is a mass of carving in relief representing the life of Christ.

The château of La Joyeuse Garde where Arthur and his knights passed so much of their time is near Landernau also.

For some reasons the most captivating spot in the vicinity is the church of Notre Dame de Folgoët because it was the favourite shrine of Anne of Brittany. It was built by the dukes of the land early in the fourteenth century in memory of a pious innocent named Salaün, who, having been orphaned in earliest childhood cast his cares upon the Virgin with the unquestioning confidence of a helpless natural, and made his home beside a fountain in the depths of the forest that was especially dedicated to her. No matter what the weather might be he daily purified himself by bathing in the sacred waters before setting out to beg his bread. He spake but one name and sang but one hymn, "Ave Maria," and for this he was called a fool. But the foolishness that consists in unintermittent piety is of Heaven, and after forty years of inoffensive devotion, Salaün's dying struggles were calmed by the Blessed Virgin in person. With his latest breath he still glorified her holy name. Save for her gracious presence the pious mendi-

cant died alone, and when his worn body was discovered by the peasants they buried it with scant ceremony. Marvelous to relate, from the grave grew a tall white lily bearing in golden letters the legend "Ave Maria" in token of Our Lady's acceptance of the lifelong consecration. The lily sprang from the lips that had been so constant in praise. Stricken in heart by this honour to one by them despised, the people at once set about erecting a church on the hallowed spot. As proof of her satisfaction in this sign of true piety, the Virgin conferred upon the waters of the fountain miraculous powers to which cures innumerable have ever since testified. The church, begun in 1409, was consecrated ten years later, and became a collegiate church in 1423. Although without transept or apse it is still beautiful with its richly carved roodscreen and five ancient altars. Its calvaire is thrown into the shade by the greater specimens in the neighbourhood, but yet is worth seeing.

Near Landivisiau a soldier whom we had seen in Dinard did the honours of his interesting home, and gave us the much appreciated opportunity of examining in detail a château of some historic importance that the fortunes of the Revolution had handed over to his peasant ancestors a century ago. In passing through the village we looked at the remarkable ossuary in the cemetery of the church of St. Turiaff, or Tivisiau. The

curious figures supporting the repository make it well worth a visit.

Our soldier's parents are peasants pure and simple, yet for over a hundred years have they not only possessed this castle and demesne, but also some of the most artistic interior carvings and decorations to be found in the country. Wealth in comfortable measure they must have had, since at no time have the blandishments of art collectors who have besieged them in quest of the superfluous elegancies of their surroundings, tempted them to part with them. Of the sons during this time, some have become professional men in the city and others have found careers in other directions, but the main stock stays rooted to the soil with no desire to enter the ranks of the *bourgeoisie*. Peasants they were and peasants they remain. This château-farmhouse is a great rambling building with turrets and oriels. From one towered window that peeps through the leafage at the rear the daughter of a former noble owner descended into the arms of a waiting lover. Both parties were people of prominence and the story is celebrated. Some years ago the family in possession collected the rich carvings throughout the house and placed them along the sides of an immense apartment in which a sculptured stone fireplace occupies almost entirely one end wall. The room bears the name of *Salle des Chevaliers*, and is renowned

throughout Lower Brittany. To the peasant proprietors it is part of the home they were born in, and, though thrifty, the idea of parting with that which came from their parents does not occur to them.

The deep indentation of the coast that brings the waters of the ocean sweeping the quays of Landernau gave us the feeling that we had gone to the end of the land, and, as naval stations had no charm for us, we decided not to visit Brest, but press on to Morlaix.

We timed our trip so that we reached Morlaix somewhere about noon, and having disposed of a hurried breakfast we immediately hastened out to look at the streets. It is scarcely possible to particularise among the old houses of Morlaix; there are streets upon streets with nothing but old houses. Some have overhanging upper stories, slated along the front, a few are perched over the sidewalk in the Dinan style, but the most interesting are those in which all exposed timbers are carved. Houses bearing saints at the corners and demons in every inferior position, facing each other above the narrow ways, give an unbroken line of grotesque figures, that have grinned at each other, or at the frailties of the living throng below them, for centuries past. Many edifices bear quite new façades, backed by steep, sagging roofs that ill fit the fresh frontage on the street. Here there is such a display

of antique buildings, you get the impression that those you have been singling out along the route are only samples of a full line of goods offered by Morlaix. As usual, the finest specimen is called the house of Anne of Brittany. It has been recently very much restored, and though we were assured the original idea had been closely adhered to, we resented the spick-span newness of the exterior. Within, it is devoted to antiques and bric-a-brac, wares which harmonise satisfactorily with the great fireplaces and heavy, dark woodwork. The especial attraction of the house is the stairway, a survival that has but one companion left in the town. Between the front and back apartments a great, square opening extends up through the house, past its three stories and into the peak of its steep pitched roof. Around this square, with turns and landings, goes the staircase, supported at the angles by handsomely carved wooden pillars that reach to the top of the building. The only other similar staircase is found behind a wool shop opening upon one of the narrowest streets of Morlaix. The lower panellings in this latter are in some respects finer than those in Anne's house, but the great square hall has been partitioned off for use as a kitchen, so the effect of the whole is very much impaired. The front door of the last mentioned house has been untouched and unharmed for centuries. It bears upon the inner side the

original lock, a great flat steel box some two feet square, of which the key, a foot or more in length, is a grotesque monstrosity of coarsely wrought metal, heavy in proportion to its dimensions.

We caught sight of a picture of a beautiful window, apparently part of some ruined church and set out to find it. As is usual over here, no one seemed to be able to direct us, but in the end, after toiling up a long hill, we found it to our disenchantment. The window was all there was, but its carved outlines that in the photograph seemed to line themselves against a clear sky, we found carefully filled in with plaster, and the whole merely a detail of a most uninteresting garden wall.

Morlaix is all hill and valley. The drive from the station makes so many winding curves and turns to get down in safety, that all idea of direction is quite annihilated before you are deposited at the hotel. The more direct footpath down is a Jacob's ladder, of which one ascent or descent is quite enough to satisfy any member of the Alpine Club. The valley is spanned by one of the finest viaducts in France, so high that the steeple of a nearby church that modestly crowds itself into a corner between the road below and the foundations of that above, scarcely reaches to the top of the arches. Looking back from this point towards the town, the Hôtel de Ville is seen directly in face. The build-

Morlaix—Anne of Brittany's House

ing stands over the junction of two small streams that run together at Morlaix in such a way that the resulting river gushes forth from beneath the pavement before the doorway.

At Morlaix the language again begins to be mixed with French, it lies on the edge of the true Breton area, and not many miles farther west the ancient speech is not even understood.

How seldom we hear sounds entirely new is proved by the bewilderment with which we endeavour to account for them. On the first morning in Morlaix, long before it was time to rise, there made itself heard at intervals a sharp patter like heavy hail. Then a continuous symphony of such sounds with lulls wherein came to us the original ringing tone. The sound swelled till it became a clanging ring indescribable yet not unpleasant. After this with an occasional return to the first theme it ceased. All day long this marvel engaged our speculations but at evening it revealed itself at the closing of a large tobacco factory when more than a thousand operatives shod in sabots clattered down the cobblestoned road, and the clang of their wooden shoes made music for our reveries.

Whom should we meet but the prince that had dogged our footsteps, crossing our track at unexpected places throughout the land. Here we had the happiness of seeing his English exhibitors

send him off to Dinan with his tutor on the morning after our arrival, and we were now secure from the call to worship one whose real name turned out to be Ibraim Hassam. We quite cordially waved good-bye in the sincere hope that the tacit demands upon our attention would no longer tax attenuated patience.

The Morlaix harbour retains much of its commercial importance and bears an interesting and varied amount of unusual shipping. From Morlaix to the sea is a distance of several miles throughout which the river has been dyked and widened to admit the approach of vessels to the city quays. The drive to the harbour follows the river bank, and an escort of ships accompanies the carriage among which the pink sails of Concarneau fishing boats are conspicuous and beautiful.

Down towards the coast lies the little village of Carentec. If the Cornishman may be known by *tre*, *pol*, and *pen* the Breton is wedded equally to some half dozen syllables which in all possible combinations make up a full nine tenths of the names. The proper nouns not ending in *ac*, *ec*, *et*, or *el* have somewhere a *plou* or *pon* to fix their status. Looking across the broad estuary from Carentec the spires of St. Pol de Léon may be seen clearly. The road is lined with pretentious country places as a rule densely ivy grown. One old house in particular we found so covered that

it looked like a great square block of sod, though of deeper, richer green.

Out in midstream towards the harbour stands the Château Taureau which is held in great estimation by the people. The driver had talked so much about this fortification that as we neared it our hopes were raised very high. As a matter of fact the actual presence of this vaunted defence, proved it to be an insignificant, low turret, situated on an island in the mouth of the river leading from the harbour. What it might have turned out to offer had we taken a boat and rowed over to it, I do not know, but I do know that from the carriage, it seemed a small matter to have awaited with anxiety through the six miles of our drive.

The church at Carentec is not ancient and the village a bare, dusty ugliness, about which we were compelled to roam till our driver had paid a visit of some length.

All along we had been rather fortunate in seeing market day, but at Morlaix we had plenty of time to wander among the baskets of vegetables and examine the butter and poultry. Everything in a French market is set forth with so much taste and such absolute, cleanly neatness, that the wares are almost as attractive as the paintings of a gallery. As for the tidy tiny bunches of soup vegetables in which small beets and carrots are set round by white leeks and

sprays of parsley they are veritable nosegays. In Morlaix the bard is at his best. There was a shepherd who stood and sang some interminable Breton ballad to a dense throng of listeners who lingered with bated breath to the very end of the effort. We must have heard fifty unintelligible stanzas but were there neither when he began nor when he ended.

To take all the trips from Morlaix recommended by the expectant and modestly mercenary driver would have employed us for the remainder of the season. Of castles there were many large and interesting; villages innumerable, which in his description sounded matchless, but are really on a level with Carentec; views, all flat and watery; and churches unrivalled. We should have been glad to see them all but that was out of the question. In this region the churches have, as you may say, a complete equipment. Within the limits of the graveyard, entered invariably by way of a triumphal arch, are grouped church, ossuary, mortuary chapel, and a "calvaire." Often a vestry-room, like a fungous growth, bulges behind the church, increasing the complexity. People of true architectural instincts should avoid these village sanctuaries, and some of our party, aspiring to higher criticism, inclined to dissuade the rest from the "calvaire" chase upon which we set out one day. They tried to laugh us out of

what they called a search after the grotesque, but we held firm, so instead of the threatened division in our ranks, evil communications and everyday curiosity corrupted just artistic valuations, and we all trooped together to Lampaul, Gimiliau, and St. Thégonnec, in spite of their being "only poor renaissance" and as wrong æsthetically speaking as they well can be; regular jumbles of carved stone; church, vestry, ossuary and other things, either tacked together, or grouped so closely, that the view from a little distance is charming in its confusion. Here as elsewhere are masterpieces of wood carving, carefully spoiled and covered with paint, though, as the tint in this part of the country is brown, it has not quite the irritating effect of the reds and blues of St. Fiacre. The delightful drive had done much to calm the nerves of our critical friends. They were apparently as pleased as the rest of us, particularly with the carved altars, fonts and one rare organ-loft. Of the "calvaires," that of Gimiliau is far the finest of any we saw. A little flight of steps leads to the level of the carved images, and we wandered around among the gray, battered, snub-nosed personages below the crucifix, taking views of the flat landscape in every direction.

Every village seems blessed with an encouraging supply of children, and all the children have a discouraging talent for begging. The early

beginning perhaps accounts for the astonishing proficiency of the Bretons in that line. Speaking seriously, however, a shop-keeper after clearing his premises of several mendicants, explained to us that in Lower Brittany no public fund is provided for the assistance of the maimed and aged. Wages are poor and the possibility of saving for a rainy day slight, so that an old age of beggary is often unavoidable. The shop-keeper said that the men he had sent off were known to him, and worthy of charity; and that when he had the change at hand he freely gave to them.

Fortunately for us, we chanced to visit Roscoff and St. Pol de Léon on a day when the chief regatta of the year had attracted costumes from the entire province. Although the skies refused to smile in more than sad, sour fashion the peasants were there in full force in all their bravery of buckle and embroidery. Pont l' Abbé women in full attire and those of Pont Aven with broad fluted collars and flaring caps wore the most attractive costumes, although there were many that we had never before met and could not identify.

To Roscoff we went directly by rail and it was there that the regatta took place. This is where Mary, Queen of Scots landed when she came as bride to Francis II. The church of Croaz-Baz stands alone in its quiet yard at one

side of the village. After visiting the church we set out in quest of the house in which the Scottish Queen passed the night. There is so little distinctive about the exterior that we should have missed it altogether had not an obliging shopwoman left her desk to lead us past several intervening houses to the door. Inside there is an open court like a cloister. The seven arcades are quite conventual. The chapel of St. Ninian, built to commemorate Mary's landing and another chapel of Adieux where women pray for men at sea constitute the chief points of interest within the limits of the town. Off shore is the Île de Batz, the last refuge of the red baggy trowsers.

We had no time to visit the wonderful old fig tree which, propped all round covers an incredibly vast area. It is the glory of a capuchin convent in the neighbourhood, and the entrance fees to the garden inclosing it yield a revenue not to be despised.

As a matter of fact, our stay at Roscoff was a mere pause between trains, for the real object of the expedition was the cathedral of St. Pol de Léon, including a view of the remarkable lace like spire that rises above the insignificant chapel of Creisker.

Of the cathedral, the façade and west end of the nave we found rather disappointing, but at the crossing of the transepts, where the beautiful

pillars seem almost too numerous, and the building widens out into unsuspected spaces, the proportions throw Quimper's claims into the shade, and this, with no meretricious advantage of Breton decoration which lends to the latter cathedral its all too brilliant air. St. Pol looks woefully neglected and down-at-the-heels, a witness to prevailing poverty rather than to religious apathy.

After sitting a while in the shady park beside the church, from which point it is possible to examine the outside architecture at leisure, we wandered through the narrow streets towards the Creisker and rejoiced the heart of a small boy by bestowing upon him certain delicacies of specious exterior but unsatisfactory inner qualities with which we had hoped to quiet insistent reminders from within that meal time had arrived. The diminutive place of worship, but an unimportant adjunct to its own overgrown steeple, has its legendary interest. It was founded by a poor peasant girl not more than fifteen or sixteen years old. She had been miraculously cured of paralysis by St. Kirec, and vowed in gratitude to found a church. The building stands to testify to the fulfillment of the vow, but, for the rest, a vail of mystery hides the process. The spire seems to be somewhat independent of its associate structure even the etymology of the word Creisker is problematic. Some say the steeple

was built by the English others think that it is the work of Jean Prégent who was chancellor of Brittany in 1436, since his arms are to be seen upon the keystone of the principal arch; but the peasants say that the Devil was the architect against his will though a few maintain that St. Michael really did the work.

In rambling around this quarter we stumbled across somebody's garden chapel and with the permission of an old servant in charge entered it. No church could be more complete, altar-cloths, statues, coloured glass, flowers, and candlesticks in a tiny sanctuary not larger than ten or twelve feet square, a true luxury of devotion. A glass in the roof above the altar threw bright yellow light over the figure of the Virgin. Before the altar railing the steps of approach were covered with an oriental rug, and there were in the body of the chapel seats for eight or ten people. The servant said that the family has become reduced to the person of one maiden lady in the Breton way, and that she has full service performed once or twice a month in the chapel for her household and guests.

The calvaire of the St. Pol cemetery consists of a large plain cross standing before a semicircular wall upon the panels of which are sculptured the stations of the cross. The space is paved and along the line of the diameter runs a stone step, or bench, where the worshipper need

but kneel to have the stations all in view. The arches of the cemetery wall serve as a continuous ossuary from which skulls grin hideously unregarded by the populace brought up in company with human relics. In almost any corner of the cathedral bones are stored for safe keeping where skulls fit nicely over the projections of the ornamental capitals, with an effect ghastly for a time but soon unnoticed.

Our friend was certainly right when he warned us of deformity, beggary, and drunkenness to come under observation. The further one penetrates the cider country the deeper misery is to be seen, yet it is borne as if that which to us is suffering forms a mere customary hardship by no means unbearable. The holiday had called forth an unusual display of the mildest gentlest drunkards,—men only,—that ever reeled. One worthy wife who had evidently sought and rescued her husband from temptation was engaged in the difficult task of driving the culprit home. Vigorous whacks with the broomstick that she plied when expostulation failed barely succeeded in dispersing the comfortable haze in which his faculties had lost themselves; as for his legs, the sturdy woman had given up hopes of them, which accounted for the general disarray of his garments hauled upon at almost any point to further the progress.

One mystery was presented at the hotel table.

Was it snails? Not the ordinary snail, certainly. Perhaps what the song calls cockles. They came, black spiral crustaceans of small size heaped in a bowl each seemingly plugged with a bit of rubber. Alongside the bowl lay a paper of large pins to be used as forks. As no one partook of shells or pins when both were passed together, we never found out what the dish really was.

To refer to the nimble black insect which reduces life to one intermittent spasmodic search is execrable taste, but it is certainly fair to warn travellers that in Brittany he moves with sprightliness and preserves his being with a fecundity fitted to outclass any possible rival. It is easy to believe Brittany to be a base of supply for the continent as well as home for the aged, since we can hardly imagine that many have gone away to stay.

XIX. DINAN

FROM the railway the Guingamp church shows large and unornamented. What may be found therein we cannot tell, because, the Pardon being past, there seemed no use of stopping. We might have branched off towards Paimpol, for which it is the station, but the blessing of the Iceland fleet takes place on the coast as early as February, and but for the glamour conferred by Loti's moving tale *Pêcheur d'Islande*, when that is over and the ships off to their icy regions, Paimpol and the little villages beyond are devoid of interest.

St. Brieuc is undoubtedly well worth a visit, but every one remembers the senseless haste to be at home that usurps the thoughts towards the end of a vacation. Moreover we were now too desirous of pressing on to Dinan to pause there. Already, we had spent time at the Dinan station waiting for a train, but from that point it is impossible to spy any of the unique features of the old town. The stately walls are quite hidden by the magnificent elms of the broad promenades that skirt them on the west and north-west; and, at most, the roof of St. Sauveur is all that shows

from the railway. The wide, dusty station road leads straight to the chief entrance of Dinan, where the march of improvement, years ago, levelled one of the stout old gates. The three still left standing, sturdy and firm, show no inclination to be marched over in that conclusive way. Through them you step at once into the middle ages. The narrow, winding streets present a wilderness of overhanging gables, heavy, sagging doorways, irregular, steep roofs, and peaked windows. We were astonished to find that after all our wanderings some of the most singular effects lay right at our door, so to speak, for Dinan is but half an hour or so on the train from our own château.

The porched houses of Dinan give it its individuality. In these, the first story extends across the sidewalk, roofing it above, and forming a series of arcades. Formerly this feature was characteristic of every street, but the before mentioned, devastating march has replaced the porched fronts in many quarters by ugly modern buildings.

The proper approach to Dinan is the one we made later, viz., by the river Rance from Dinard, which is about eleven miles away. From its mouth, for some seven or eight miles, the stream is very deep at high tide, but then the steamer enters a lock, beyond which the channel becomes narrow and tortuous, so shallow that it

requires the greatest care to steer in safety. The scenery all along is a series of exquisite hill openings, set with villages, churches, fine residences, and an occasional tower. In the language of an Englishman near us, whose appreciation of nature seemed to exceed his command of adjectives, it is "sweetla pretta" all the way. The little steamer sets you down upon a *quai* by a road running along the base of a powerful crag, upon the heights of which you see, far above you, the battlement of the town. A few old stone houses, mainly drinking places, are clustered about the *quai*, and from a low arched stone bridge, so old that it is called Roman, runs an irregular street leading uphill to the oldest city gate, that of Jerzual. Further along the river, the valley is spanned by the viaduct, which lifts the chief road to the North and North-west out of a perilous dip it formerly made into this deep, narrow valley.

A zig-zag of steps up the sheer face of the rock leads to a park, called the English Gardens. By the time you have reached the end of the flights of steps you are quite ready to throw your breathless self upon one of the benches just back of the great circular tower belonging to the wall, and look down upon the smiling valley you have clambered out of. The little stream below sweeps around in a semicircle through a flat, grassy meadow that forms a striking contrast

to the rugged woodiness of the surrounding hills. The white high-road makes its arched leap across and loses itself beyond, and away down below, the little settlements on either bank carry on their busy life, looking like pigmy representations of an unreal existence.

Directly back of the garden is the great church of St. Sauveur, before which lies a large, bare, open square. This church is of the one-sided order very general in this part of the country, consisting of a nave and one side aisle. As usual, it is a work of varied architectural styles, and appears to have been raised from the ruins of several earlier edifices. Doubtless, if we but knew enough, we might trace the many seasons of severe war that have devastated Brittany, in the arrested progress of this building. No one knows exactly when St. Sauveur was begun, but it was probably some time between the eleventh and twelfth centuries. The south wall is the oldest in the building, a sort of Romano-Gothic in style, but with that exception, the interior is of the fifteenth century. Among the records of Dinan may be found the accounts rendered for labour on the sacred building. One of the first architects was *maistre* Guy Pinçon, whose salary was six sols a day, and a sol was approximately eight sous. Rolland Bougnart, whose name appears sculptured on one of the pillars, master joiner, was paid three sols a day. Ordi-

nary workmen received nine deniers and masons three sols. Carpenters were a trifle better off since they had three sols and six deniers for their day's work, but the roofers had but three sols. The blocks of stone cost twelve deniers apiece; a pipe of lime, eighteen sols; slates, two livres the thousand; nails or bolts, four sols and six deniers a thousand.

At this rate it is no wonder that Bretons of the early times were able to besprinkle the land so generously with fine large churches. They took plenty of time at the job, for St. Sauveur is known to have been still a-building in the middle of the eighteenth century. One of the chief beauties of the church resides in the chapels back of the altar many of which contain tombs of prominent families of the province. In the intricate and beautiful vaultings of the choir and its dependent chapels there is manifested a wise and skilful management of elements in a manner replete with religious feeling. To the unarchitectural observer, however, the chief object of interest within the old walls is a plain black tombstone to be found in the north transept behind which reposes the heart of that never-to-be-forgotten hero, Du Guesclin. It was removed to the church of St. Sauveur from that of the Jacobins, when that sanctuary was demolished in 1810. Du Guesclin expressed a desire to be buried in the tomb of his family in the church of

the Jacobins at Dinan, but the king, Charles V, deeming him worthy of nothing less than royal burial had the body placed with the kings in St. Denis, near Paris, permitting the heart alone, inclosed in a leaden box, to repose in the sepulchre of his fathers.

The other large church of Dinan, St. Malo, has not the fine, open situation that gives St. Sauveur such an advantage of position. St. Malo is hemmed in by sordid, narrow streets that look as if they grudged it the contracted clearing lying at one side. Originally, St. Malo stood without the city walls, where in the troublous times of the middle ages, it must have been exposed to indirect, if not premeditated assaults, so, in 1487, the dukes of Brittany ordered the building to be torn down and a new one to be erected within the limits of the town. Such materials of the primitive edifice as could be used formed part of the new masonry. The very elaborate plans were never fully carried out, so that the choir, with its graceful flying-buttresses, is the only portion that shows the magnificent intentions of the original builders. Even this is half hidden by the dirty, tumble-down surrounding buildings.

The dark, heavy clock tower, which rises above the city from its midst and figures in a greater number of paintings than almost any other structure in this land, was a gift of the beloved Anne,

in a day when permission to erect such a tower was rare, and could be granted only by the reigning sovereign. Rennes and Nantes already enjoyed the privilege, but the third city to be so highly honoured was her dear Dinan. It is easy to see that Anne remained throughout her life a transplanted Duchess of Brittany, and that no honours France had to offer could wean her from allegiance to her own inheritance. The relative degree in which she esteemed her chief cities he who runs may read, for her tokens of favour follow an invariable order: Nantes, Rennes, and third in the list Dinan. It is probable that other considerations than pure affection gave prominence to the former cities, for she was wont to term Dinan the key to her casket, strong and of good defence, and it was here that she chose to pass the days of her widowhood surrounded by her most decorous court, that not all the frivolities of the larger court had charmed from her strict and beneficent control. Anne was the first French queen to adopt black mourning garb, white had always till then been the colour of royal mourning, and the present tint is purple of that shade known as royal purple. It detracts somewhat from one's admiration of the great woman's benevolence to learn that the townsfolk were expected to pay roundly for the honour conferred, and were obliged to receive it with fitting humility. But that is the way

things were done in those days, and, that the clockworks ran and did good service for something like three hundred years, proves that she fulfilled her part of the contract faithfully according to her lights.

Considering the striking appearance of the clock towers from a distance, it is surprising how easy it is to pass it without noticing. There is little that is distinctive about the lower stories, but the upper slated portion, awkwardly sloping towards a platform upon which stands an open, arched section, terminating in a spire, are the features that give it its singular individuality and form so odd and striking a whole. The old clockworks have been placed in the museum, but they were in use as late as 1849.

This modest museum is hidden away in a room on the ground floor of the Hôtel de Ville. We passed without discovering it quite through the building to the back court, a terraced place overlooking the valley beyond, upon which open various offices. The court was filled with busy officials and a number of peasants. No one seemed to know anything about the museum till a man came out of one of the doors nearby and, with the greatest kindness, led us to the room of the janitress, who produced keys and opened the little collection to our inspection. The clock, a key made by Louis XVI, and the tombs of the Beaumanoir family are the only things of interest

to be seen. We were far more attracted, on going upstairs to the Council Chamber, by the crayon portrait of a fine looking old officer, wearing a decoration granted by Louis Napoleon. The officer was a woman who followed her husband to the wars, and after his death continued with the army, rising step by step from the ranks to the grade of Lieutenant. Her last days were passed in the Hôtel des Invalides at Paris, where not so very many years ago, she died and was buried with full military honours.

Every one hastens to visit the Château of Anne of Brittany, which stands at one side of the Porte St. Louis, seeming to form part of the city wall at that point. Of the original castle nothing now remains but the donjon and some buried foundations, but it retains much of the interest that formerly centred in it, though in present times it is only a prison. The entrance leads across the deep, double moat, looking down into which you get an idea of the early strength of the defenses. In the severely simple little Gothic chapel of the tower, is a stone seat within a recess in the wall, which is called the seat of the Duchess Anne, and where she is said to have sat through the service. Let us hope she had cushions of some sort, for a harder, colder, more uncomfortable seat than that stone block, wedged between two whitewashed walls, can scarcely be found anywhere. Everything within this

prison is cold and bare, but from the top a magnificent view spreads in every direction. We felt well repaid for having gone up so many steps when we looked over the well cultivated valley, on the one hand, and off in the direction of the coast on the other.

The street of Jerzual, leading from the heart of the town out through the oldest of the old gates, is perhaps the most curious and delectable feature of Dinan. The artists seem to find it so, at all events, for they have their easels scattered along its entire, precipitous length, propped and bolstered where the slant forbids firm footing, and settled with a fine disregard of anything beyond pure art. The rest of the world may pass, if it chooses, but "Art" has first right of way. All down this steep, narrow road, crooked, badly paved, filthy and odorous, you have, jutting out over your head, curious, timbered gables, tiled, plastered or bricked, all more or less dilapidated, all several centuries old, and all far fallen from their first estate, if they were ever half-way respectable. You are in the heart of the city as it looked to Anne, to the noble Du Guesclin, and to the rapacious Duke of Lancaster, who made such exertions to take Dinan by siege in the days of Edward III of England.

The Jerzual gate seems planted midway of this incline, for beyond the wall the straggle of peaked roof and moss-grown tiles follows along

down to the water's edge. No photograph that I have seen gives a true impression of the angle at which this hill of difficulty pitches down out of the town. This is only obtained by a sliding scramble to the foot and the return climb to regain the heights. At some turns of the street the blue of heaven is quite cut off by a grouping of chimneys, timbers, and sharp points.

Looking at the gate from within, two open cannon chambers are revealed above the entrance, which retains all accessories proper to its age, a portcullis with grooves, chains and levers apparently intact. An iron crane holds high the primitive lantern which tempers the gloom of night for a short distance in its vicinity. The lantern is raised and lowered by means of a long rope, and if the phrase *à la lanterne* has never before held lucid pertinence, a passing observation of the play of this rope will give it force. The Virgin enshrined above looks from her niche with pitying eye on the squalor beneath, and guards the wayfarer from danger.

There are several fine gateways in Dinan, relics of more flourishing days, perhaps the best of which is that of Beaumanoir, facing the end of the *rue de la Larderie.*

Standing as it does, its delicate seventeenth century carvings may be seen for a great distance along the *rue de la Larderie*, and it appears to give promise of architectural treasures. To

Clock Tower at Dinan

find that the gate has alone been left, and that whatever beauties flanked it have been cleared away to give place to humdrum business buildings, makes one feel actually defrauded. The gate gives entrance to a court, at the rear of which one ornamented, hexagonal tower remains of all that was once the town residence of the great Beaumanoir family. This building, for Dinan, must have been very modern, for it has the light grace of La Garaye, the ruins two miles to the north-west of the city, and the style is of the late seventeenth or early eighteenth century, far more finished, if less substantial than the grey, stone piles of earlier times. La Garaye has an interest of its own quite apart from ivy covered walls and carven lintels, though these form as captivating a picture as any in this region.

About the year 1700, through the death of his father and brothers, the title and lands of La Garaye fell unexpectedly into the hands of Claude-Toussaint Marot, a young man some twenty-six years of age. He soon married a niece of La Motte-Piquet, who also possessed a considerable fortune. The young people, making their home at La Garaye, immediately entered upon a life of utmost brilliancy and dissipation, in this following the example of the luxurious court. The place, formerly peaceful and sedate, became the scene of turbulent, frivolous festivi-

ties, of which the favourite was hunting. This course of extravagance bade fair to know no end, when suddenly it was brought to a sad and abrupt termination by an accident, which threw a gloom over the whole countryside. Madame de La Garaye was thrown from her horse during the chase, and from that day was never strong again. About the same time, the Count, during a visit to Paris, learned of the death of one of his dearest friends, a man who had quitted the world some years before for the rigid seclusion of a Trappist monastery. The example of this man, eldest son of a noble family, to whom life had offered all its pleasures in vain, made a great impression upon the already chastened heart of the Count de La Garaye. He at once sat in judgment upon his own life and the reckless waste for which he felt himself accountable. From the day of his return all was changed. He began at once to devote himself to the needy, especially to the sick, encouraged by the hearty co-operation of his loved wife. The great castle was soon too small to hold all their beneficiaries, and the long, plain building still standing in the grounds was fitted up as a hospital. The Count made several sojourns in Paris for the purpose of studying medicine and surgery. All the best appliances were brought to La Garaye, and its dispensary provided remedies for all who asked for them. There was no limit

to the devotion of the Countess. Besides giving out food, clothing and medicines, she gave her personal care to the invalids gatherd under her roof, and no case was too hideous or unsightly for her tender ministrations. Thus passed the long years that their lives were spared. The Count died when almost eighty and his wife survived him but two years. Before their death they had the gratification of seeing their good work extended far beyond its original limits. Friends joined with them in the establishment of a hospital for incurables in Dinan; Louis XV, in recognition of a chemical discovery, granted the Count fifty thousand pounds, which he immediately applied to the extension of his charities. He established a school for the poor; endowed religious orders; and by will left to various good works the remainder of his once large fortune. Far from losing his brave, active spirit in these labours of love, the Count of La Garaye retained to the end high pride and invincible courage. When nearly seventy years of age, he learned that the English, contemplating an invasion, had disembarked at Lorient. He hastened at once to the spot, accompanied by his armed domestics, ready and eager to take part in the impending struggle.

France is not usually credited with this kind of virtue, but, in truth, the story is characteristic, and La Garaye stands by no means alone

as the monument of unselfish devotion to charity and religion. The crumbling walls in their ruinous beauty touch a responsive chord in the heart of each visitor, and silently still teach the lesson of love so well learned and practised by the Marots.

From Dinan to Combourg is but a short trip, and it is one well worth taking, since the sight of an old feudal château kept in repair and really used as dwelling place is not to be seen on every trip. Not a château like ours or those to be had near St. Servan, plain buildings, solid enough, if you like, but, at most not more than two hundred years old; no indeed. Combourg is a rough uncompromising collection of squares and turrets that date from the middle ages. Its walls are so thick that the window openings stand at the end of little corridors, that, ever narrowing, pierce the stone work. It is a castle that makes an American realise the justice of the mushroom slurs cast upon him by exasperated natives of riper countries.

It must be remembered, however, that because the place is a home, it may be invaded on one day of the week only, and to fit a trip to a set day is generally more or less of a bother to sightseers, especially in a land where the rain is ever ready to modify plans and prove a watery grave to courage. The aged countess and her daughter comprising the existing family were fortunately

away on the day of our visit. Fortunately, because their travelling days are pretty well over, and their usual presence curtails more or less the freedom of the tourist. The market booths clustering close about the pile give a new version of "Dignity and Impudence," and every quarter of an hour the great castle clock booms its protest.

The oldest portion of the building is the tower built in 1016 by Gingoneus, Bishop of Dol, as part of a great feudal fortress; but in the fourteenth century the castle was much enlarged and has received additions even later. The palatial steps of the entrance occupy the site of the former drawbridge. In these richly panelled rooms lived the great author of "La Génie du Christianisme," whose body reposes on the bleak slope of the Grand Bey. Chateaubriand died in Paris but the bed in which he died has been brought back here where so much of this thought and work took its final shape.

On the death of the present occupants the noble family of Chateaubriand will become extinct and the castle must pass into the hands of strangers. A family already prominent in the days of St. Louis will have reached its end.

The plan of the castle includes a square keep and four rectangular structures flanked by machiolated towers with the conical roof so common in France. In true feudal fashion the

building occupies an eminence above the town and commands a wide view over the fields, which, in the days when Combourg village held but its own serfs, afforded the castle a rich harvest for which it toiled not nor span, save in an indirect bushwhacking manner under the often erratic leadership of its liege lord. By some it is maintained that this spot is not the original seat of the Chateaubriands, but that it was bought by the father of the author from the Maréchal de Duras. It is quite possible that the elder Chateaubriand may have had to regulate some revolutionary vicissitudes by paying for a new title to property formerly in the family.

XX. SOMETHING ABOUT DU GUESCLIN

WHATEVER may be the defects of the French character, it has certainly produced a very satisfactory assortment of heroes, among which, although of Breton birth, Du Guesclin holds front rank, and seems to sum up in his career all the qualities demanded of mediæval knightly romance and valour. The chronicler delights in recounting the exploits of the noble Messire du Guesclin, but chronicle French is a medium fitted to appal most readers. It presents a maze of unexpected phonetics treated in an extremely natural way that calls for some Latin, a little Norman-English, and a vivid imagination to render into comprehensible form. Still, the old setting of the tale is quaint enough to repay a season of burrowing.

Once upon a time, in the days of Philip of Valois, there dwelt in Brittany a chevalier named Regnaud du Guesclin, seigneur of La Mote de Bron, a strong well-situated castle about four leagues from Dinan. Loyal and upright in the sight of God and man was the chevalier Regnaud, faithful to his church, and liberal in alms. The poor he comforted for the love of God, whom he

reverenced with his whole heart. Thus were this good knight and his discreet wife greatly honoured throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Now it chanced, that favouring Providence had blessed this worthy pair with three sons; Bertrand, the eldest, destined to win fame throughout the world, Christian and Saracen; William, the second, who after a short but worthy life was laid to rest in Dinan; and Oliver, the youngest, who became Count of Longueville.

Since nothing may compare with the great prowess of Bertrand, whom King Charles made Constable and Commander in Chief of his armies, for young chevaliers who desire nothing more ardently than to hear of deeds of mighty valour, we here recount the acts of said Bertrand from his earliest youth till the day of his death, the same being recorded among the deeds of the kings of France, in the church of Monseigneur St. Denis, in France.

Of medium size, with snub nose, green eyes, too broad shoulders, long arms, and small hands, it is easy to see that Bertrand possessed no great beauty, and that may possibly be the reason of the strange disfavour with which the boy during his childhood was regarded by his parents, and especially by his mother.

It so happened, that on a certain feast of the Ascension the family midwife, a woman deeply

versed in astrology, came to La Mote. As was his custom, the Sire de Bron received her kindly, and caused her to sit with his household at table. Although her travels often led her to the castle, yet she rarely broke bread there, and on this occasion first noticed the slight esteem in which Bertrand was held. The three boys sat at a small table with the eldest placed quite at the lower end, as of little account, and honoured less than the others by his father.

With her eyes fixed upon the heir, the wise dame pondered, trying to gather from Bertrand's behaviour the cause of his singular position in the family.

On leaving the table after the meal the mid-wife took the boy aside, examined his hands, read his features, and, remembering well the day of his nativity, some six years previous, asked the parents why they dealt thus unfairly with the child.

The lady replied; "Good friend, in truth, this child is so rough, naughty, and of such daring that his like was never seen. Nobody, no matter how high his rank, does or says the least thing offensive to him, but immediately he is hit. My lord and I are continually in difficulties owing to the troubles he gets into with the other children of the neighbourhood, for he never ceases collecting them for the purpose of forcing them to fight. He fights against them till his father and I often

wish that he were dead, or that he never had been born."

On hearing this complaint, the woman said, "Madam, I assure you that upon this child I see such marks that by him alone the kingdom of France shall be saved, and nobody of his time will compare with him in chivalry."

From that day on, the mother began to regard him and hold him dear, and Bertrand prospered till he reached the age of nine years. He clung to his habit of organising combats, which were frequently prolonged till the children were exhausted, and returned home worn out, he, himself, being usually wounded, and generally his clothes were torn off him.

When the lady saw what great trouble he continued to make, she reviled him saying, "Evil one! The high honour promised by the midwife will come to you through wickedness, for, indeed, she judged you wrongly, and I cannot believe her word."

Bertrand, however, paid no attention, but went on with his combats and jousts among the children, fashioned after those of which he so often heard, for, at that time, tournaments were held in all parts of France. So he went on, till all the parents in the land brought bitter complaints to the Sire du Guesclin and de Bron about the boy who led their children to fight in this rude manner. Sire du Guesclin enjoined them

to forbid the children to play with his troublesome son, but when Bertrand perceived that other boys avoided him, he seized them, and compelled them to fight against their will. Hereupon, the fathers came once more with their lamentations, and Sire de Bron shut Bertrand up captive.

It chanced, one evening, that a maid was sent with food for the prisoner. As she opened the door Bertrand caught her, and secured the keys she carried. He then fled in the night to one of his father's seats where he took a horse and galloped to Rennes, where lived a sister of the Sire de Bron who was married to a chevalier of high rank.

When this dame perceived with whom she had to deal, she was far from pleased, and cried; "Ha, my fine nephew! Evil be the day in which you saw the light, so ill do you carry yourself."

But her husband spoke up, "Wife, give the youth a chance to prove himself." Then to Bertrand, "Good nephew, the house is yours to command," to which Bertrand responded with gracious thanks.

The youth abode long with his uncle of Rennes, and much changed his ways for the better, seeing which, his father softened towards him, and took him home again. So grew he to the age of twelve.

Now the Sire du Guesclin furnished his son

with horse and trappings, such as were used in jousts and tournaments. Bertrand made such gifts and presents to the gentlefolk who passed through his father's domains on their way to the tournaments that he gained a reputation for princely liberality. To the poor he gave always; if he had not gold, he gave his garments, for the love of God. This quality in him was cherished more than any other by his father.

It came to pass, that the nobility of Brittany held a great joust at Rennes. With the Sire du Guesclin went Bertrand who much desired to enter the lists, but on account of his youth was not admitted.

On the appointed day was held a grand fête attended by chevaliers of all lands, dames, maidens, burghers with their fair daughters, and all the gentry of the country. At the end of the day's sports the Sire du Guesclin was found to be victor over all the knights engaged.

Among the squires was a relative of the Dame du Guesclin, who, having borne himself valiantly all the day, retired at night to the house where lodged his young cousin, Bertrand. The youth hastened to disarm the squire, and then, on bended knee, begged permission to don the armour on the morrow that he, too, might joust.

The cousin whispered softly; "Ah, my dear kinsman, you need not ask, but take it as if it were your own."

In the morning, the squire secretly armed Bertrand, provided him with horse and varlet, and the boy proceeded joyously to the lists. Without delay he spurred against a knight, and the knight returned the charge. Bertrand, who had never before jousted, struck the helmet of the chevalier with such force that he was at once put out of the fray. The knight fell, with his horse killed under him.

When the heralds saw that the rude blow had been struck by a knight whom nobody knew, they began to shout; "To the adventurous squire!"

Then went Bertrand about the lists performing such feats of prowess that none dared encounter him, though no one discovered who he might be.

When Messire du Guesclin, who all the day had borne off the palm, observed the consternation of the bravest contestants, he put spurs to his steed, and rode against his son.

Then, Bertrand, who knew by his accoutrements the opponent with whom he had to deal, moved by the great respect in which he held his father, let fall his lance. The Sire du Guesclin, wondering that the valourous knight refused to battle with him, inquired of his comrades whether they knew the strange jouster, but they did not. By the counsel of the father, a young warrior was commissioned to try to unhelm the

unknown squire. The knight, already renowned for strength and prowess, set forth on the errand gladly, and after a stout contest bore away the helmet.

Thus Bertrand stood confessed before his kinsfolk, and great was their joy to recognise with whom they had fought. Greatest of all was the joy of the Sire du Guesclin, in that he had a son thus valiant in arms, and thus holding his parents in honour. From this day on the father held Bertrand dearest of his children, and, in token that he loved him above the others, he conferred upon him his whole estate.

When the Dame du Guesclin heard how Bertrand, her son, had won the prize at the tournament, her heart swelled with pride and gratitude, and she recalled with happiness the words of the midwife.

At the close of the jousts, the Sire set out with his son for the estate of La Mote de Bron. The fame of Bertrand had preceded them, and throughout their course through Brittany they heard the praises of all the people, so great renown had the boy attained.

This was the time in which reigned the good Duke John of Brittany, prudent and joyous, and during his whole life a steadfast friend to France. The Duke had loyally served Philip of Valois, against whom Edward of England waged war, and accomplished much, being helped thereto by

the Flemish, Germans, Huns, Brabanters, and many other peoples which came to his aid when he basely lay siege to Tournay. Then was it that Philip summoned the peers of the realm, and the good Duke John came with a great army, accompanied by all his barons in full array. Then the king quickly assembled his four hundred lances, and with them advanced upon Edward, and harried Mons in Hainault.

Now the Countess of Hainault, a widow, had for Christian devotion become Abbess of Fontenelles. She was sister to Philip, and Edward had married her daughter, so sore was her grief at this warring. Seeing her trouble, and giving ear to her pleading the kings made a truce, in the hope of coming to an agreement that should lead to peace, and the siege was raised.

Each king returned to his own country, and he of France dismissed his princes with hearty thanks for their fealty and services. Above all did Philip honour John of Brittany with feast and tourney before permitting him to repair to his duchy, where he was in time joyfully received by his subjects.

The renown of Bertrand du Guesclin having come to the ears of John, the brave duke much desired to see the youth, and summoned him to appear at the court. When the young knight arrived the duke at once took him into his service, and ever after, in all the journeys John

undertook for the king, Bertrand was his chosen companion.

Not long after this, the land sustained sore loss in the death of John, and Bertrand, made famous by his recent service, set forth to find a place among the warriors of France, and a wider field in which to win glory.

Under the leadership of the Count of Blois, the venturous stripling soon found the desired opportunity at the siege of Rennes, in 1342. Shortly after this at the head of but twenty men, he repelled a large body of English before Vannes.

By the year 1351, the war-cry "Notre Dame du Guesclin" had already become one of the most formidable to the foe. Like a thunder-clap came the redoubtable shout about the ears of the English, which proves that during eight years the broken records have ignored many deeds of valour.

At the combat of Roche-Derrien, in June, 1347, the English had taken Charles of Blois prisoner, which accounts for the military inactivity of a few years just here. With the chief actor safely shut up in London, war languished, seeing which, Charles was successful in persuading his captors that his young sons were better material for cold storage than a hardened warrior like himself, and it fell to the lot of du Guesclin to conduct the boys on their journey of paternal deliverance, taken in 1351.

Bertrand made good use of this exceptional opportunity, to give King Edward a piece of his mind with regard to the rights of the Bretons, since the existing war seemed destined to be fought out on Breton territory. The freedom and completeness with which he aired the nation's grievances struck the court dumb, but increased mightily his repute with his own people.

Returning to Brittany, du Guesclin proceeded to take prisoner La Toigne, ally of the English, and one of the captains, but before long, the roles changed, and La Toigne decided that the time had arrived in which it would improve Bertrand's manners to test his own prescription. For a while the Breton had ample leisure in which to perfect future plans of action, but all were too fond of the game to wish for a long halt, and, therefore, no unnecessary difficulties were placed in the way of freeing the captive in consideration of a good round ransom.

In 1356–7, Lancaster stole a march on du Guesclin, and surrounded Rennes before the Breton had a chance to get in. Upon this, Bertrand instituted a course of exterior skirmishing that rendered Lancaster's life a burden, and lost him his captain, La Esole. La Esole received the promise of immediate liberation on condition of inducing Lancaster to permit Bertrand to enter the walled city. The price proved too great.

"I should rather," declared the enraged Lancaster, "let five hundred men at arms go in than one du Guesclin."

The event proved the justice of Lancaster's position, for when, at last, du Guesclin did succeed in getting within the walls of Rennes, the effect on the spirits of the townfolks was such, that the seige was raised with dispatch.

Before Dinan, in 1359, Lancaster tried his luck while his foe was within the city. The nominal leader of the defense was the chevalier Penhoët, the Cripple, or Twisted-leg, but the enthusiasm of the burghers was unbounded when they discovered that the real support was their hero and his well-seasoned followers.

"When they of Dinan," says the admiring historian, "saw themselves besieged by the English who held the roads to Brest and to Bahon; and when the followers of Monsieur Charles de Blois who were within perceived this, they sent envoys to the Duke of Lancaster asking for a truce of fifteen days, during which time they would send to Charles of Blois for aid. But if they got none, then would they surrender to Lancaster and the Count de Montfort." All this was granted.

It happened one day during the truce, that Oliver du Guesclin, quite alone, rode out before the walls of Dinan, handsomely accoutred, as became a young knight, and in full assurance.

As the knight fared forth there met him on the field, one, Thomas of Canterbury, brother to the Primate of England. This cavalier, most proud and arrogant, approached Oliver insultingly, and haughtily demanded his name and rank.

"Oliver du Guesclin, an it may please you," replied the Breton unsuspiciously, "brother to Bertrand."

"Then," cried the false Englishman, "by St. Thomas, you shall not escape me. With me shall you go, captive, nor will I give you up, but will break your head, and you shall die, in spite of your brother, that his name and fame for our many good friends that he has done to death be not carried further. By my faith, it is of the Devil, that he be raised so high, since of him and of his deeds do men speak more than of aught else."

"Sire," responded Oliver roundly, "Greatly do you err. A poor cavalier is he, and poorly dowered, and if so be that he be advanced by his own strength to riches and honour, in no wise may you blame him."

"No quarter," then shouted the Englishman, and rode straight at Oliver with pointed lance, the which, when Oliver observed, he called upon his saint, for he rode unarmed, while the other not only was well equipped, but was attended by four squires.

"I yield," said the Breton, the fight being thus unequal, "since you demand it, but, believe me, if you give me up, you will receive my value twice over as ransom."

Then said the Englishman, "You shall pay me a thousand florins, or you shall never escape. That is not much for Bertrand has plenty."

The knight led his captive to the tent of the enemy that he might show him to the English leaders.

Here, there chanced to be a Breton squire, who, recognising the prisoner, ran straightway to Bertrand, at Dinan, whom he found watching a game at tennis in the market place.

Privately the squire told the brother in what case he had seen Oliver brought into the opposite camp, and Bertrand, furious, made sure that his man knew of a certainty whereof he spake.

The squire assured du Guesclin that there could be no mistake, since at the time when the father armed Oliver to follow the fortunes of his brother, he, himself, had assisted, and knew well Oliver's cognisance.

Then asked Bertrand, "How call they the English knave?"

"Thomas of Canterbury, brother to the Primate."

Swore Bertrand roundly, "By St. Ives! he will give him back, and find him the most perilous captive he ever took."

Mounting his steed, the indignant du Guesclin passed out through the gate of Dinan, and rode straight to the camp of the foe, who knew him, and feared him mightily.

Arrived at the camp, Bertrand threw himself from his horse, and demanded an interview with Lancaster who sat playing at chess with Chandos. Present also were Robert Canole, de Montfort, Pembroke, and many other lords, when the outraged Breton strode into their midst.

Bertrand saluted honourably, and then knelt before the duke, who said to him, "Well, indeed, is it that you have come." While speaking, Lancaster took the suppliant by the hand to raise him to his feet, and the game was set aside, so much in respect was held the knight du Guesclin.

Kindly spoke John of Chandos, "You shall drink wine with us before you return."

But Bertrand responded firmly, "I shall drink of no wine until you shall have done me justice."

Then did Chandos inquire of what injustice he made complaint, and of what gentleman he had suffered injury, to the which did Bertrand reply, that in their camp they had a knight he little loved, and that Thomas of Canterbury without cause or provocation had done him ill.

"Well you know," maintained Bertrand, "that of your accord and ours there is a truce until a given day. This also is known of that cavalier,

and that we have kept to the terms thereof. But though you have dealt truly, that knight has found my brother who is yet a child, when he was exercising in the fields, and has made the boy his prisoner. I adjure you, Sires, in all loyalty, to cause to be delivered unto me my brother, Oliver du Guesclin."

Thereupon Chandos promised that the boy should be immediately rendered and put at his disposal, for which did Bertrand thank them greatly.

Wine was brought, and they all drank, and gave Bertrand to drink; and then it was commanded that the knight who had taken Oliver should appear before them, and he durst not refuse.

Then said the duke, "Behold Bertrand who accuseth you, that you have to-day captured his own brother, wishing to retain him as your prisoner. This is ill done, and if he prove the charge, you must deliver the young man, and make amends."

Scornful and proud, the chevalier said to the noble duke, "Sire, I indeed behold Bertrand, but if he chargeth aught against me, and I have done that which deserveth blame, and that a knight had not right to do, here throw I my gage for combat on the field of battle, body for body, stroke for stroke."

But when Bertrand heard him speak thus

hardily, without a word he took up the gage, and then seized him by the hand.

"False caitiff!" cried he, "traitor, as you have proved yourself, such shall I also prove you before all these lords, or die of shame!"

Hereupon spoke up the false chevalier, "I shall not fail you, nor shall I sleep on a bed till I have fought with you."

Bertrand responded, "Never will I take more than three sips of wine in the name of the Trinity, till I have met you."

Chandos told the Breton that he would cheerfully lend him arms and his best steed, for this combat would be fair to see.

When news of the fray spread abroad, and knights and gentry were assembled to witness the contest, the burghers were troubled and cast down, but there was in Dinan a noble lady who heartened them again. This demoiselle, Tiphaine Raguenel, although four and twenty years of age, had never married, but had given her time to learning. She was good and wise and most expert in the science of astrology. Some called her a witch, but that was she not, only wise by the grace of God.

When this maid, who had been born in Dinan, and lived there, heard how sorely the people feared the outcome of the fight, she spoke aloud to the burghers telling them not to fear, for their champion would return safe and sound at

sunset, having discomfited the enemy. If this prophecy proved false she declared herself ready to forfeit all her goods.

On this, great was the joy of the city, and a Breton knight took horse to carry the words to Bertrand, and to say that for the honour of the noble lady Tiphaine he must do valiantly.

But Bertrand replied, "Go to! He is fool and coward who trusts to woman, and shows little sense; for they have no more mind than a sheep. They are only capable of laughing."

Finally came a messenger from Twisted-leg and the townsmen who said to the champion, "Sire, the captain and burghers send me to beg and counsel you to hold the combat in the market place of Dinan, if the Duke so wills, for then he will come in with his knights, and there will be hostages enough. The townsfolk are displeased to see you put your trust so confidently in the English as to venture thus among them!

"By my faith," answered Bertrand, "I ought not to doubt, for the Duke of Lancaster is most courteous, and would disdain to think on treason. Yet, for all that, I will make a note of this."

Wherefore went Bertrand to Lancaster, and said, "You have been told of the commands laid upon me by this squire, in the name of the people of Dinan, and what they require of me. I would not anger or trouble them, in that they are my

friends. As I greatly desire to hold this combat, I beg of you that you will grant their request."

Then the duke swore that the contest should take place in the market place, for that none of his people wished ill to Bertrand, or could say aught to his dishonour, and thus he consented to ward off treason.

In this were the English of one accord, and demanded only due hostage on the part of Dinan, and then they came within the walls of the town to see the battle take place, the Duke of Lancaster and twenty knights, and no more. And when were brought Bertrand and the English knight, then were they all feasted, and most honourably received, and they halted on the market square of Dinan, where the English ranged themselves most courteously.

There they held a council to make peace, and let fall the accusation, but Bertrand took oath that he would never make peace so long as the recreant might be found.

Then the duke said that they would parley no more, but that all prayed for the right.

Bertrand armed himself most nobly in cuirass and greaves with spear and lance and all accoutrements as for a joust. To him was brought his horse fully caparisoned, and he mounted, and displayed his colours. Then he brandished his sword in his hand, and he was much admired, since he was rarely equipped for the struggle.

At sight of him all the nobles, on one side and the other, were beside themselves with joy, and Twisted-leg was busy guarding the field, and crying that no one should give any aid, on one side or the other, or hindrance, and that no Englishman must interfere on pain of losing his head. Whereupon no man was brave enough to obtrude.

But the English knight was very doubtful, and wavered in his mind and heart, and he had need to search for friends, since he much desired to yield to Bertrand, and to restore to him his brother. He therefore sent men to Bertrand, who were not to make known from whom they came, Robert Canole and Thomas de Grançon. These men came to the warrior, and said Robert to him all softly; "Sire Bertrand, the people on our side, chevaliers as well as barons, have pondered the case, and are unwilling that harm should come to you through us. Now, since you are on your own ground, and among your own friends, where, if you should be vanquished by our champion, they may in other lands say that the combat was unfair, for you are too young to fight; is not an honourable peace more of value than a bad victory? If you will put your trust in us, we will end this discord, and remit the ransom of your brother."

"How!" cried Bertrand in anger, "He owes you naught, and in my opinion, it is a matter

Dinan—Rue Cordelier

of conscience to see that one wrongfully imprisoned is delivered without ransom. And further, see the noble Duke of Lancaster and the honourable John of Chandos, and the Count of Pembroke and the other barons, as many on your side as on ours, who will in no wise permit either my adversary or me any perfidy. Whoever causes us to leave the field which we have taken, before that we have fought the cause, him will I swear to be a false chevalier who does me villainy, and never shall he escape me till I have shown forth his wickedness. As for this traitor, either I shall destroy him, or he will cause my death, unless at the point of the lance he yield himself to my commands."

Then declared Robert Canole, "That will never be."

Said Bertrand, "A fool must he be, since he dreads death more than baseness."

When the English heard this answer, then were they wrought to anger, and said one to the other, "In truth, we have to deal with a very Roland!" And many English knights went to their champion, saying that they had hoped to save his life, but that no accommodation might be hoped from Bertrand, neither respite nor parley, but only persistence in the fight.

Cried the craven knight then, "Now, help me God! I see naught for it but to meet my foe. An I can, I shall cause him to rue the day. But

I beg of you, my friends, in case that you shall see me press him hard, do not call halt to spare his life, for it is my heart's desire that I may kill him. But if I be discomfited, and you will come to my aid, then demand of him to accord peace."

This promised the false knights that they would do without fail, but they said that if the battle had taken place without the walls they could have done much more.

And now rode into the lists the two combatants sword in hand, and they eyed each other as fierce foes. Then they rushed together, and such was the shock that the swords were broken, and the blades flew off, though neither knight gave way. At the return, each presented to his opponent a spear and they faced each other most proudly, so that the spectators crowded to behold the brave sight, leaving only room about the knights for the combat to go on.

Now Bertrand tilted at the hauberk of the Englishman, and the Englishman at his, then each attacked at all points, and maintained equal combat, till, in driving a powerful blow, the English knight let fall his spear.

When Bertrand saw this mishap, he was joyful, and feigned to flee. He put spurs to his steed till he came upon the long dart, when he swiftly leapt to the ground, and, lifting the spear, hurled it beyond the lists, to the grievous hurt

of his foe, crying; "False traitor, defend your horse, or I will kill or sell it, before killing you, such is my will."

The English knight fled, and rode without stop around the field, but Bertrand could not run, for that his knees were in armour. So, seating himself upon the ground, he detached the armour on his limbs, to loosen his knees, and to be lighter.

This observing, the Englishman rode towards Bertrand ready to fight, and, had he been able, he would have ridden him to the earth. But Bertrand struck the steed between the ribs with his dart, which, when the creature felt, and knew that he was wounded, he reared so violently, and plunged so wildly, that the knight was thrown to the ground.

Then Bertrand advanced upon him quickly, and unfastened his visor, putting his spear under his nose, and striking him with his gauntlet till that the blood flowed over his breastplate, and so blinded was he with the bleeding that he knew not where he was, nor could see Bertrand, but only felt him.

Then they rose up, and there came ten English knights, who said to the victor that he must not kill his foe, since he had done enough to prove his mastery.

But Bertrand made answer, that for their sakes would he not change his intention, for that

he would kill the Englishman with right good will, unless, forsooth, his own captain should lay his commands upon him.

Whereupon, came Twisted-leg into the lists to Bertrand, and said, that he had fulfilled all that honour required, and he engaged for his own part that he would agree to no peace or judgment unless it redounded to the glory of the victor.

"Behold!" cried Lancaster, "Great pity will it be, if this Bertrand die without becoming king of some land, for not even renowned Alexander was as brave as he."

"Ha, my lords!" craved Bertrand, "do not restrain me, for the sake of Heaven, but let me dispatch this arch miscreant, for it will be bitter grief to me if you turn me aside."

Then entered the field both English and men of Dinan, to pray him to quit the combat, but Bertrand said to them, "Seigneurs, let me finish the battle, for, by the faith I owe to God, either he shall render himself to me a prisoner like unto my brother, or I will kill him quite dead."

Canole thereupon spoke up; "Bertrand, I insist that you present your prisoner to the Duke. You have done enough, and he is in your power. Your own captain whom you ought to obey has come to urge you to act as is right."

Bertrand made answer, "I will submit it to him whether to go on or to cease."

Twisted-leg then ordered, "I beg and require you to make peace according to the desire of Robert Canole, and we will guard your rights."

"Be it as you will," replied Bertrand.

Then were the English greatly pleased, and Bertrand was received in Dinan with great joy. A grand supper was prepared to feast him, and his superior then gave him the accolade, saying that he must be greatly beloved of God.

Thereupon went Bertrand to the palace, and in the presence of the lords, knights, and squires, he knelt before the Duke, and said; "Sire, you owe me no grudge in that I have done my duty upon your knight, for that he did me grievous wrong. But for the honour of your high name, he had never escaped me, for him should I certainly have slain."

"Bertrand," replied the Duke, "in our sight you have gained quite as great honour as if you had slain him, for he has been greatly humiliated, as greatly as your brother Oliver. And for the thousand florins ransom that he desired, he must pay into the hands of your brother a thousand livres which I will make gift to him. This to pay for the treason he would have done upon him. Furthermore to you shall be granted the horse and trappings of your captive, and nevermore shall he set foot within my court, for I care not to harbour traitors. Truly fine and noble must

be the garden where weeds do not appear in their due season."

Thus judged the duke of Lancaster. Then he delivered, and had brought before him, Oliver du Guesclin, and clearly made amends for the wrong done to him, as he had judged and ordered. Then he retired to his camp, and sent back the Dinan hostages, just as he had promised, and Bertrand was much feasted and honoured. And there were the captain who had ordered everything most honourably, and the citizens and citizenesses of the town, and after the feast they sang and danced most nobly, and there was great merriment.

In those days was the king John, son of king Philip, in England, and Edward raised an army to come into France, and he came as far as before Rennes. On this account he ordered his subjects in Brittany to take to sea at Brest, and for this cause the siege of Dinan was raised. Whereupon there was a council of bishops and abbots to make the terms of the treaty, by which a sort of accord was made between Charles of Blois and the count de Montfort, and then the English departed from Brittany and returned to England, where they found the ship of their king all ready to make the said passage to France; which voyage by a miracle, and for divine punishment, was hindered by a great tempest which descended on the English host, and cast it upon

the rocks so violently and heavily, that many were killed, and all wounded, and they murmured and reasoned among themselves that this was a sign from God that they should not go. So, in that season, the king returned to England, where was that excellent prince, the good king John, son of the good king Philip of France, who was so brave and chivalrous, and suffered so bitterly, for that he would, for the defence of the people, adventure his person against the English enemies of the kingdom.

The duke Charles of Blois had much to do, and would have had more, had he not been aided by Du Guesclin and many lords, and, for certain, the English king lost more in this expedition than he gained, and during it, as it pleased God, a malady of the entrails came upon the duke of Lancaster, for which reason, as well as others, and especially, because he and his people were all worn out in the campaign which they had made in the previous winter against the king of France, they returned to England. And in this time, Bertrand governed the war in Brittany for the said Charles of Blois, who at that time was not so strong in men as the count de Montfort. At first, Du Guesclin only fought against the English in the service of Blois, whom he considered as the true duke of Brittany, when they supported the false duke de Montfort. Later, having taken service with the king, he re-

doubled his valour against the enemies of his country.

In 1363, du Guesclin took a new part in the strife between Blois and Montfort. The captain of Pestivier, who held with Montfort, had the eyes of such inhabitants of Guingamp as fell into his power, put out. Their castles were ravaged, villages burned, and war broke out anew with fresh fury. Charles, having sent Du Guesclin to take Carhaix, set siege to Becherel. Montfort hastened to the assistance of the besieged, and gave him battle. Charles was well intrenched, but the presence of the enemy cut off his supplies, and he proposed the plain of Evran, two leagues from Dinan, as the field for a decisive battle. There they deployed their two armies and were only waiting for a signal to begin, when, it is said, Josselin de Rohan, canon of St. Malo, who followed Charles of Blois, interposed to prevent the shedding of more blood, by proposing a new conference.

At the battle of Auray which decided the long contest in favour of de Montfort, Blois was killed, and du Guesclin was taken prisoner by Chandos, but on his early release, he headed the hordes of brigands, born of the constant wars, who joyously followed him into Spain to dethrone Pedro the Cruel. Thus did Bertrand rid his own land of the curse of their presence.

When, by treachery, du Guesclin was taken

prisoner, Pedro, honouring his valiant captive freed him at once, and told him to name his own ransom.

"I put it at one hundred thousand florins," said Bertrand, not to be less noble than his foe.

When the Princess of Wales heard that Bertrand who had rendered much service to her husband, held himself in bonds till that the ransom should be raised, she, from her own private purse, sent twenty thousand French livres to swell the contributions.

When this matter came to the ears of Bertrand, he cried gaily: "I esteemed myself the most ill-favoured of chevaliers, but after such guerdon from so lovely a princess, I must count myself the handsomest and bravest."

Chandos and many other English offered their purses which Bertrand accepted. The Pope gave twenty thousand francs, and the Duke of Anjou an equal amount.

And so, with his ransom thus speedily assured, Bertrand set out for Bordeaux, but before he reached the city, he had squandered all the money in paying the ransoms of other captives.

And so his fame increased mightily, till that the King, in 1370, must needs have him for High Constable of France, the which he remained till Death removed him eight years later before Chateauneuf-de-Randan, to which place he had hastened when the Constable de Sancerre needed

his aid in the siege which he had begun against the stronghold.

During a truce, messire Bertrand lay upon his death bed, and knowing the end to be approaching, devoutly received the Sacrament, which the marshal Sancerre had ordered to be brought.

This pious act finished, the leader summoned his good knight, Oliver de Mauny and the chivalry of the field, to whom he gave his last counsel.

"My lords," spake he, "I must shortly part company with you for death which is common to all. Not of myself, but through your valour, have I enjoyed fortune and great honour throughout all France during my life. To you, therefore, is due that honour, which my soul commends to you. Certes, seigneurs, my desire and intention had been by your good courage shortly to make an end to the wars of France, and to bring all his kingdom in obedience to Charles, but I can bear you company no longer. And, notwithstanding, I desire of God, my creator, that you shall ever be courageous for the king, that by you, sire Marshall, both by your valiance and that of your knights, who have ever borne themselves bravely and loyally towards him, his wars may be ended. Monseigneur the Marshall and you others, one thing will I ask of you which, if granted, will give great repose to my soul. And this is: You know, the English have agreed

to give up the castle, and my heart desireth much that they should give it up before my death!"

The words of messire Bertrand were held in great pity by all the chevalerie, and none knew what to say. One looked at the other weeping, and in such mourning as was never seen, and said: "Alas! Now lose we our good father and captain, our good pastor, who so gently nourished us and safely led us, and if we have honour it is through him. O honour! O chivalry! what do you lose when he passes away!" And so great was the lamentation in the host of the enemy that those of the castle saw it but did not know the reason why.

Thus passed the day, but no help came from the king of England for the castle, and the next day Sancerre appeared before the castle, and summoned the captain of the castle to him, who straightway came.

Then said very softly to him the maréchal de Sancerre: "Captain and friends, on the part of the Constable, I come to require the keys of the castle and your hostages, according to your promise."

Courteously responded the captain, "Sire, true it is that with messire Bertrand we have entered into negotiations, these we will fulfil when we see him, but with no one else will we treat."

"Friends," said the Marshal, "I cannot tell you whether he can come of himself."

"Sire," answered the castellan, "I will engage to carry your message truly, and will take counsel with my companions of the garrison concerning your words; then, after dinner, if you so choose, will I give you the answer."

To this the Marquis of Sancerre agreed, and he hastened to the bedside of the dying Bertrand, and recounted all that had passed in the camp of the English.

Bertrand was nearing his end, and that he knew right well, for which reason he commanded that they should bring the royal sword that he had been wont to wear.

He took the sword in his hand, and spoke in the presence of all his knights:

"My lords, among whom I, though little worthy, am honoured for earthly courage, I now must pay the debt of death, from which no man is exempt. First, I beg that you pray God to receive my unworthy soul. To you, Louis of Sancerre, Marshal of France, who have well deserved greater honour, I commend my reputation, my wife, and my relatives. To the King of France, my sovereign lord, I leave this sword, sign of my office, which I hereby render again to him, since this most loyal hand can no longer wield it."

And after he had thus spoken, he made the

sign of the cross, and so passed away the most valiant knight of his age, Bertrand du Guesclin, so honoured for his bravery and loyalty, that he was called the tenth great knight.

And when all arrayed, this noble warrior lay upon his bier, then came the English governor of the castle, saying that to no living man would he resign the keys, but to him alone whose greatness had assured the yielding of the castle.

The English had maintained that since no living man held their promise the keys need not be rendered, but the governor replied, that as he would have been true to du Guesclin in life, so would he hold faith with him in death, such was the respect in which the warrior was held by friend and foe.

When the appointed hour came, the governor, followed by his garrison approached the hero's bier, and with tokens of deepest grief laid the keys of the fortress in the cold stiff hands.

And for this loss there was deep mourning among the chevalerie of France and of England, for although he was opposed to the English, yet for his great loyalty and uprightness, and because he treated his prisoners amiably without harshness and ransoms when he had the government, he was beloved on every side.

In 1360 he had married Tiphaine Raguenel, daughter of the Sieur de Bellière, who from the day of his celebrated encounter in the market

place of Dinan had loved the hero, in spite of the plainness of his visage. She read the generous soul of the warrior and, felt drawn to the liberator of her country. The wisdom of Tiphaine equalled her beauty, and her knowledge of astrology was profound. According to the chronicle, she was: "the wisest and most instructed of her time in all the land." She was regarded as a fay, and her compatriots listened to her as an oracle. When the town of Caen honoured Du Guesclin, "much was honoured on that day the wife of Bertrand, for she was a very wise dame, gracious and well favoured, and also learned in several arts and sciences, and of noble race and lineage. Many other noble persons had desired her in marriage but she would have none other than Bertrand, whose destiny she foresaw."

Tiphaine died in 1372, leaving no children, and Du Guesclin married, at Rennes, in January, 1374, Jeanne de Laval Tintiniac, daughter of Jean de Laval Tintiniac, who also left no children.

When King Charles of France would select a successor to the Constable, then was his value fully shown, for many of the highest of the land, to whom the vacant office was offered, declined to accept it, deeming themselves unworthy to assume the place of so good and great a leader as Bertrand du Guesclin.

XXI. MONT ST. MICHEL

THE road to Mt. St. Michel is accommodatingly laid to require change of cars at Dol where between trains there is just time for a hurried survey of the exceptional old city with its venerable cathedral so commandingly situated that it is visible for miles in any direction. As usual, the main street of Dol is about a mile from the station, a mile set with shabby houses mainly devoted to the cider business.

Dol should be visited before familiarity with Dinan has robbed porched houses of their first unanticipated fascination. To the too experienced eye Dol town looked like the random mingling of one part Dinan with nine parts ordinary village. But in its cathedral Dol raises itself to the æsthetic level of the sister town, striking perhaps an average even somewhat higher.

Dol was founded by Britons from Ireland in the year 548 under the leadership of St. Sanson to whom the cathedral is dedicated. St. Sanson had been told in a vision that he should sail forth with his flock trusting to wind and wave which would bring them to land near a well. This well he must seek and when found he must there build

a church. He probably obeyed though the cathedral is by no means so ancient as the days of St. Sanson, being mainly of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. The tower on the north and some other parts were built as late as the sixteenth century not to mention a variety of additions now in construction by an army of restorers.

At Pontorson passengers for Mt. St. Michel are transferred to a great, lumbering omnibus with cross-seats, cover, and awning on the roof, to which a slender ladder gives access. Tickets for this agitating conveyance are given in exchange for the railway tickets before travellers pass the station gates. If by any chance this fact is forgotten and the exit is made ticketless, the struggle against the outcoming crowd towards the booth of distribution is a matter of time during which the omnibus adds to the irritation by threatening to go on regardless.

Once fairly mounted on a top seat the outlook is fine, but the wind sweeps pitilessly across the low-lying road and slaps and pushes against the top-heavy conveyance threatening at times quite to overturn it. The top of a loose load of hay when driven over a rough field provides a swaying insecurity of elevation upon which anybody may acquire the steadiness of nerve desirable in the drive to Mt. St. Michel.

The road runs to the extremity of a flat point

of land that juts out three or four miles into the water and then for two miles is carried along an artificial causeway that crosses the sands over which the tide flows twice a day. At ordinary high water the causeway rises above the level of the sea but the spring and autumn tides wash across it. Straight ahead through the hazy mist the shadowy outlines of the wonderful abbey begin to detach themselves from the clouds among which they are held by their island rocks. Here and there passing gleams of sunlight throw peaks or turrets into prominence, and then give place again to shadowy grey. It is impossible to convey any adequate notion of the singular effect of the magical picture. All the intangible glamour of fairyland clings to it at first sight, and this gradually merges into the substantiality of rock mass and heavy archings. But for the fact that by nightfall the autumnal tide would submerge the road, the passengers would have lingered on the causeway to revel in the glorious scene.

At the city gate a howling, clamorous mob of rapacious hotel deputies dissipate summarily superfluous dreaming. The noisy legion awaits the stranger as he clambers down from the precarious height and reaches *terra firma* at the end of the causeway, outside and considerably below the gate of entrance that pierces the wall at the bottom of the street. The officious deputies

then jump for their prey ready to bear it off will or nill. Nearly all are Poulards of some sort or other. There is Poulard, *aîne*, the right one; then, Poulard, *fils;* and further, several not claiming direct relationship with the former Poulards; so, unless you know whereof you speak, luck may transport you beyond the famed omelets near the gate and deposit you in one of the musty, ramshackle inns up the single street, that clings about the base of the rock, kept in place by the solid outer wall; inns of which the only good, clean feature is the brilliant gilt "Poulard" on their front.

We had been well warned, so, making the proper selection of Poulard, we loaded him with our traps and picked our way down the rickety wooden steps, and along the high broad path, by which you work around off the causeway and up to a gate in the wall, that gives access to the *Grande rue*, though, as it is the only *rue* there, little or great, there is no pressing necessity of remembering the name. We had gone but a few steps when Madame Poulard appeared before us on the road and ushered us into the kitchen, one of the sights of the place, for Madame was at one time said to be the most beautiful woman in France, and it is in this kitchen that she publicly prepares the omelets. Years of working over this cavernous fireplace have not told upon her, for, though no longer young, she is still a

most comely matron. While you watch the eggs, she gives you an album to look over, in fact, several albums, in which travellers have left their appreciative notes. Nothing in the management of this famous inn seems left to Mr. Poulard, but the breaking and beating of eggs. No sooner is one dish disposed of than Mr. Poulard, in cap and apron, appears on the scene from some inner retreat and presents a fresh relay to the still sizzling pan. Perhaps, after all, it is not Mr. Poulard but only Madame's chef.

As soon as we had taken breakfast and had seen our rooms, we turned out into the steep, little, cobblestoned street. Our rooms, by the way, were perched away up on the face of the rock, and were approached from a door in the top story of the main building by a long flight of wooden steps going straight up. The street is little more than a passage for the gutter that runs through the middle, shadowed by old, overhanging houses. It worms its way along its steep incline for perhaps half a mile, and then ends in a series of short flights of worn, stone steps that lead to the entrance of the Abbey. All over the face of the rock above are houses, and between the old buildings of the main street, at intervals, you come upon almost hidden stairways that lead to them. There is a little church, too, wedged into a corner between two great

masses of rock. It makes a great display of banners and other votive offerings to St. Michel, but nothing of any great interest is to be seen.

There is one house that has an interest of its own, and that is the one inhabited for a time by Bertrand du Guesclin, in the days of his ideal life with the rarely gifted woman, Tiphaine Raguenel, his first wife. How she escaped being regarded as a witch, in those days of prevailing superstition and priestly jealousy, it is impossible to imagine, but that she not only did so escape, but further, won the entire confidence of the people, says much for the extraordinary elevation of her mind and character. Certain it is that Du Guesclin, himself, changed completely his first arrogant opinion of her mental status, and the story of his beautiful faith in her good judgment and her carefully trained intellect is not the least attractive picture of the brave man at arms, whose own education had certainly not been in the line of book-learning. Their house overhangs the street and is rendered prominent by a balcony from which Tiphaine, night after night, studied the stars, and where the probably dull-witted warrior did his best to follow her lead, sincerely relying upon her horoscopes, though the constellations must have bothered him mightily. In the museum among the wax figures you see Bertrand and Tiphaine on the balcony deep in their studies, and the group

leaves a strong impression that Tiphaine, alone, attended to the star-gazing while Bertrand abandoned himself to the far more agreeable occupation of watching and adoring his gifted and attractive consort.

Coming back, we went up one of the stairways by which access to the walk on top of the wall is gained. We were met by a most obliging young woman, who addressed us in a casual way, but soon revealed herself in her true character of cicerone. The readiness with which she reeled off obstruse historical information about the town, the surroundings, the many towers, and the walls, proved her to be an old hand at the business. We are not sufficiently advanced to spurn these aids to memory as elevated tourists should. We listened to all she had to say with great interest and straightway forgot the greater part of it. Indeed, we had begun to feel so great a dependence upon her superior knoweldge—for we do not pretend to know half so much—that when she unexpectedly deserted us at the entrance of the abbey, to which she had gently and insidiously conducted us, with the explanatory excuse that, that was the province of another, we felt distinctly bereaved.

There are five hundred and more stair steps to be gone over inside the inclosure of the abbey, but it is all so captivating and you take the stairs

in so disjoined a way, with so much flocking about the guide to hear what he has to say, that no one realises the amount of climbing involved until he is sent forth again, almost too weary to watch the rush of the incoming tide.

Our soulless guide left us with dirctions to go into the lofty anteroom to which she pointed. It is a breathing space of moderate size between stairs. We joined ourselves to the already numerous throng awaiting the return of a former party and spent some time admiring the columns, the roof, an immense fireplace, and a point of the natural rock upon which the wall is solidly founded. Soon, however, a bustle and chatter above us announced the return of one guide with his flock, and we all joined in a general scramble to take possession of him.

The venerable abbey dates from very early days, and has served a variety of uses in its time; now being left to fall into ruin, and now furbished up to serve as a prison. Of late years, the French Government, realising what an architectural treasure it possesses in these three distinct stories of beautiful and varied Gothic stonework, has gone at the work of restoration with such zest that the whole structure bids fair to become as tight and snug as a modern office building, and it will be long before many of the patches will mellow down into anything like harmony with the traditions of the spot. The cloisters, in

Pontivy—Milk Dealer

particular, are roofed with brilliant zig-zag stripes of dark brown and vivid yellow glazed tiles, painful to look upon, although the authorities go to prove that this was the original pattern.

Beginning at the top, we walked out upon the platform before the church to take a view of the country and sea. Landward the flat expanse is cut by the straight canal, constructed on the boundary line between Normandy and Brittany, by former state prisoners of the abbey, to curb the waters of a devastating, little river that formerly had a fashion of trying various channels. The silver line showed us by how slight a chance our Mount belonged to Normandy. At one side, we could see Avranches, and out upon the broad waste of sand, a thrust of rock like another Mt. St. Michel robbed of its glorious crown. Although the tide had already turned and was hastening towards land, there were still five miles or more of beach towards the sea line. The water did not seem to rush in with the wild haste of which we had always heard such marvellous tales, yet, if a horseman actually starting with the tide tried to reach the shore, it is quite possible he might have to swim for it. All this coast is supposed to have been much higher in olden times, in fact, it must have been, for beneath the gleaming level is still found the wood of buried and submerged forests.

The interior of the church itself was filled with scaffolding and was rather difficult of access. There is a promenade about the upper, outer portion, from which a staircase, so beautifully scultpured as to be called the lace staircase, leads by way of one of the bold, flying-buttresses up the spire. Here the restorers were in full possession and the way was effectually blocked by scaffoldings, rubbish, and a complete array of carpentry debris, so a look over the sea from the foot of the stairway was all we gained from this point. At one side we turned into the brilliantly roofed cloisters where, above the lower apartment, the monks of long ago pored over their missals or looked out upon the changing waves. The delicate pillars are the most graceful feature of the building and the capitals are a study in themselves for no two are exactly alike. They are the work of captives, mainly that of the celebrated sculptor Gaultier who worked at them all during his long imprisonment and thus resolutely warded off impending madness. Off the cloisters opens the monks' ordinary dining hall. As the door of this apartment is thrown open there is a singular effect of brilliant illumination with no visible openings for the purpose, the long hall with narrow tables and benches and at one side the high reader's desk is bathed in a sunny glow, apparently manufactured on the premises. On advancing down the

room the wall to seaward is seen to be pierced in its entire length by deep narrow arched openings so proportioned that the glass windows are quite hidden in the recesses, as viewed from the doorway.

In a lower story the *Salle des Chevaliers* and an immense dining hall are the most noticeable apartments. The vaulted roofs rest upon pillars that have withstood the attacks of time better than many other portions of the buildings of this part. The great stone chimney pieces here attract the eye and standing on the hearthstone a visitor may look straight through the opening into the sky above. Now comes a walk through the cellar of the monks and the almonry which are said to be beneath that wonderful mass of mediæval monastic fortification called from its marvellous clinging to the precipitous face of the rock, "*la Merveille.*" In truth there is nothing to do but to accept the word of the guide for the ups and downs of Mt. St. Michel. They are so continuous and confusing that long before the stairs have all been taken most notion of what is up or what is down is lost. You imagine, though, that the ups are most frequent. Lowest of all is the crypt with the stoutest, most closely crowded pillars any crypt ever had; gloomy enough to sate the most enthusiastic seeker for the sombre. Dungeons are there where high-born captives wore out their

lives hatching further treason or longing for liberty. The burial place of the monks, who could find no better last resting place than a hollow in the rock, lightly covered with earth or sand brought from beyond, is down there; and the old mortuary chapel where the services for the dead were held. A great wheel before an opening used to coil the rope that hauled provisions along a steep trough leading up from the water.

It is difficult to give any satisfactory idea of the charm of Mt. St. Michel's Abbey. When we issued forth from it, we could have turned about to see it all over again, but for the weakness of the flesh and the interesting tide which had by this time reached the causeway.

We climbed back to our rooms to prepare for a rather early dinner that we might spend the moonlit evening on the water. Our "bonne" seemed to have a pitying regard for strangers taking so much trouble to visit her birthplace. She had rarely been beyond the limits of the contracted inclosure and never, I believe, so far as Paris. It was quite impossible to make her understand that she had grown up amid unique surroundings. To her everything seemed most ordinary, and the wonderful tide nothing more than a troublesome barrier between Mt. St. Michel and Pontorson. She was rich in tales of the treacherous quicksands, but scarcely succeeded in bringing it home to our minds, that

all the awful catastrophes in her repertoire had happened just alongside the rock, and that the now covered sands, that had glittered so beautifully as we looked down upon them from the church top, were the closed book of her inspiration.

At last the lashing waters closed over the causeway and higher and higher till they even washed in upon the street through the gate by which we had entered so short a time before. A full moon brightened the outlook and cast black shadows of point and pinnacle across the dancing waves. It does not do to let attention wander when watching the incoming tide. Lose yourself in conversation, look for a moment in the other direction, and behold! the sandy stretch you hoped to see slowly covered, is sea, the elevation you intended to use as measure has disappeared; the coast line has advanced past your widest limit. Like Melrose to be viewed aright the abbey must stand forth in moonlight and landward. Thus to see it we embarked in a small boat. The wash of water through the gate made the expedition seem venturesome but it certainly gave an impression of the abbey necessary for a complete comprehension of its beauty.

The following morning was given to the museum, where, again falling below the level of true intelligence, we were pleased with the wax-

works, glad to learn their stories, and we played like children with the table mirror whereon by an ingenious arrangement of reflectors the whole surrounding country is shown. We could scarcely tear ourselves away from it. Our first guide caught up with us as we were taking a farewell stroll about the little village and evidently divined the reluctance to go that clogged our loitering footsteps, so she braced herself to the task of holding us by bringing forth tales of times still more remote than the early days of the abbey. She seemed to be on quite as familiar terms with the Druids as with the old monks and treated them with an airy good fellowship that brought them most familiarly into our range of vision. The only wonder is that we withstood her blandishments for her manner of calling the rock by its Druid name, Belen, and the spirited description of the nine fair priestesses whose task it was to serve from this rock to passing sailors charmed arrows with which to ward off storms, made us long to spend here one more night in which to dream of the scene. The arrows had to be shot by a sailor just twenty-one years of age or the threatened storm would engulf the ship and often when the sailors reached the rock too late the very winds against which they sought protection dashed their corpses upon the island towards which they had turned in hope of safety.

The French are people of taste, but where else can be found so hopeless an assortment of trash, glittering and obtrusively gaudy, as in the stock of cheap souvenirs exhibited in the ordinary French bazaar. We released ourselves from the all too engaging temptress, and looked in vain for some little token worthy of serving as a reminder of a delightful expedition, but after making a few most disappointing purchases we took a final walk around the walls and returned to Madame Poulard to fortify the inner man and make ready to clamber once again to the alarming height of the outgoing diligence. They say that Madame Poulard has reduced the matter of saying adieu to a science, and that she has at command two hundred distinct forms of good-bye. It is a fact that she parted with us with a charming courtesy that made us think we were the only ones of the departing guests she really grieved to lose, and we were so sympathetic it gave us the feeling that we must buoy her spirits by promising, if possible, to come again next year, or maybe sooner.

XXII. LA CROCHAIS AND LA HUNAUDAYE

RAINS had benefited the Beaumanoir gardens much by the time we again saw them. The foliage we had left drooping for want of a drink greeted us with an insolence of luxuriance, the figs were in fruit, and the now unfettered rabbits with the best endeavour in the world were not able to keep ahead of the cabbages.

But across this world of beauty swept suddenly one of the wild storms from the sea that so often ravage the region. The blast drove straight inland mowing everything in its path, the sea was one angry surge beating furiously against the granite rocks to be shot aloft in blinding spray, or driven white and foaming far into the clefts between bluffs. Tiles flew from roofs, stones from walls, branches were wrenched from trees as if they were straws. The streets were deserted, for flying missiles made walking abroad perilous. The linden tree of our bower was literally shredded. For weeks afterwards it was disheartening to look upon the destruction in the land. Fields lay beaten down, prostrate

trees were cast in every direction, poplar-bordered ditches were wrecked, and desolation stalked abroad. But the thrifty peasants wasted little time in useless repining. Throughout the track of the storm they were busily engaged in transforming the felled trees into lumber and firewood, in strengthening the dykes, and in reducing the fields to order. Before long not a trace seemed left of the visitation though those who had known the former aspect of the land could easily detect the recent works of restoration.

Day after day came tidings of wrecks with most distressing details since many of the strangers here have been in Dinard long enough to know something of the home life of the fisher folk. In the height of the storm the St. Malo ferry made no pretence of running. From our windows we watched the first boat that fought its way across. It tipped and plunged frightfully, the waves broke against it sending showers of spray and foam high above the smoke-stacks. Ocean steamers were compelled to postpone their sailings.

It was said, as it usually is said in times of great happenings, that no such storm had ever before been known. The early oblivion into which natural phenomena fall may be a wise dispensation for its seems to be general. Although the storm must have been unusually severe it is extremely likely that it was character-

istic of the locality and that in varying degrees of violence similar tempests are driven landward almost every year.

The storm denuded the beech trees and seemed to send us an army of magpies to revel in the general devastation and the brilliant weather that in the wake of its ravages shone in mockery over all. The small pert birds like fluttering leaves from the "Cock Robin" of our childhood, did look like smug little parsons, their trim black heads turning constantly as if to challenge any who might be disposed to dispute their claims. Their glossy black dress and immaculate shirt fronts make the twittering restless flock look like a kaleidoscope in black and white.

In late autumn came an excellent imitation of Indian summer, if not so bright and sunny, quite as mild and inviting. On one of these delightful days a kind friend drove us to the castle of La Crochais some five or six miles out in the country. We took the road that keeps the crest of a high ridge running approximately due south, from which the view on every hand extends for miles. The beautiful drive ended at the well wooded, rolling property appertaining to a castle much in the style of our own "Beaumanoir" although larger. The only feature of the magnified farm-house at all pretentious is the entrance hall where the familiar flagged simplicity is relieved by a stone staircase

of some elegance. The rooms within are larger and loftier than ours, but in no wise more palatial. The outside of the house shows the usual light stucco and darker crenelated trimmings, and, but for a small staircase tower at one end and a square tower at the other, might be photographed for almost any residence in the province.

Although the farmer in charge has the whole house at his service he has elected to establish his penates in the long kitchen where the customary pooling of the domestic interests simplifies indoor activities and permits the women to share the man's burden. Beds, table, wardrobe, and clock were ranged around the walls of the spacious appartment leaving the entire space of the upper floor vacant. Beyond the kitchen all is allowed to go to ruin at its own pace. The oak panelling matches that of Beaumanoir, here spared the indignity of white paint. It is falling from the wall in places, and some blanks look very much as though the farmer depended upon this neglected wood for winter kindling. Broken windows are not replaced and the rain has already begun to destroy much of the flooring. Breton noblesse as we have seen, runs to spinsters, and La Crochais like many another spot that we have visited is said to be but one of many châteaux belonging to the now familiar old maiden lady, who thinks it not worth while to waste time or money upon a property where

she never resides, and which she rarely visits. The peasant farmer is practically lord of the estate, and to him, so long as the kitchen holds out, it is a matter of no consequence how soon superfluous apartments go to rack and ruin.

Across the deep mud and filth of the rear barnyard we gingerly picked our way to the stables where a great surprise awaited us, for here we came upon the original château, long since abandoned to its present base uses. It is a building parallel with the newer house and almost as large. In the first space we entered we surprised and interrupted a cart horse who munched beets stolen from a well laden cart. Anticipating reproach of some sort the thief backed into a beautifully sculptured fifteenth century fireplace, in the roomy security of which he switched his tail with an air of serene defiance. Across a palatial but ill-kept fowl-house with pillared sides and worm-eaten, carved ceiling we took our course to a dilapidated tower staircase. The ascent of this cobwebbed spiral called for courage, but the upper banquet hall to which it gave access was well worth the braving of filth and spiders, although the floor of the apartment forbade our venturing far within it. In the farther corner beneath an opening in the roof the timbers and tiling had already fallen upon the heedless fowl below. Departed grandeur was the tale told by recessed Gothic win-

dows that opened upon the repulsive barnyard where neat haymows and beet-piles rose from a morass of unspeakable muck. The end wall of the hall was almost entirely occupied by a sculptured stone chimney-piece that reared its elaborately carved front to the ceiling, though the inaccessible hearthstone had begun to drop through the floor.

The heavy rafters above still bear their curious decorations in half defaced colours that once were gay, and that great neglected break in the ceiling, through which rain and roof tiles find easy, unobstructed passage towards the general heap of ruin underneath, shows whither this rare, old building is slowly, but surely tending. The lower rooms at the farther end are occupied by families of farm labourers, and there we saw some very good Breton beds and furniture. We saw, too, a young baby, bound and strapped to its pillow, looking, when lifted, like a stiff little sausage with a head attached. Its pudgy face, surrounded by the frill of its tight cap, was as expressionless as that of a Chinese doll. Although but five weeks old, the little beady eyes looked out upon the world calmly, as though resigned to the hard fate of having been ushered into it. The peasant face seems to set out with the fixed aspect it is designed to bear through life. But for external accessories and, later, the aquisition of wrinkles it would be quite

impossible to judge of the age of any given visage with even tolerable accuracy.

Through the neglected gardens we strolled, where hedges had become wild mounds and stray blossoms thrust themselves forth from a tangle of brushwood; where the paths were only distinguished from the general overgrowth by the dark green of the box that formerly edged them tidily. Beyond a stretch of woodland we found a long narrow lake, but there were no lily pads on its surface, much less did it furnish the rare white blossom so familiar to us in similar ponds, though, bosomed amid the shadows of the dell, the quiet glancing water gave to the scene just the finish needed. That a place with so many possibilities should be left to this slow decay would have roused our indignation were it not that the whole land is rich in places quite as beautiful and quite as neglected, and we have become callous. To buy and restore a château of this sort as a permanent summer residence would in a few years cost less than an equal number of seasons spent in the unrestful confusion of our own watering places.

Much of the wood at La Crochais is chestnut, but we found with chestnuts, of which a profusion strewed the paths, that, like the native blackberry, they were tasteless as compared to our varieties.

With late autumn in Dinard comes the excite-

ment of awaiting the return of the fishermen. From September on, the ships come straggling home. Every night the roads are noisy with the songs and cries of waggon loads of tipsy sailors who celebrate their first night ashore after eight or nine months at sea during which their feet have not stepped ashore. From every peasant family of the coast are these returning wanderers drawn, and the nightly pandemonium increases as the number of ships back becomes larger, for when on land there is nothing to occupy many of these fishers, and those unmarried know nothing better than to drink and carouse till their money is gone and the returning spring sends them out once more.

The largest boat of the fleet was over-due and the community as one man watched for its appearance. The swarm of sail passed its climax and dwindled. Then stragglers came singly, but still the big boat had not been sighted, and violent storms increased the general apprehension till the one topic on every lip was the probability of its safety. St. Malo was particularly pitied, since of the three hundred sailors aboard fully two thirds were Malouins.

In the midst of this grievous solicitude we left for a trip to La Hunaudaye, glad to escape from a sorrow for which nothing could be done and from a waiting that it was impossible not to share. By train to Lamballe and then a drive

through the forests of Saint Aubin and La Hunaudaye, crossing the brook Couëssant and plunging into the shadowy spaces where oak, beech, and chestnut have flourished from times primeval. What remains of the once great abbey of Saint Aubin, founded in 1137, is scarcely worth a glance, but further on lie the ruins of what was one of the strongest Breton fortresses. According to some accounts it was begun in the thirteenth century, but the date usually given as that of its foundation is 1378, and the name of the builder is Olivier Tournemine. This monument of antique ages, with its impressive site, its standard *écartelé* with gold and silver, its five towers formerly so strong and formidable, its broad firmly cemented walls, tells a long story of alternating glory and defeat which if truly set down would fill volumes.

In the middle ages this region bore a very bad reputation. It was the rendezvous of brigands and malefactors of every description, and a journey through the depths of the wood was attended with the greatest danger. Travellers were robbed and killed with brutality unless they were of sufficient importance to promise a good ransom, and no one ventured to traverse the country without an extra guard and complete defensive equipment. Added to this, Tournemine, himself, was a scourge to the land, exercising his seigneurial rights with unexampled

severity till the terrified peasants were reduced to abject misery by his exactions.

In its heyday the castle must have presented a most imposing appearance with its towers surmounted by turrets and its great wall surrounded by a double moat. The walls rose to a height of at least forty feet while the towers were much higher. To this day the walls of the castle prison are covered with inscriptions and drawings by which the unfortunate inmates strove to perpetuate the memory of their sufferings. Remains of the chapel show that it must have been a charming bit of Gothic architecture, and not far from its altar is found the entrance to a subterranean passage which awaits its venturesome explorer. The Breton peasant has always his quiver full of legendary arrows, and his superstition peoples this particular hole in the ground with more than its due proportion of ghosts and goblins, so the coming pioneer is not likely to be of Brittany.

The story goes that the Tournemine of a hundred years ago was the very worst of his bad race, who didn't mind killing people that stood in his way any more than he minded beating the peasant who happened to cross his path. When he decided that he was ready to enter into possession of the castle he quietly murdered his father and elder brother and assumed control of the estate. His wife had inconvenient scruples

regarding the manner of their taking off, and she was unwise enough to suggest with some insistence that he might have pursued a milder course, and to regret that the saints had not restrained his taste for promiscuous slaughter. Such sentiments in a Mrs. Tournemine were intolerable, so her husband decided that she would be happier in the company of the in-laws whose demise she seemed to deplore, and off went her head in a trice. But even the Devil thought this was going a little too far, and after pondering over the case a day or two to be sure of settling it dramatically to his complete satisfaction, his Satanic Majesty raised a howling storm such as has never been seen before or since, and while the elements were doing their best, in he walked upon the solitary baron who sat toasting his shins at his completely cleared fireside, thinking how comfortable the house was now with nobody to scold him. When Tournemine saw the intruder he was naturally somewhat miffed, and wished to know who it was that dared disturb his virtuous repose. The Devil said that if he was really anxious to know what visitors had arrived he was ready to accommodate him by calling them in, whereupon, with a wave of his wand and a whip of an unsuspected appendage he introduced with a flourish: Tournemine senior, in whose breast still stuck the dagger and whose blood dripped over the door mat, Tourne-

mine junior, whose wound was in another spot but made exactly as much mess about the floor, and Mrs. Tournemine, who tried to hold her head in place with both hands with indifferent success. The baron was so thoroughly shocked at this evidence of bad taste on the part of Satan that he fell dead, and the three ghosts had all the trouble of dragging his corpse off to the place to which it was destined, for the Devil wouldn't so much as touch it with a finger. Then there came one tremendous burst of thunder, and all at once the sky was as clear as a bell, and a great calm fell upon the world as if it had never stormed.

As may be supposed the castle was not held in any great affection by the people of the countryside, and, when the Revolution gave them a fine opportunity to display their secret sentiments La Hunaudaye was one of the earliest places marked for destruction, though as a pretext it was asserted that the Vendéeans made for themselves a refuge at La Hunaudaye, and therefore its destruction was a political necessity. At that time the property was in the possession of Mme de Talhouet, née Tournemine, and the officials of the district of Lamballe compelled the lady to set fire to the castle herself in 1793. The conflagration raged many days, and when at last it was extinguished the glory of La Hunaudaye had departed, probably forever.

XXIII. DUGUAY-TROUIN

THE Bretons are amply justified in regarding with pride the great men they have given to France. If there had been no more than Abelard, Du Guesclin, Ollivier du Clisson, Jacques Cartier, Duguay-Trouin, Chateaubriand, and Renan, the list would be sufficiently honourable, but there are, over and above these well-known characters, a host of lesser lights, still worthy of remembrance.

If Du Guesclin was the most popular mediæval military hero, Duguay-Trouin was certainly the most celebrated naval commander France ever boasted. It is difficult, however, to present naval actions in a way to equal in interest to the landsman the battles of the soldiery. As the old saying has it: we know where the soldiers are, but the sailors, where are they! "We met a brig, a sloop, or a man-of-war, with ten, twenty, or fifty guns, and after a desperate fight (attacks are always desperate, on the principle that surgical operations are always serious—that the event may be glorious,) either, we captured the prize, or contrary winds bore it beyond our

reach." There, in essence, is about all that may be said by the uninitiated.

René Duguay-Trouin was born at St. Malo, June 10, 1673, probably not in the house shown as his birthplace. His father, Luc Trouin, who had married Marguerite Boscher, was fourth in descent from a certain Gilles Trouin and his wife Jehanne Dupont, of about the year 1500. Luc, Sieur de la Barbinais, was a captain and fitter-out of privateers, long settled in St. Malo, and the son René was fourth in a family of seven children.

René was twice baptised. An uncle René, King's Councillor and Consul at Malaga, was expected to stand godfather to the child, but as day after day the great man's return from Spain was delayed, sea trips not then being the calculable journeys we find them, the parents decided that the boy must be provisionally baptised anyway. This was done on the day of his birth, to make sure, before he was put out to nurse in the village from which later he took his title, Du Gué, one of Luc Trouin's properties. The uncle did not reach St. Malo till some months after this, and the grand baptismal ceremony did not take place till August 13th.

The fashion of granting to different members of a single family distinctive names drawn from various landed possessions was a common custom of Brittany, dating back as far as the eleventh

century. As a boy the hero was simply René Trouin, in 1694, he is known to have signed himself Dugué-Trouin or Duguay-Trouin, his letters patent of nobility are made to René Trouin Du Guay, and, in a report of 1695, he is called, "Le Sieur Dugué-Trouin dit Barbinais."

Returned by his nurse to his mother, René was brought up under her vigilant eye, and his courage and combativeness gave the lady trouble enough; as for ships and sailing, his father's business made it impossible that he could develop into anything but a sailor. His earliest pastimes were connected with the harbour and its craft.

As the boy grew he was sent regularly to school, it being the father's intention that he should enter the church, since the uncle René was highly esteemed by the Bishop of Malaga, and was certain of obtaining for his godchild favourable appointments. In pursuance of this plan, the boy, after having passed through the course at St. Malo, was sent to the college at Rennes to continue his studies.

All this was contrary to René's tastes, but Luc's will was law, and the boy bowed to necessity, accompanying and ameliorating the bow, however, by a neglect of the objects presented to his mind by his priestly pedagogues, that was more than equalled by attention to reprehensible

The Bay of St. Malo

forms of amusement towards which his mind needed no stimulant.

Just here, Luc died suddenly, and his widow transferred René to Caen for the course in philosophy. The uncle René had been dead a year, and had been succeeded in his Malaga office by Luc, eldest of the Trouin family.

It took the Caen professors but little time to discover that young Trouin had not the faintest vocation for the priesthood, and a war between France and Spain sending the elder brother home about then, he visited Caen to see what was the matter. The report that came to Madame Trouin resulted in the hasty removal of René from college.

The fashion of sending a boy to sea to keep him out of mischief was as honoured in former days as it has been ever since, so the young fellow now obtained the desire of his heart, and embarked as volunteer on board the frigate Trinité which sailed, November 13, 1689, for a cruise that proved severe. The young volunteer on his maiden trip was sea-sick about all the time, for the weather was boisterous during the entire trip. The following year, however, René found his sea legs, and, as the Trinité made several successful runs, capturing valuable prizes, the new life took on the colours in which fancy had painted it. The final action of the year came near being disastrous. The Trinité, convoying

home a great English merchantman as prize, was attacked during the night on the rocky coast of Brittany. The prize was driven upon the sands, while the corsair was forced to drop anchor near the reefs in a most dangerous position. All hands gave themselves up for lost, when a favourable change of wind arose, and the Trinité was driven out to sea dragging her anchor. This deliverance permitted her to return for her prey, which in two days she brought into the harbour of St. Malo. Thus begins the tale; and it goes on with the combat of René's ship and the Concorde of Flushing; his going, still as volunteer, under Captain Legoux in the Grenedan to the coast of Great Britain, where, in an attack upon the English fleet, René's gallantry was so favourably commented on by his captain, that on his return, in spite of his youth, the family Trouin put under his command the small frigate Danycan of eighteen guns and a force of ninety men. For a youth not yet nineteen years old, this was not bad!

In the Danycan, rechristened Couesquen (Coëtquen), supported by the frigate St. Aaron, under Jacques Welche, René now set out to avenge the wrongs of James II of England, which meant, of course, that he sailed with *carte blanche* to harry everything English on the high seas. They encountered a fleet of thirty sail, escorted by two frigates. Trouin and

Welche sailed in, captured and carried off five ships, withstood an attack from an English fleet they chanced to meet, which, however, got back one of the five captives; and back they came to St. Malo in triumph. Shortly after this René went out alone and brought back three prizes.

Having thus acquitted himself, to the pride of his brother, now Sieur de la Barbinais, the family bestirred itself to obtain for René command of one of the ships confided by the king to the best known *armateurs*, and soon he was out once more as commander of the *Profond;* a disappointing ship, in that it was a poor sailor, disadvantage insuperable in a ship of prey, and, further, a fever broke out on board that caused the loss of eighty men.

The following June, Ponchartrain notified the Brest authorities: "His Majesty, having commissioned the *Hercule*, you will please dispatch it to Sieur Trouin whom he has chosen to command it, and you are desired to facilitate by all means at your disposal his departure at the earliest moment."

Although the *Hercule* was all that could be wished in the way of ship, the opening of the cruise was so unsuccessful that the crew, having fallen sick, almost mutinied. Trouin, sailor like, had firm faith in presentiments and his own star. By persuasion and authority he prevailed upon his officers to grant him one more week, on the

very last day of which two rich English vessels were sighted, and on his promising to let the men pillage them, they were attacked with such vigour that both were captured.

A larger frigate, the *Diligente* was now put under command of the mere boy, but in this, after some brilliant captures, Trouin met his first serious check. He fell in with six English war ships, fought desperately from six in the morning till six at night, then, wounded, with a badly shattered ship, and with most of his men disabled, the valiant commander struck the colours of the *Diligente* and was captured by the Monk. The English captain was so touched by the heroism of his captive, that, on taking him to Plymouth, he treated, René more as son than prisoner. Soon, however, the Admiralty ordered the youth into close confinement on the charge of having violated the laws of nations in firing upon the ship Prince of Orange while under the British flag.

The imprisonment was of short duration. René had a way with him, and a young girl was induced to aid him in escaping. He bought a sloop and sailed for home, taking with him four other prisoners.

By the time Trouin was twenty-one years old, his ability as commander had already attracted the notice of the court; Ponchartrain had placed before Louis XIV René's own account

of one of his latest actions, and the monarch instructed the Minister to award the sailor for his bravery a sword as mark of royal favour. From this time Trouin's course was ever onward, each increase of responsibility being fully justified by his execution. At last, such was the impression made upon Louis by his fame, that the young commander was summoned to meet his sovereign at Versailles, where the reception accorded to him was most gracious.

Renê shortly after this, fitted out the frigate *Leonora* which he put in command of his younger brother Étienne, then nineteen years old. The boy amply fulfilled his brother's expectations in the attack upon Vigo immediately undertaken, but received a mortal wound, and two days after a victory, in which his own share had been admirable, the gallant fellow died.

A few months later, Ponchartrain wrote to M. Desclouzeaux: "I have learned with satisfaction that Duguay-Trouin has brought to Brest a considerable prize, and also of the spirited action off the coast of Spain."

M. Desclouzeaux, firmly convinced of the superiority of Trouin, formed at Brest, where he was chief in authority, a new company which fitted out three ships and entrusted them to the rising officer, who at once sailed for the East to attack an Anglo-Batavian fleet known to be there. The instructions to M. Dandenne and M. de

Pallière, sent to join in the same enterprise, speak for themselves; they are addressed to the former: "M. de Pallière has no orders to command you, he joins you to aid in the expedition. Nor have you, Monsieur, any orders to command M. Duguay or those of his squadron; but we are persuaded that when you are all together you will be satisfied, and that conjointly you will render very considerable service to the state in taking or sinking all that you can find of that fleet." It was reserved to the squadron of Duguay-Trouin to perform the desired service.

When news of the return of the victorious ships reached M. Desclouzeaux, he hastened to communicate it to Ponchartrain and M. de Maurepas desiring them to bring it before the king. To the latter he wrote: "Do not refuse, Monseigneur, to the Sieur Duguay-Trouin this mark of your satisfaction, you will never have so favourable an occasion. He has merit, worth, excellent conduct, in a word, he is worthy of your grace, and I dare take the liberty to say to you, Monseigneur, that you are bound to do it, and, that I promised this to him for you, when you did me the honour to write to me." To Ponchartrain he wrote: "I take the liberty only to say that the Sieur Duguay-Trouin has achieved many actions of such quality that he merits grace and protection before the king."

The reply of Ponchartrain was disappointingly

cool, but Maurepas wrote: "I have received the letters you wrote relating what passed in the action of Sieur Duguay-Trouin, and you need not doubt that I learned the news with great pleasure; my father told the king of it, who was very much delighted, and His Majesty wishes to give to Sieur Duguay-Trouin a mark of his satisfaction by making him captain of a frigate." Thus, by way of reward for services which many an admiral of our day might vainly wish to equal, the king conferred upon him merely the simple title which he had already enjoyed for several years.

The young Malouin did not resent this backward promotion, but proceeded to Versailles to thank his king, where he received according to his own account, "marks of satisfaction from the monarch, with which his heart was most deeply touched, and which attached him to his king with a strong affection." At this audience the hero, but twenty-four years old, presented to his sovereign Louis, Baron Wassenaër, the adversary recently conquered, of whom he had become a firm friend.

René now received a ship so prettily decorated with red tape that it was almost impossible to man it or fit it out properly. As member of a privateering family, this was to him a new and trying experience, and he addressed a remonstrance to the minister, which met with but

qualified success. "His Majesty will permit Sieur Duguay-Trouin to take for his company the sailors retired from the batteries, provided that they agree with the other conditions required." With the help of fifty soldiers thus obtained the captain had to content himself and set sail. Just as the ships started the peace of Ryswick put an unexpected end to the expedition. Privateers lost heavily by this unseasonable armistice and the Trouins among them, but we have no complaint from the loyal captain, who accepted it as the fortunes of war. His king had considered it best to give peace to Europe, and nothing more need be said.

For a time now, Duguay-Trouin had leisure to enjoy life ashore, which he did to the full, even rounding out his pleasures with a challenge, which the Commandant of Brest rendered of none effect by summoning in the name of the King all parties interested to present themselves at his house and make up their differences.

When peace was over, René entered once more upon his course of freebooting, and with such success, in the main, that but for change of name in his ship, change of waters and number of guns, his life reads "We have met the enemy and they are ours, and we're bringing them into St. Malo or Brest as fast as wind will permit."

Again he took under him a younger brother,

this time Nicholas. Again, after a brilliant maiden effort the brother was mortally wounded and breathed his last in the arms of the elder. Said a compatriot: "Family of heroes, you merit the respect of posterity. Of three brothers, two have given the example of dying for their country: Duguay-Trouin gives that of living but for it."

Not until the year 1706, did the king deign to include the name of Duguay-Trouin in the list of names for promotion. Ever since the resumption of hostilities each sortie of the captain had been advantageous as well as glorious, but in spite of signal victories he was required to have fitted out four campaigns before obtaining this mark of royal approbation. Any one of Duguay-Trouin's four seasons on the high seas would suffice to make the reputation of an officer general of our day. Even at this, the promotion was only from commander of a frigate to the captainship of a first class man-of-war. By this time, however, his repuation among naval officers was of the highest, and in desperate engagements he was Admiral in all but name.

The story of René's victories becomes monotonous in its elements of daring, if not fool-hardy, recklessness and courage, and in the regularity with which he kept on fighting till victory crowned his efforts, and his ship heading its string of prizes made for St. Malo or Brest, so

nothing important is lost by passing at once to the action which summed up the chief points of his naval procedure, and put the crowning touch to his imperishable fame. Off each European nation's Atlantic shore had Duguay-Trouin manifested his prowess to that nation's sorrow, while his brother Luc had spared no expense in fitting out cruisers and privateers. It became impossible for Louis XIV longer to refuse the supreme reward so well deserved, and some time in the year 1709 the brothers Duguay-Trouin and de La Barbinais-Trouin received letters of nobility with the privilege of bearing armour with crest. René hastened at once to Versailles to thank his king in person, but being no courtier, he remained but a short time, thinking that his own fashion of making court by destroying the nation's enemies was most fitting for a sailor.

At this period France was deplorably in need of funds and the difficulty of fitting out expeditions almost insuperable, but, by appealing to the Malouins, his friends, Duguay-Trouin succeeded in interesting six merchants, who formed an association to help the government, and deputed one of their number to proceed to Paris and lay their plans before the ministry of the marine. The Count of Toulouse, governor of Brittany, was so impressed by the generosity and importance of the project, that he joined the

association. Louis, having signified his approval and assent, provided the ships, which the Malouins at once made ready to put into complete fighting trim. Even after the ships were fully equipped, the arsenal at Brest was so denuded of ammunition and stores that the fleet was much delayed before finally weighing anchor. This is the fleet with which Duguay-Trouin waged the terrible battle of the Bay of Rio Janeiro. It consisted of nineteen vessels under command of the most valiant officers in the navy.

Duguay-Trouin, having assembled the ships at La Rochelle, and provisioned them for eight months, set sail June ninth from Perthuis. August eleventh they passed the equator, and on September twelfth stood before the entrance of the Bay of Rio, the year being 1711. At one o'clock in the afternoon under English colours the French ships entered the narrow passage leading into the harbour, but the fortress at the right, Santa Cruz, was not deceived, and opened fire speedily. The *Magnanime* that led the advance, perceiving itself discovered lowered the British flag and ran up the French, which act drew fire from all the forts around the coast. The French ships, notwithstanding, sailed calmly on as regularly as though they were entering a friendly port, save that from both sides they steadily returned the firey compliments the Portuguese paid them. The vessels in the har-

bour, fearing to be boarded took refuge beneath the guns of the various fortresses, after having begun by a brisk support of the batteries. By four o'clock the French squadron was anchored beyond range of shot, and Duguay-Trouin proceeded with no delay to make ready for a general attack. He discovered that conditions were not such as he had expected; besides the ordinary garrison, five regiments of regulars had been recently brought over to their support; and, furthermore, the object of the French, instead of being unknown, had been communicated to the Portuguese by the Queen of England. The Brazilian governor, having had a month's warning, had built new forts, doubled the garrisons, and put all in the best state of defence. Another leader would have been discouraged by the entirely unexpected nature of the task before him. Not so our Malouin, whose tactics, fortunately, are preserved in a daily journal, written with painstaking accuracy by Trouin himself. The diary was a new departure for the writer, and seems almost providential, since this bombardment of Rio Janeiro marked not only the climax of his naval career, but formed the last engagement of his active life as sailor.

On the night of the twelfth the attack began, and the following night the French captured four merchantmen that had sought the protection of the forts. At daybreak on the fourteenth,

Duguay-Trouin debarked a force of three thousand men, who threw up breastworks and prepared to besiege the place from landward. The position was most favourable, and when the French were quite ready for action, their leader sent to the Governor propositions for surrender, receiving the response that he would defend the place to the last drop of his blood.

The French batteries immediately opened fire, seconded by the *Brilliant* and the *Mars*, which lay along shore, and a part of the Brazilian intrenchments were demolished. Duguay-Trouin disposed his fleet so that the assault from the harbour should open on the twenty-first. In accordance with this design he dispatched a force of men to take possession of five Portuguese ships that had been abandoned and lay within range of the fire from the forts. The boarding, which should have been accomplished under cover of darkness, became known through the dazzling flashes of a severe thunder storm, and called down upon the French a volley from the fortress. The French commander was ready for this *contretemps*, and immediately fired a gun as signal for the attack to open. The harbour at once became the scene of terrible conflict, to the roar of thunder was added the noise of the guns, and the incessant fire of ship and fort paled and was lost in blinding flashes of lightning; notwithstanding torrents of rain, the French

bombs set fire to the city, and a vast conflagration increased the splendour of the awful scene. By daybreak of the appointed day, Duguay-Trouin, at the head of the troops, advanced to make the final assault, and then it first became known that the panic-stricken inhabitants had fled, carrying with them the regular troops; and that, on leaving, they had fired the magazines, and had mined the forts, in the hope that the victorious French might be blown up on entering the streets.

With the greatest precaution Duguay-Trouin reconnoitred the abandoned city, visited the posts, liberated such French prisoners as were found, and in the name of the king took possession.

On the twenty-third, the exterior forts were captured, and the invading fleet anchored near the city. The next day Trouin received a ransom of 20,000 crowns for an English vessel in the bay, and for several days his sailors were kept busy loading their ships with spoil to be carried back to France. Negotiations were opened with Don Francisco de Castro-Morais for the buying back of the town.

The exceeding activity of Duguay-Trouin was very necessary, for the Portuguese were trying to delay matters, in order to permit Don Gaspard d'Acosta to reassemble the scattered troops, and Don Antonio d' Albuquerque to arrive by forced

marches from the mines, at the head of a body of fifteen thousand men.

On the tenth of October the agreement was signed. The Governor engaged to pay 610,000 *cruzades*, to furnish 5,000 cases of sugar, and to furnish all the cattle needed by the French. Twelve Portuguese officers were held as hostage till the terms of the treaty were fulfilled.

While awaiting the final payment, which was not made till the fourth of November, on which day, with the exception of the forts commanding the entrance of the harbour the conquered territory was delivered to the Portuguese governor, Duguay-Trouin busied himself putting the sugar aboard his ships, of which he reserved five hundred cases to form a cargo for the prize *Reine-des-Anges*. Two other ships he loaded with general booty, but the main portion of the plunder he sold to the Portuguese at reasonable terms. One wreck and one merchantman for which there was no purchaser were burned on the eleventh.

November thirteenth the whole fleet set sail for France. South-west of the Azores it encountered a violent storm which so separated and damaged the ships that many were given up for lost, finally, with two exceptions they were reunited at Brest, many of them disabled, some dismasted, and all more or less in need of repair. On the *Magnanime*, one of the lost vessels

had been shipped much merchandise and over 600,000 livres in gold and silver, in fact, the larger part of the riches gained in the expedition. Nevertheless, enough spoil was brought to France to pay all expenses of the expedition, amounting to some 1,600,000 livres, and to yield over and above this a profit to the investors of 92%. Had it not been for 500,000 livres of bad debts and the loss of the two vessels, the adventure would have paid the Malouin *armateurs* a hundred per cent more. Is it any wonder that the gray mansions of seventeenth and eighteenth century St. Malo were more luxuriously appointed than the castles of the nobles!

This glorious effort of an expiring marine brought nothing but a cold recognition to its animating spirit, partly because of the general mourning over recent deaths in the royal family, partly because of the very serious troubles that now beset the state, but more than these, because of the jealousy and malevolence that resent superiority in another. Garbled versions of the facts of the action had been given out; charges of dishonesty had not been wanting; accusations of lax management; and the never failing better ideas of the many who knew more about commanding than the man whose sole business it had been from youth up, robbed Duguay-Trouin of the gratitude he richly had earned. In his own

sailor town, though, where the people comprehended the difficulties he had surmounted, the reception accorded to him went far to heal the hurts he received. At Brest he was even forced to defend himself against injurious denunciations, and to see his apportionment of the booty discredited by a repartition.

Disillusioned and embittered, grieved for the misfortunes of his country, shamed by the clause of the Treaty of Utrecht relating to the demolition of the port of Dunkirk, Duguay-Trouin retired to his country place on the Rance, where, to this day, a small elevation on the north side of the garden, is called the "cradle of Duguay-Trouin."

The hero now settled down to private life, entertained his friends, particularly those naval officers with whom he could review the stirring events of his life, and occupied himself incessantly with the interests of the sailors, obtaining for them deserved rewards and for their widows and children fitting pensions, showing himself to be the same modest captain, who, after a certain victory, had declared: "I am only too well rewarded if I obtain advancement for my officers."

In August, 1715, Duguay-Trouin attended court at Versailles. On perceiving him, Louis XIV stepped towards him in order to announce to him himself, in the most gracious manner, that

he had been promoted to the rank of chief of squadron.

The death of Louis and the disastrous regency of the infamous Orleans achieved the ruin of the French navy, and the brave Malouin was not called upon to leave his retreat on the Rance, save when his royal appointment demanded his presence in Brest, where he devoted himself heartily to matters of discipline and the welfare of his country.

In 1718, in the final liquidation of the Brazilian prizes, the directors made a tardy acknowledgement of the nation's debt to Duguay-Trouin, and awarded him the sum of 12,000 livres as his share of the money arising from the sale of the ammunition captured.

Now, indeed, honours began to be showered upon the unassuming sailor. In 1723, he was made member of the council for India; in 1728, Louis XV, through the influence of Cardinal Fleury appointed him commander of the *Saint-Louis* and Lieutenant General, but these belated tokens of recognition did not affect his unostentatious nature. In the next year he was made commandant at Brest, and the care of the entire Breton coast was entrusted to him. Two years later, in command of a squadron detailed to protect French commerce in the Levant, he made a cruise glorious for the success of its peaceful settlement of many threatening complications.

On the breaking out of war between France and England, in 1733, the Court alarmed sought the advice of Duguay-Trouin. To a letter of 1734 his careful response ends: "I add here, Monseigneur, a list of ten ships of the kind you have ordered, I can answer for the captains I take the liberty of proposing to you, and hold myself ready to obey you." The preparations were rendered unnecessary by a peace.

Having, thus, time to think of his own affairs, the valued officer went to Paris to consult the best physicians there, from whom he learned that his death was merely a matter of time, although he lingered until 1736. As he felt his end approaching he communicated the fact to Cardinal Fleury, who wrote in return: "I have read your letter to the king, who was touched by it, and I myself could not help breaking into tears. You may rest assured, in case God calls you to himself, that His Majesty will be disposed to grant marks of his favour to your family, and I shall not find it difficult to impress him with your zeal and your services."

The family consisted only of a sister and brother, for Duguay-Trouin never married. He seems to have felt but one attachment even approaching serious during his life, and that was during his wild youth at the age of nineteen, when the parents of his love removed her to a convent to oppose his suit.

On the twenty-seventh of September, 1736, died the man who had never made war a dishonourable traffic, who had never sought advancement, and who had never failed his king or country.

In person Duguay-Trouin was most manly, with well proportioned figure and serious face. Constant occupation with concerns of moment rendered him somewhat reserved and disinclined to converse on frivolous topics. His mind was vigorous and just, no detail necessary to the success of his enterprises escaped him, nor did he spare any exertion that might contribute to their happy issue. Although of impetuous character, no citizen ever bore more for the honour of his country, and among his friends never was a kinder companion. He has been accused of too great severity in discipline, but in the navy severity is imperative for proper execution in action, that he ever thought of the welfare of his subordinates needs no proof, and his disinterestedness is manifested by the fact that after having won for his nation wealth almost incalculable, he died but moderately rich. In his loss France mourned one of her most valued defenders.

XXIV. THE GOOD PASTOR

WITH the exception of Balzac's Country Doctor, no character in French fiction is more lovable than the country priest, possibly, because in the country priest French fiction is closely allied to fact, a relation very commonly disregarded by French romancers.

The venerable *curé* of St. Servan was a type of all that is high and noble in the class, and that he chanced to receive the honour due to his many virtues while we could, as they say, assist, furnished us with one of the most illustrative pictures of the national character.

The good man although over eighty years of age and bowed by infirmity was still indefatigable in works of beneficence. Of the many results of his labours if nothing but the orphanage might be cited it would be enough to deserve the boundless gratitude of a community yearly robbed of husbands, fathers, and brothers; but the orphanage is but one of a long list of noble charities originated and brought to completion by the faithful pastor. The mere sight of a man who for fifty years has without thought of worldly advancement devoted himself to a round of sim-

ple duties, has filled the niche within which he has been placed, to the honour of God and the blessing of man, is a lesson in human possibilities that tends towards the moral elevation of the race. That the peasants loved their *curé* is understating the case, their attitude was one of devotion, and to observe the manner in which they bowed before the bent figure whose face was a benediction, must have convinced the veriest sceptic that in him resided a something not to be accounted for by human rule and measure.

To the *curé's* surprise he received word that the Pope had conferred upon him the title of Monseigneur, and the Servanais were wild with joy. The Archbishop of Rennes in person came bearing the insignia and regalia, and a solemn high mass on the occasion of his investment in office called to St. Servan the clergy of the whole province and the populace of the region from every class of life. The most striking feature of the influx was the crowds of peasants that walked for miles to do honour to a pastor famed far and near for his benevolence.

It was the Sunday services that formed the climax of a week of rejoicing and brought back to mediaeval likeness the dingy commonplace face of St. Servan. The houses fronting on the paved square before the church were gaily draped and fluttering with flag and pennon as for a tournament. If a knight in full armour bestriding a

Peasant of Pont l' Abbé

richly caparisoned charger had pranced into the opening he would have seemed the fitting centre-piece for the setting.

The ceremonies opened with a triumphal procession from the presbytery to the church, preceded by a full band whose music, at first faint, swelled to its loudest, and then lost itself as it passed within the sacred building Then came two by two the chief ecclesiastical dignitaries of the region, all in their richest vestments, followed by the lesser clergy. The orphans, special care of the honoured priest, made a long line, and at the end were still other assistants whose worldly positon was not evident. All these found their place in the church before it was open to the general public, with the result that the larger number of the latter were crowded upon the steps before the door and out across the square.

Inside the doors it is scarcely possible to imagine so splendid a scene. Banners streamed from walls and pillars, gorgeous flowers were massed about all altars, everything lightable was ablaze, and a bright sun sent the hues from the rich glass across the kneeling throng. The prevailing lilac of the vestments rendered bright the host of clergy within the altar rail, and in the canopied seat the dear old man was radiant in his new decorations.

The finest choristers of the land aided by

organ and band, rendered the music with a fullness and depth rarely heard outside the great church cities.

A celebrated preacher from a distance had asked, as a favour, permission to give the sermon on this memorable occasion, and when a French sermon is good, it is very good. It seems singular that an apparently thoughtless, careless people like the French should be especially gifted in the direction of pulpit oratory, but, that such is the fact, few who have heard their celebrated preachers will deny. The gift has not been limited to the days of Bossuet and Bourdaloue. Then, too, there is a very pretty taste in sermons prevalent among the people. It is astonishing to notice the congregations assembled at those seasons when the Church makes a speciality of sermons, as, for instance, the seasons of Lent and Advent. Men who never, at other times, attend service and whose lives attest anything but a love of morality, make positive sacrifices to hear the noted speakers, whose hours of service are daily published in the church journals. At any of these times you may see the churches thronged not, as is usual, with women and children, but with men of every age and station.

The Dinard ferry-boats do not make the noon trip, as all hands are busy eating breakfast. It is a great convenience for the crew, but not so much so for church-goers. After the long,

interesting service, there was nothing to do but wander down the street and pick up a make-shift breakfast at the *pâtisserie*, which raised five o'clock tea several degrees in our estimation. The air of Brittany induces a good healthy appetite for the five o'clock function, and to miss it is a real loss. The hollow unsubstantiality of *brioches* and watery chocolate, combined with aimless awaiting the pleasure of the boatmen, chastened materially the exaltation of sentiment excited by the touching ovation of the morning.

It becomes second nature on the coast to watch for incoming vessels, and especially for belated fishing craft. For weeks everybody had almost despaired of the last overdue vessel of the fleet, but one morning on waking the harbour was seen to be alive with boats of all description. Back and forth, in and out they swarmed. No one needed to be told what had occurred, but a deep cry of gratitude went up at the sight. There in the offing came on the ship in full sail. Crowds filled the wharves and everything that could float hurried forth to greet the home-coming wanderer. It is impossible for one who has never lived among fishers to understand the strain of awaiting the return of the widely separated fleet. It is a very rare thing to have every vessel that started in the early Spring come back, and it never happens that all the men get home; for, besides the danger of shipwreck, disease

aggravated by cruel exposure is always more or less prevalent. Besides this the little boats upon which the men are distributed on reaching the banks, and which are anchored off shore never once touching land, are frequently run down in fogs and darkness; the great liners that pass over them are, as a rule, entirely unconscious of having sent souls to their long account.

This return of the fleet begins in late September, or in October. It continues till Winter has fairly set in; first one, then two or three, then a long, stormy stretch in which nothing can brave the reefs and rocks beyond. Then follows the anxious period when all ought to be in, but the missing are still hoped for. One, perhaps two, of these do appear one day, and after that fears and hopes contend, to die down at last into the dull despair of the widowed and fatherless.

France seems to be more abundantly blessed with red tape than any other known country that people usually visit. Even to send an express package to Paris requires so much explanation, so many seals, such exact boxing and cording, it is far simpler to shoulder the package and carry it to town. There was a case in point before we left. A peddler woman, not successful in managing the topheavy cart piled with her wares, was thrown from her overturned vehicle and killed one evening. This was in our Depart-

ment, Ille-et-Vilaine. In the morning, the horse was found still attached to the cart which had evidently struck a large stone in the road. The woman lay beside it quite dead. As she had driven in from Côtes-du-Nord, it was impossible for the authorities of Ille-et-Vilaine to act in any manner with regard to the case, before being empowered to do so by the magistrates of her own Department. The necessary negotiations occupied the entire day, and not till nightfall was anybody instructed to remove the body. Meanwhile agitation reigned over the entire official force of both Departments, and the telegrams and parleys involved seemed extended enough to have disposed of a dozen such matters.

In the crowds of peasants drawn together by this catastrophe a notable number of the women had replaced the coif by a bonnet. It is a great pity that even here, where the women have always clung with pride to their beautiful headgear, the fashion is gradually dying out. Formerly a Breton woman would have blushed to appear in public without the coif of her village on her head. Now many elderly women save their beautifully laundered caps for Sunday, using a bonnet during the week. Young girls openly prefer cheap, gaudy, hats. With most elder women the actuating motive is economy, for no peasant woman washes her own cap. This branch of laundry work is a distinct profession,

and although the cost is moderate, the mother of a large family who must lay up dots for the daughters and acquire new fields for the sons, learns that white caps are rather a vanity than a necessity, and thinks twice before donning her neat stiff coif that one sharp shower will send back to the laundress.

The skill with which women protect their linen in this land of rain is astonishing. They face showers that reduce strangers to spongy ooze, but beneath their scientifically directed umbrellas their bows, tabs, and frills stand out bravely, seemingly impervious to adverse moisture. It is so unusual to see a soiled or crumpled coif that the woman wearing one stands thereby convicted of being a hopeless slattern, if not worse.

XXV. LÉHON

THE winter provided by Brittany is a season of mild drizzle. One furious flurry of light snow took the Dinardais unawares, but no sooner had the sun touched the whiteness than it was gone in mist and the air became soft and balmy. The neap tides, called *mer morte*, behaved in a way of their own peculiar to the bay. They rose or did not rise in erratic fashion quite regardless of the usual schedule and threw the best of calculations out of joint. For days the waters scarcely varied in level, but lay heavy looking and sluggish. Except when stirred by a breeze, the expanse of the bay was a great misty burnished mirror, viscous in appearance and unnatural to the degree of being uncanny.

Of rain during the winter we received more than a fair share, for the three winter months afforded but three entirely clear days, one of which, fortunately, fell on Christmas. So many of the shrubs retain their foliage throughout the year and so many flowers bloom in any month that it is hard to realise that winter is past and spring with us again.

The certain signs of spring are increased activity among the fishing folk, the many tales of hardship in fitting out the men, and added calls upon the charity of all who can help. Our special sympathies were enlisted in the case of a fisherman whose family occupied a small cabin on the road to St. Lunaire. On two successive voyages this father of a large family had been shipwrecked, losing his entire outfit both times. It had been difficult enough to replace the bedding, heavy woollen garments and tools once; to do this twice with no good year intervening was practically impossible because his bounty had barely sufficed to support the household. The man had decided to ship to those icy seas with no *tricot* (woollen jersey), no bed upon the board bottom of the wooden bunk, and only such apparatus for his trade as could be manufactured from waste at home. There was no imposture about this, the wrecks were a matter of general knowledge, and the consequent destitution unavoidable. To us it would seem as though the government should make some sort of provision for wrecked fishers, but none seems to be made. We were only too glad to knit at *tricots*, and other foreigners in the town contributed towards the proper fitting out of the worthy man. But where one case meets relief dozens just as unfortunate, just as deserving are unaided, and many a man goes off to die, not from accident,

but from the effects of insufficient protection against the rigours of the terrible climate of the Newfoundland coast.

The earliest announcement that winter is past is the public notice of the great Paimpol *pardon*. The boats for the Iceland fishery are first to get off, but before they go both boats and fishers are blessed by the clergy, and fishing people from all parts of the coast flock to Paimpol to be present at the open air service that takes place on some jutting promontory overlooking the fleet, only waiting for the first bright day and spring breezes to set out.

Not long thereafter, carts began to pass our gates, bearing boxes and mattresses, and every morning crowds of men came into the village to be registered and receive a portion of the bounty allowed by the Government. The carts were usually driven by the mothers or wives of the men who were perched upon the sea-boxes. It makes one long, sad procession for a month or more. Day by day the harbour becomes a scene of increased activity; the great steamers that carry the larger portion of the men appear, the hospital vessel that always accompanies the fleet soon follows; large sailing vessels with two or three masts stand about; small coasters run in and out busy provisioning; row boats ply between land and the shipping. Finally the long looked for provision steamer is sighted and the

work of storing the other ships adds to the animation of the scene.

Then come fresh tales of privation and suffering, needy families not able to fit out their men properly, invalid wives who may not be left alone, or motherless children who can ill spare the father. It is all most pitiful and distressing, especially when you learn the life of hardship and misery borne by these patient Bretons during their long absence. If it were not that they are born to it, as were their fathers before them, they could scarcely be found willing to submit to a bondage so perilous and severe. It is not at all surprising that at the last moment their hearts fail them and many are tempted to desert. It is this that causes the authorities tacitly to permit the men to come aboard in all stages of intoxication. It is considered entirely justifiable to ply a downhearted comrade with liquor till his spirits rise or till he must be carried to his berth only to regain consciousness when too far out on the sea to get back. For this cause, too, the money is partly paid in advance. Usually this portion is quite gone before the day of sailing and the debt to the Government thus incurred holds the man to his bond.

The vessels with knotted standard at the masthead are not fully manned and equipped, those where the pennon streams on the breeze, free and full, are quite ready to sail and only await

favouring conditions, for this dangerous coast must be quitted with circumspection. Any peasant woman, selected at random, can fill your ears with tales of the men she has lost at sea, of others now upon it, and the little ones destined for the life. Probably not one family near the coast has failed to furnish its quota of sacrifice to the deep.

A pilgrim boat, "Notre Dame de Salut," just back from the Holy Land, went with the fleet carrying the priest of this floating parish and moreover fifteen hundred fishers. Upon the deck a neat chapel was prepared that regular service should not be wanting. The priest in charge has always under him an efficient staff of assistant clergy, and the spiritual wants of the men are more amply provided for than their physical.

Below, the vessel is partitioned off and built up with bunks. There is no softness of any kind about them; they are simple board boxes, one above another, cheerless, comfortless, and crowded all too closely. The men provide their own bedding, and perhaps the aspect is more hopeful when these boxes are stuffed with the thick, substantial mattresses that we have seen pass down our road.

By the time the fleet really sailed, our interest and excitement had reached such a pitch we could not refrain from going over to St. Malo to

see it off. Day after day, it had been detained by contrary winds. One impatient captain, against the advice of all the others, did try to beat out earlier. The vessel was not out of sight when a storm arose and there, before the eyes of the others, it was dashed to pieces on the jagged rocks near the Chausey Islands.

We crossed in the early ferry boat, reaching St. Malo shortly after seven o'clock. The town was already crowded, the quays and city walls black with people, whose numbers were constantly augmented by crowds arriving by land and water. The rigging of the great steamers was filled with men shouting their last words to friends on shore; belated fishers were trundling their boxes or dragging their mattresses. Each wine shop rang with the sounds of tipsy revelry, while officials watched that no man should fail to be sent to his proper destination. There was far less visible demonstration of sorrow than one would expect. Poor creatures! the grief that has grown with their growth and that never entirely leaves them can not expend itself in one violent outburst. It was pitiful to see drunken men reel from one wine shop to the next, to be finally bundled up the gang plank inert masses, watched from afar by anxious wives and tearful children.

It took about two hours to get really ready, and then with a hollow preliminary whistle, that sounded like a knell, the great hulks, throwing

off the cables, slowly moved out of the harbour, and off towards the open sea, carrying many a man destined never again to look upon the old, grey walls and fortifications, to which he has annually bidden farewell ever since he was able to handle a hawser.

We made two attempts to see the great Dinan fair, one of the most important in Brittany. There are two annual fairs there, one in the Spring, and the other in the Autumn; but the former, beginning on the second Thursday in Lent, and continuing till Easter week, is, by far, the most worthy of attention, for it seems to have retained all the significance of the fairs of bygone days. It is here that arrangements for farm labour for the ensuing year are made, that cattle are bought and sold, and produce bartered. All through the Winter, exertions are directed towards making a good appearance in the fair, and the most important business transactions of the year, so far as the peasants are concerned are concluded at this season.

On the first occasion, opening day, one of the three especially great days of the fair, Mid-Lent and closing day being the other two; we had scarcely left the train and joined the surging throng that pressed along the broad road towards the city, when the threatening grey of the skies descended in soft drizzle that soon merged into a soaking downpour, lasting through the entire

day. The crowd of basket-laden peasants would have been trying to thread under the best of conditions, but, with the situation complicated by huge dripping umbrellas overhead and streaming gutters underfoot, the problem was serious. To become hopelessly entangled in a knot of chaffering countrymen, from each point of whose unbrellas ran small spouting rills to catch the unwary in the face, neck, or other unprotected spot, was quite literally a damper that drove us for refuge to the antique furniture shops. There is material enough in those havens to fill the time comfortably, and we had a day of revel among armoires, chests, chairs, and dressers, all carved to distraction.

The great Square du Guesclin, where interest centred, and the purely entertaining features of the fair were gathered, was a wilderness of booths offering wares of every description, but the rain had soaked into the gravel there to remain, and the resulting quicksand was too sloppy for anything lighter than *sabots*, so after sinking a few steps into the soft footing, where each impression made became a little pond, we gave that up and went over to St. Sauveur. In the "Place" before the church is held the sheep and calf market. The poor creatures were tightly bound and thrown upon their sides, while the cold rain chilled them through and through. Women were kneeling by the sheep clipping off their only

protection with scissors, though the animals were shivering and trembling so violently, it was a wonder the cutting could proceed. Those who were so fortunate as to find a place beneath the porched houses were in a measure protected, but only a small fraction could be accommodated thus. One humane peasant had dragged her sheep into the vestibule of the entrance to St. Sauveur, and the worshippers had to step over her heels, her sheep, and her belongings, and then wade through wool in passing in or out.

Our second attempt to see the fair in its glory was Mid-Lent (*Mi-Carême*). This time, the day was perfect, and the crowd even greater than before. Along all the roads as our train sped on, we could see troops of peasants walking, driving, and riding into Dinan. A train from the Dol direction drew in five minutes later than our own, disgorging an even greater number of passengers, and this was only the beginning, for festivities do not fairly set in much before noon. We tried this time to make sure of the Place du Guesclin, but was a hopeless jam. Many of the young women were beautifully dressed in bright costumes, but they were almost lost to sight in the general crowding of blue blouses, set off with white stitchings and embroideries and the sober shawls of the matrons. There were stands for the sale of the thick, heavy buckwheat cakes, eaten only by peasants; of sausages

and potted meats cooked before our eyes; of *gauffres*, bonbons, and cakes of the country; a characteristic feast. Further on, we picked our way among crockery, tins, brassware, and junk, these usually being spread upon the ground. Then, on raised benches covered by awnings, were laces; knit goods; wool, dyed and woven by the peasants during the Winter; and the coarser grades of woolen and cotton goods. Toys and souvenirs of all kinds, toilet articles and religious tokens, are found scattered indiscriminately among other wares. But the great attractions, the living wonders, the merry-go-rounds, shooting galleries, panoramas, performing dogs, museums, etc., which form so large a part of every French country fair, were here in full blast. The favourite seemed to be a seated whirligig called "The Waves of the Ocean," that was ground around to the strains of a wheezy organette in so billowy a manner that "A Storm at Sea" would have applied to its nauseating course far more exactly. A press of expectant ones thronged about this triumph of entertainment as we viewed it early in the day, and at our return in the evening its popularity had increased rather than in any wise diminished.

Through the cattle market at one side of this Place and the horse market at the back, we picked a cautious way, with due respect for the horns of the one and the hoofs of the other.

Strolling forth from Porte St. Louis we found ourselves in the heart of that most ridiculous of sights, the pig market. The porkers were all squealing, all trying to run in opposite directions at once, many were galloping off with some struggling guardian attached by a rope bringing up the rear.

We found ourselves on the broad foot road leading to the old village of Léhon, less than a mile away, and as Dinan was so overcrowded, we followed this out of the din. The road ends, as do so many in this land, in an abrupt flight of steps, plunging into the narrow, sinuous valley into which Léhon seems to have filtered down, deposited as sediment from the impending rocky heights towering above it on either side. The old ruined cloister here is far more interesting than the restored church, which is really an entirely new building, erected at the side of slender remains of an ancient chapel of the Beaumanoirs, also largely restoration. One niched tomb with a sculptured figure, and a few battered arches do remain of the original church, and as much as possible of the débris, neglected for centuries, has been incorporated into the recent work; still, there is not enough old to carry off the startling freshness of the light stone.

We were spied by the cross-grained housekeeper of the venerable Curé, as we were looking about for the cloisters hidden behind the church.

That so shrewish a temper should have been screened by so fresh a round face surprised us not a little, but we first observed her engaged in scolding the workmen all around for having told us how to find the object of our search, and when we reached the roofless arches that so firmly keep their place about the grass-grown inclosure, there she stood, ready to contest with us every foot of advance.

On one side there is a roof over the arches, though that is no addition to their ivy-grown beauty. It backs against that portion of the old monastery still standing, in which the refectory is fairly well preserved. The heavy, wooden staircase of the entrance hall, with many landings, turns up and up to the top, past barred doors and empty window cases, the view becoming more and more beautiful the higher the opening.

Having failed to turn us aside by the pleasing epithets of thief, crazy English, intruder, and a dozen other equally complimentary, of which she seemed to be furnished with an inexhaustible fund, our self-constituted guard clambered up the stairway ahead of us, turning at every landing to inquire, "Are you going to the top?" "Are you still coming?" Finding us unmoved, she at last gave up in despair, for as noon approached, doubtless the Curê's morning omelet was due, and the greater duty relieved her from

the less. She regretfully clattered down the long, dusty stairs, calling back as the height of sarcasm, "I hope you will be pleased with the attic." As in truth we certainly should have been, if a peep through the cracks of the worm-eaten, fastlocked door had not proved its floor a hopeless ruin. I had thought to stem the tide of her wrath by explaining that we were well-intentioned English, but all to no purpose. "It does not make any difference, they are all thieves and robbers," was her vicious answer. We asked the workmen, if she were crazy, but they laughed and assured us she was only *méchante*, and that she was so towards everybody.

On the top of a high hill at one side of the valley, are seen the ruins of what was once an immense castle. Nothing now is left but the vine-covered, grass-grown walls, which mark the wide extent of the early building.

The huge castles found in ruins at Corseuil, Matignon, and Lêhon are said to be the only remaining examples of hexagonal watch towers erected by the Romans from which they watched and overawed the contumacious Druids.

Within the inclosure stands a small, uninteresting modern chapel, but the view over the Rance valley below is one of the very finest in the country.

The legendary history of the monastery of Léhon begins far back in the earliest days of

the church. Its founder is said to have been the Irish St. Columban. In the days of the valiant Nominoé, who, having been appointed Governor of Brittany by Louis le Débonnaire, succeeded in establishing an entirely independent sovereignty, the feeble order received many distinguishing marks of favour. Nominoé found six monks there, whose devoted lives and austere piety so impressed him, he promised them a new house, if they could obtain the relics of some saint to enshrine therein, to whom the establishment might be dedicated. The poor brothers were much agitated, since relics were difficult to secure in ante-crusading times, but one, who had heard that some monks on the Island of Jersey guarded the remains of St. Magloire, an early Bishop of Dol, volunteered to make the pilgrimage in search of them. It was an unusually severe Winter, and after unheard of suffering and privation, the good brother, Condan by name, arrived almost dead, at the doors of the monastery of St. Magloire, and was received by the monks with every evidence of kindness. Condan learned that this order was even poorer than his own. The brothers had scarcely enough food to last through the Winter, and their garments, old and threadbare, proclaimed their poverty. He at once explained the generous proposition of Nominoé, and had little trouble in persuading the forlorn band to pick up St. Ma-

gloire and accompany him back to Lêhon, where the two communities with the approval of Nominoé united. The king richly made good his promise in the beautiful building he caused at once to be erected, and from the time St. Magloire was secured to guard the fortunes of the order it flourished apace.

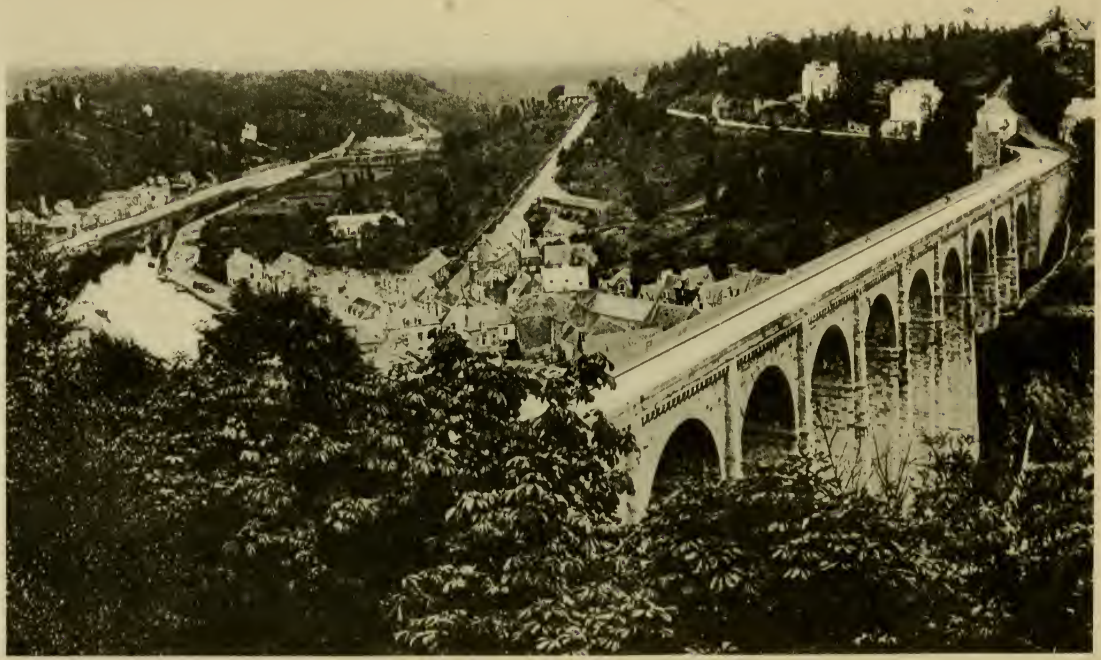
Far down the peninsula in the parish church of Locminé of the Morbihan district, there is preserved intact an ancient window in which each pane is illuminated with some scene from the life of St. Columban. Of these pictures, one of the most remarkable represents the founding of the monastery of Léhon. Below the scene is written in antique characters, "Coment Colombain fut eslu abé par ses frères à cac (cause) de sa Sainté et fist bastir le monastère de Lêhon par congé de Sigibert Roy de France."

XXVI. THE EAST SIDE OF THE RANCE

WE were awakened one morning by the noise of a procession of donkey carts that filed down the road and through the cut leading beachward. A throng of men, women, and children, driving or conducting their vehicles, chattered and laughed as they passed along making it seem as though all Ille-et-Vilaine were picnicing. While we wondered Yvonne came with enlightenment.

"But you have seen the notices, very surely!" exclaimed she, when we applied for information.

The notices had been as prominent as usual in stripes of red, white, and blue, but such decorations are so common that we had neglected to study these particular samples. Sea-weed is guarded by law and the posters had announced the beginning of the cutting season, short because of the protection the weed affords to sea life and breeding. The dates that limit the harvest time are given, and between them each peasant endeavours to amass more weed than his neighbour, since the dried material is put to numberless uses on the farms. From earliest dawn till late at night a general seashore jolli-



The Valley of the Rance

fication is sustained. The black weedy surfaces swarmed with women and children busily working with sickles. On the flat sands were drawn up lines of carts into which the men forked the heaped cutting, wet and glistening in the sunlight. Not alone in the bay, but along the entire coast this stirring activity suddenly springs into being. To and fro along all roads pass the heavy carts, creaking homeward with their dripping burden or rattling gaily back for more. The horses, two or three, always tandem, are of the huge Norman type, and loiter on their way pretty much to their own taste. The Breton driver produces cracks with his whip that would terrify less phlegmatic steeds, but the noise bears no apparent relation to the actual business in hand other than that of appropriate accompaniment.

Yvonne has a mind well stored with tales of the local heroes and each commune contributes its portion. Her favourite is the man who is known as the Malouin Regulus, a certain Porçon de la Barbinais, who was taken prisoner by the Dey of Algiers. The Dey let him go home bearing proposals of peace humiliating to France, on condition that if the mission proved unsuccesful, Porçon should return to have his head cut off. The hero gave his word and left for France. As he anticipated, Louis XIV indignantly rejected the terms, whereupon Porçon visited his

home, St. Malo, set in order his worldly affairs, bade adieu to family and friends, and went back to die. The Dey, instead of being softened by this noble behaviour, was highly incensed and gave orders for his immediate decapitation.

Browning's Hervé Riël came from away down the coast, but his signal feat was the entry of the Bay of St. Malo, when but for him, humanly speaking, the English would have annihilated the French fleet and left the country without a navy worth the name. Hervé Riël, the simple coasting pilot, who asked as reward for this great service merely a day off in which to go home.

Most of Yvonne's heroes, would, I fear, be classed with unregenerate pirates by less prejudiced observers, but that robs her stories of no interest. Now-a-days her gallant sailormen instead of lending glory to their birthplace would be actively busy in escaping the grasp of retributive justice. Nevertheless, in their seasonable course, two or three hundred years ago, they cut a brilliant figure, and Yvonne's vision seaward is of that age.

These privateers were brave, loyal, and venturesome. Their particular kind of lawlessness was approved by king and country, both which profited by their generosity. If occasionally these daring sailors decided that personal ventures were more profitable than licensed free-

booting it was a case where nothing was more successful than success.

Of all the sea-farers no Malouin had a more varied career than did Bertrand-François Mahé de La Bourdonnais who was born the eleventh of February, 1699. With the sea before his eyes from earliest youth it is not surprising that his one idea of life was sailoring. He was but ten years of age when he began a service that reflected more glory on his noble ancestors than their quarterings conferred upon their descendant. At the age of fourteen his tested ability won for him place as second ensign on board a vessel bound for the Philippines. A Jesuit on board bound for the same islands became interested in the boy and during the long voyage taught him mathematics which the pupil learned with ease. He served a severe apprenticeship in the East. During the years 1716–7 La Bourdonnais sailed the northern seas, and in the following year was transferred to the Levant, but cold or hot, the climate had no effect on his ambitious energy.

At that time the Portuguese, Dutch, and English were making settlements in outlying lands, and the French India Company, looking for an experienced navigator to help it to like settlements, could find no more able commander than La Bourdonnais, notwithstanding his extreme youth. He was raised to the grade of first

lieutenant and for a signal service in 1723 was made second Captain on reporting at home. The company sent him again to India in the next year where the royal engineer M. Didier, observing his unusual ability instructed him in the art and practice of fortification. The town of Mahé on the Malabar coast offered an easy conquest and La Bourdonnais seized it. The Admiral adopted the plans of the captain, who managed to steer clear of the jealousies so readily aroused in a case of this kind, and in testimony of La Bourdonnais's merit the reports accredited the success to him.

The resulting peace being not to his taste, the Malouin next entered the service of the Governor of Pondicherry, M. Lenoir, and went to Goa to carry presents from Louis XV for services rendered by the viceroy there. Here he was able to save two Portuguese vessels for which the Portuguese king conferred upon him the cross of the Order of Christ. For a time he sailed around Pondicherry, Calcutta, Goa, and elsewhere with no more important business on hand than the punishment of pirates whom he cleared from his course, returning to St. Malo in 1733 possessed of a great fortune and the vain dream of settling for the rest of his days at home. He married and prepared to give himself to the quiet of home life, but the India Company would none of it. He was named Governor General of the Isles

of France and Bourbon, so he had to pick up his young wife in 1735 and go to the Ile de France where he was expected to reduce to order the anarchy resulting from a long course of mismanagement in a land peopled by a half civilised mixture of blacks and whites. He had at most but two hundred and thirty-one men with which to effect the impossible, but such was his sagacity that he restored order, erected fortifications, raised and properly housed an army of defense, constructed canals and aqueducts, built bridges, in fact, gave to France a well administered colony for which service Louis honoured him in 1737 with the cross of St. Louis.

The death of his wife caused La Bourdonnais to revisit France in 1740, and there he found that malice had been at work. Envious office-seekers laid false charges against him, and, though he was exonerated, his pride was hurt, and his enemies but redoubled their machinations. He desired to resign his post, but troubles with the English calling for attention in the East, far from letting La Bourdonnais resign, the authorities sent him back in command of a fleet. Before leaving home he married again. On the way to his station hearing that Mahé was threatened by a powerful fleet he sailed in there and relieved the place. Then he went on to Ile de France with his squadron. Before long renewed hostilities on the part of the English caused him to

go to Madagascar for food for his own islands, since the English had intercepted some provision ships and others had been wrecked. In spite of heavy loss of ships and men by a tempest La Bourdonnais confirmed the power of France in all places that he touched, and having well done that for which he had been called, he again, with wife and children, went home to France.

By this time inaction had become impossible to him, so before long we see him cruising about West Indian waters under an assumed name to avoid capture by the English. Hearing of renewed war at home, he hastened back to find that his calumniators had been active during his absence, and that instead of receiving command of a squadron he was summoned to answer the gravest charges. This time he was cast into prison. The victor over the English, the conqueror of Mahé, of Madras, the hero of India, the founder of a flourishing colony was allowed to languish in the Bastille for over two years, where he contracted the disease that ended his life. The judges that pronounced his innocence could not restore his health, and he died in his fifty-fourth year.

Two naval commanders of the name Porée have been famous. A Jehan of the time of Louis XIII who led the Breton fleet to the assistance of the Duke of Guise in the reduction of La Rochelle; and Alain who for Louis XIV won so

many victories over English and Dutch fleets that he received successively as marks of royal esteem a portrait of the king, a sword of honour, and a title of nobility. The most striking tale of Alain relates to the amputation of his arm, the lower portion of which had been carried off by a cannon shot. The surgeon of the ship confessed to Porée that he did not know how to do it. "Bring me your books," commanded the seaman, "they must tell how it is done."

The surgeon brought Alain the books, and the wounded man looked through them till he found the right place which he showed to the operator who thereupon proceeded with the work.

To Americans the Malouin most interesting is Jacques Cartier, though he seems to be the prophet with lesser honour in his own country. In the museum of St. Malo may be seen a worn, wave-washed bit of decaying wood, the prow of his vessel. It is the only material testimony found here to tell the moving and romantic tale of the *Petite Hermine* that left this harbour April 20th, 1534, and entered the St. Lawrence two months later. There were three ships put under command of Cartier, but his crew became so reduced by fever that he abandoned the *Petite Hermine* and it was sunk in the St. Lawrence to prevent its being used by enemies. The ancient hull was discovered imbedded in the mud and was raised in 1843. The portions of the rescued

hulk now in the museum were sent as a gift to the town by the Historical Society of Quebec.

The Cartier family belonged to St. Malo, but Jacques was born at the country house several miles out of town, beyond the little village of St. Idiuc. It is possible to go by tram as far as Rotheneuf in seeking the spot, but after that it is best to walk, for the way leads through pleasant hedge bordered roads past well cultivated farms that offer varied attractions.

St. Idiuc seems to be a place of outing for well to do *bourgeois* whose residences lift the tone of the village considerably above ordinary level. An air of mossiness and general stagnation pervades the settlement, as though things had been left to themselves for a century or so, as they possibly have. A succession of high ivy-covered walls with gate posts still higher and, atop of these, lichen covered granite balls, worn and decorated by the elements into Roquefort cheeses, tree tops a-plenty through which peer pointed roofs, well trimmed with dormer windows; and a centrally placed church, set on a point between two roads by the use of years worn so low that the building sits up on a pedestal of its own. Peace, tranquil and profound, reigns over the region, where nobody seems ever to have heard of any man named Cartier, so for instructions it is necessary to look elsewhere. Peasants

usually hesitate to confess ignorance and to questions about unknown locations the invariable reply they give is, "Far, very far." The house in the case is pretty far beyond St. Idiuc, but the road is straight, so by walking along one finally reaches it some two miles ahead. The present appearance of the building is unimpressive. Through the open gate in the wall one first observes the customary filthy barnyard and behind that an insignificant farmhouse with an ancient doorway and one tower in front. It is impossible to be mistaken in the house for it is pictured in so many places, painted in the museum and photographed on cards, that one satisfied glance assures the traveller of the goal of the trip.

The St. Malo church records mention a certain Jehan Cartier, husband of Guillemette Beaudouin. The pair had six children, of whom the eldest, Jacques, born December 4th, 1458, married Jeffeline Jansart and had a son, the famous Jacques Cartier of history. While still little more than a boy, Jacques had accompanied fishing fleets to the coast of Newfoundland, during which ventures he conceived the idea of seeking new territory with which to endow his sovereign. When he was twenty-five years old, Cartier married the daughter of the Constable of St. Malo, and although the marriage to Catherine des Granches was happy, no child blessed

the union that the city might do honour to his descendants.

Jacques presented himself before Philippe Chabot, the French admiral and proposed to undertake a voyage of discovery by way of the great water beyond the already well known island. The idea met with favour and Cartier prepared to set forth with two vessels of sixty tons manned by sixty-one sailors. The vice-admiral, Charles de Moüy, lord of Meilleraye, visited the harbour to survey the equipage and having found it excellent saw it set forth on its mission. After a fine voyage the ships sighted the coast of Newfoundland, May 10th, 1534 but were forced by the ice to proceed farther on to a port that they named Sainte Catherine, where they waited for the spring thaws to permit them to continue their way. In coasting along Labrador the expedition found a fine harbour which was named at once St. Servan, then turning southward the ships entered the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Having fairly started on the voyage of discovery, the first anchorage was at the river Miramichi on the thirtieth of June, and some time was spent in this vicinity. From the fourth till the twelfth of July Cartier remained in a small bay that he named St. Martin, from which he sailed into the deeper indentation which from the intense heat then prevailing he called the *baie des Chaleurs*. He was well pleased

with the inhabitants with whom he traded for furs. In the course of the transactions the Indians used so frequently the word *kannata*, which signifies a cluster of cabins, that the French supposed it to be the name of the country, hence the word *Canada*. The ships now sailed into the great river and anchored at Gaspé where as sign of French possession Cartier raised a cross, bearing a shield with three *fleurs de lys*, above which was written in large letters, "*Vive le roi de France*," and around this symbol knelt the sailors in prayer, while the mystified savages regarded the ceremony with wonder. The chief of the native tribe, having received presents from Cartier with assurances of his return, permitted his sons Taiguragny and Domagaya to go on board the ships.

The return voyage was begun on July twenty-fifth, but many difficulties were encountered between that time and August ninth when the sailors anchored for a while in the harbour of *Blancs Sablons*. In Cartier's own story he says: "We departed from Blancs Sablons the 15th of August after having heard mass, and reached mid-seas between Newfoundland and Brittany happily, from which point we ran great danger through east winds, which we supported by the help of God; and later had very good weather, so that the fifth day of September of said year, we

arrived at the port of St. Malo from which we had sailed."

Cartier was empowered to conduct a second expedition, and this time three vessels were put at his service, *la Grande Hermine*, *la Petite Hermine*, and the galley *Emérillon*, of 120, 60, and 40 tons respectively. On the Sunday of Pentecost, May sixteenth, 1535, the members of the expedition confessed and received the sacrement, and the following Wednesday, taking advantage of favourable winds, the vessels set sail. Bad weather, however, dispersed the small fleet and the ships could not effect a meeting until the twenty-sixth of July in the bay of Châteaux, the place of rendezvous on the opposite shore of the ocean. Here, having made repairs and reprovisioned, Cartier resumed direction and the fleet went down the St. Lawrence. On the first of September the ships sailed into the mouth of the Saguenay, but did not ascend the stream. They went on to the site of the present Quebec and there anchored.

The Indian chief came to meet the Frenchmen, overjoyed to receive again his sons who had by this time learned French well enough to act as useful interpreters in the dealings with their father, Domacona.

Cartier left the two larger vessels and sailed on in the Emérillon, September sixteenth, accompanied by two small boats. At lake St. Pierre

the ship by mistake was headed into the north channel instead of the south, and the bar prevented its passage, but the small boats were then provisioned, and with four of his masters and twenty-eight men the voyage went on. They reached the site of Montreal the second of October and were well received by the natives, then turning about they regained the abandoned Emérillon and returned to the harbour from which they had set out, Ste. Croix, on the eleventh where Jacques made preparations to winter. As he himself tells: "From the middle of November till the 18th of April we were continuously shut in by ice of the thickness of two *brasses*, and upon the earth lay four feet and more of snow, it was higher than the decks of our ships, and this lasted the said time, so that the drinkables were all frozen in their casks within the ships. At this time there died twenty-five of the principal and good companions that we had, who died of the above mentioned malady, and at the same time were more than forty who did not expect to live, and above all sick none were exempt except three or four. But God by his holy grace regarded us with pity and sent us knowledge of a remedy for our cure and health."

In December, hearing that a pest was decimating the savage tribes, Cartier forbade the natives to come abroad the vessels, but the measure

was taken too late since some of the Europeans had been already attacked by the disease.

One day, as Jacques, desolated at the calamity that had befallen his crew, walked on the ice before the fort, he spied Domagaya, whom shortly before he had seen at the point of death. The chief was apparently well and the captain asked him the means of his cure. The Indian said that he had used the juice of the leaves and bark of a certain tree, and calling two women he sent them with Cartier to find the tree. Having gathered a store of leaves and bark, the women taught him how to prepare the decoction, which soon produced a marked improvement in the invalids. It was at this time that the *Petite Hermine* was sunk.

Navigation opened the third of May and the Frenchmen prepared to return home, but before getting under way they secured by stratagem the chief and his two sons that they might present to the king specimens in the flesh of the strange people they had found. By the sixth they were off and July sixteenth, 1536, were once more riding in the harbour of St. Malo.

King Francis sent the sailor on a third cruise. The stolen Indians had died, and when Cartier took this sad news to the chief *pro tem.*, the Indian was so delighted that he crowned him. Cartier's own account stops short in the midst of this third expedition, but we know that failing to

receive promised provisions, and having too few men to stand against savage attack, he came home. He then endeavoured to persuade Roberval to accompany him, but failing to induce him to go, Cartier himself gave up his plan of further exploration and never again set sail. In the winter he lived in St. Malo, but in the summer he retired to a pretty country house which he built at the village of Limoilou, still called *les Portes Cartier*. The navigator died in his sixtieth year.

In the immediate vicinity of St. Servan, the hospital and the adjacent cemetery of La Rosais afford a superb view of the bay and the opposite coast, but the most interesting spot nearby is the village church of St. Jouan de Guérets, where the fishermen go to be blessed before their departure for Newfoundland. The church itself is uninteresting, but it contains a celebrated shrine of the Madonna before which annually special service for the departing fleet is held. The men, headed by the good old *curé*, march bareheaded, barefooted, and with crossed arms, four miles to the shrine and back. No more affecting sight can be imagined than this procession of weather-beaten toilers, all clad in white, all weighed down with the shadow of coming parting and dangers, all hoping for the favour of the Virgin. The roads leading to the shrine are rimmed with the yellow of gorse in full spring

bloom; it always blooms but in spring makes the hedgerows one long flame and throws a sunny glory over the country. When gorse is out of bloom, then kissing is out of favour, goes the old saying.

The rocks of the coast tempt to feats of daring. From afar the way is a route across rounded masses of velvet sea-weed. In fact it is a perilous track of deep clefts, huge masses, and slimy pitfalls. Few rocks are large enough to admit of three free paces, and most but offer security for one foot. The problem of the expedition is how to advance in safety when retreat is a manifest impossibility. So long as the tide runs out the solution of the matter is accompanied by interest and exhilaration, provided no serious slips or bruises complicate it.

It is comparatively easy to round the first thrust of granite towards St. Enogat and find the snug, rock-bound beach appertaining to the Malouine where numerous staircases leading to gardens above offer delusive promise of escape in case the tide surprises the visitor. Shells and anemones line the semicircular walls of this cosy nest and beguile the time. The walk across these sands consists of pulling one foot free from yielding, sticky quicksand of which it is largely composed while the effort drives the other foot ankle deep. This exercise acts on the imagination rather unpleasantly and soon becomes

tedious. Then it is, that the inviting iron gates before the staircases reveal their guile, for they are one and all locked fast except for the few summer weeks of the social season. The duties of care-takers in charge do not include responsibility for human jetsam. Robinson Crusoe could not have been more lonely than a wanderer across the sands of the Malouine caught by the tide of early spring. Rocks, trees, sky, and sea are there to command, but no responsive creature human or other. To jump from a weedy height and land on sand is far easier than to reverse the process, but on this side or that reversal is the only feasible mode of exit, swimming excepted. Across the forward path stretches a ridge even higher and longer than that just crossed, and nothing betrays the exact nature of the opposite slope to one unfamiliar with the shore, which was our case in a first venture. The pleasant tales of the Mt. St. Michel maid sprang to mind with diabolic vividness. Each made an involuntary calculation of the length of time it would take the tide to reach high-water mark and of how long it would be before we should be missed. Pictures of about everything that might happen if we should come to grief here preceded the attack upon the granite dyke which, piercing the sea ahead, cut off the view of the immediate future. Fate, moist and untimely, appeared to be in the ascendant, since these rocks presented

all the difficulties of the ridge just passed with a feature or two of their own by way of augmenting the uncertainty. The rifts were deeper and wilder, necessitating perilous détours and trying scrambles where lower attainable surfaces were bathed in a smooth slime fitted to shoot the clamberer far into the wave with scant ceremony and no warning. The pilgrim's progress here became more than pleasurably agitating for the water now no longer dead and still began to ripple against the sea wall with the clear cut swish that betrayed the turned tide. High-water mark lined itself clearly between black and grey fully twenty feet above the most elevated portion of the cup-like beach and a probability of spending a night or more perched upon some friendly crag, if such could be attained, with no entertainment beyond a close observation of the rushing, roaring waters which a storm might easily whip to a fury great enough to sweep away unwelcome guests, was by no means reassuring. The only way of solving the problem presented by the formidable thrust of rock was to press on, though whether the pressure would result in a firm foothold on sand or a still more venturesome exploration of the sea no sign showed. It was clearly impossible to deliberate and a forging ahead was imperative, accompanied by the exasperating consciousness that by one or two well directed questions at the out-

set the uncomfortable stress of the situation might easily have been avoided. The beautiful anemones and shells that until now had made the road a delight quite lost their charm, but two unusually great clefts running deep and high into the bluffs where fishermen had drawn their boats beyond the reach of the waves presented attractions that compensated for the loss since as a lodging place for the night a dry boat is an improvement on a crag. The clefts themselves viewed objectively were interesting. They were obsidian veins through which the wash of waters had worn away the more readily decomposed elements leaving huge rounded boulders, black and polished, tumbled throughout their length, about which the waves foamed and surged angrily. These fierce rushes of water which reached higher and higher forbade any lingering among the great round glass balls that filled the gullied rift, it occupied time enough to climb down and work around the smallest of them, and even that was accomplished at the expense of some wading. Just as the sum of these hasardous exertions bade fair to lead to an advantageous peak, from which to combine in fact a number of harrowing scenes culled from a wide experience in fiction, a glint of sand at one side shot across the general gloom of the outlook, and a last desperate struggle brought into view the fair smooth St. Enogat strand, to be attained

by a heroic disregard of pools, weeds, and playful shoots of brine.

To a man the expedition would probably be child's play, but it behooves a woman to take counsel before making fool-hardy experiments upon unknown coasts.

XXVII. GOOD-BYE BRITTANY

SPRING comes and with it our dismissal in the interest of a fresh relay of foreigners who will make themselves comfortable in the places that will know us no more; will adopt our ancestors; will make love to dear Yvonne; and, bitter thought, will receive the cherished courtesies of our proprietors bestowed with all the kindliness we have been deceived into believing meant for us alone. Furthermore, just as our garden is taking its annual start in the direction of floral extravagance. The lilacs are mauve globes held aloft, the dark columns of gigantic box are delicately coated with lighter tints, and most of the fruit trees, after flinging petals and odours to every breeze, now show tiny knobs to once more delude us with promise of luscious offerings if we will only stay. The whole earth seems instinct with a wild desire to sprout into any and every sort of green thing, and the steady soak of the rain has given place to brightness.

Had the summons home only arrived during the chilling storms of winter, we should have filed out contentedly, and let our successors worry with the big stove in the hall. That incongruous

piece of furniture won its way by patient well-doing, for it was the only thing that met and conquered the clammy moisture that bathed the flagged floor and beaded the walls. The roaring fire of the stove permitted us to take a certain pleasure in the artistic bonfires kept up with virtuous intention in the depths of each deep yawning chimney place, which may have added to the comfort of the swallows not located too high in the flue. There were times when even the stove barely routed the raw chill of the atmosphere.

The pitiful size of the average European fire makes one wonder how so great an amount of sentiment can cling about the abortive expedient. Even the process of starting a blaze in the ineffective agent is so needlessly elaborate, that it is often far easier to swathe oneself in a blanket for warmth than to try to get a fire. The French *bonne*, at least of the Breton variety, has not the inarticulate docility of the trained English domestic. With shrugs and exclamations she gives her views at length before she makes a move in any given direction of obedience. Having conquered thus far, you rest on your oars, for victory is now on your side and you may await developements. First, comes a tangle of stiffest, most unmanageable twigs, which must be coaxed to fit between the andirons beyond any fear of giving an unexpected spring, for

that castastrophe often arrives with so generous a scattering of the ashes below that the whole fire business is postponed for a general cleaning up. Before the well settled twigs there is leaned on edge a little wheel of tarred or resined kindling wood. All this is satisfactory, but when over this careful preparatory pile two short, and not very thick sticks of wood are laid, to represent the material basis of warmth to follow, and the generous black cavity above yearns to embrace both heat and smoke, frequently making a poor business with the latter, faith is lost in sight. Here is where the stove scores its triumph, if it does not heap coals upon our heads, it at least collects enough near our toes to keep them from freezing.

Still, this is ungrateful reminiscence. We are genuinely sorry to leave the not entirely convenient house, where doors, windows, and all things movable do more banging in a given amount of wind than any ever hung before or since. Personally I am inclined to join forces with the tearful domestics, whose grief at the prospect of never seeing us again is in a continual state of overflow, but a good cry is a form of enjoyment which the bright sunlight and joyous spring weather would only aggravate. But, go we must, and that speedily, so the house agent has been doing his best to soften the pangs of parting, by discovering unsuspected breaks and

bruises, upon which to erect a fabric of supplementary charges extensive enough to make us wish to run away. He further insists that the furniture must stand in the precise spot it occupied ten months ago when we first made its acquaintance, a tax upon the memory of the party which threatens to wreck us entirely. Faithful old Yvonne comes to the rescue with her knowledge of the usual unchangeable French arrangement that has obtained since her childhood, and lords it over the pulling, hauling gentry put under her rule with unquestioned authority and a beaming satisfaction at getting her world once more settled as it ought to be after almost a year of agitating confusion.

Fortunately we made our promised call upon Yvonne in her own cottage last week. All the year we had been meaning to do it, but it finally became one of our duties crowded into the last busy weeks. The shock-headed niece, who may have her virtues, but seems to be a lazy girl, imposing upon her good aunt, was reclining on a couch beneath the window as we entered, but rose to a sitting posture and drew upon her lap her greatest pride, a cheap hat decked with flowers. Good Yvonne set chairs for us before the hearth, gave the earth floor a brush in their vicinity, and made us right welcome. In bed at the opposite side of the cabin lay her old husband crippled with rheumatism, patient and un-

complaining. The worthy man has served as model for our artists, his white locks and fine face something superior. Now, alas his days appear to be numbered. The visit went off well, but when, afterwards, Yvonne took us into the bit of garden given to her by the proprietors, we came near severing relations at the last minute. In her goodness of heart the kind friend simply mowed down her flowers for our benefit till we hurriedly begged her not to rob herself. The *rob* was the rock on which friendship came near splitting. We saw her soft wrinkled cheek redden and a childish tear moisten her gentle eye, for *voler* cannot be made to sound well to peasant ears. The rest of the visit was spent in explaining away the misapprehension.

That we have no illuminating ideas to promulgate anent the best method of keeping house in a château is entirely due to the exceeding efficiency of Yvonne, from which may be deduced the conclusion that in hiring châteaux an appended retainer is desirable.

As for the house, since our superfluities have been boxed or jacketed in burlaps, the true Breton rigour of arrangement which had faded from our minds, makes it unhomelike. The cold simplicity tends to mitigate the sorrow of parting, but when we look upon dear Yvonne and know that we shall never see her again, then we realise that this is a farewell like none other.

INDEX

PAGE

Abbas Pashaw 193
Abbé of Landevnec 225
of Primelin 221
St. Gwenolé 225
Abbess of Fontenelles..... 275
Abbey of Landevnec..... 95
Mt. St. Michel.....305–313
Redon 105
Abelard.....150, 328
A certain Budic..... 102
Admiral 378, 384
Admiral, title of 135
Aëtius 96
Agincourt 133
Ahes (Dahut) 224
Alain I, Judual..... 99
II 101
III, Count of Vannes...109, 110
IV, Twisted-beard.....110, 111
V of Rennes.....149, 150
Caignart, Count of Cornwall 150
Fergent 150
Porée.....380, 381
Albert le Grand..... 222
Albion.....18, 92, 93
Aleth (St. Servan)..47, 130, 131
Alethian bishops 130
Algiers, Dey of..... 375
Alix of Brittany..... 152
Alleys 184, 185
legend of..... 186
theories relating to..... 186
American arch 82, 83
American women..... 53
Amusements..... 368
Ancestors 36, 44, 89
Ancient castle, Léhon..... 371
houses, Auray 181
tiles, Camore 203
Angelus 17
Angers..... 107
Anglo-Batavian fleet 335
Anjou, Duke of..... 295
Anne of Beaujeu..... 162
Anne of Brittany, 47, 49, 51,

PAGE

52, 124, 128, 157, 162, 163,
237.....255–259
A noble beating..... 160
Antiquities, Dinard 45
Apple orchards 18
Aquitaine 94
Archbishop of Rennes..... 352
Archbishop of Tours..... 105
Architect, Breton.....23, 61
Architecture, domestic..... 56
Armorica 19, 223
Armorican shores..... 97
Arrangement of fishing boats 363
Arrival at Château..... 21
at Quimperlé..... 191
of Northmen..... 103
Art.....66, 259
Arthur of England.....149, 152
helps Hoël..... 97
II 154
III 161
Assassination of Pasquiten.. 109
Atilla 95
Atlantic shore 165, 340
Attack of Northmen..... 106
on Franks..... 98
Vigo 335
Audierne 221, 229
Audren 95, 96
Auray 157, 168, 170–181, 188
fair at 173, 174
hotel..... 171
kitchen 173
lodgings..... 171
market-house 181
parish church 181
roofs 172
Avaricum 94
Avranches 107, 139, 309
Aw sound in names..... 75
Azores 345

Baal cult..... 166
Bahon 278
Baie des Chaleurs..... 384

Index

PAGE

Baie des Trépassés 230
Ballads 95
Ballon 105
Baptism of Duguay-Trouin .. 329
Bard 95
Bards 230
Bastille 80, 81
Bathing beach, Dinard 48
Battle of Auray 157, 294
  Conquereux 111
  Hastings 150
Bay of Douarninez 229
  Rio Janeiro 341
  St. Malo 376
Bayeux tapestry 149
Beach, Dinard 81
  Malouine 390
  Paramé 123, 147, 148
Beaudouin, Guillemette 383
Beaumanoir, 27, 30, 44, 66, 71, 83, 86, 91, 144, 316, 318 319
  apricot 65
  chapel 369
  family 261
  gateway 260
  tombs 257
Becherel, siege of 294
Belen 314
Belenus 190
Belfrey, St. Bernard 211
Bell-rope 22, 65
Bell ringing 80
Bells, dinner, door 65
Benoit 130, 131
Bertha 151
Bertrand (see Du Guesclin)
Bey, Grand, Little 41, 123
Biblical idolatries 190
Bishop 176
  of Aleth 147
  Bourges 95
  Dol 372
  Helocar 116, 131
  Malaga 330
  Nantes 105, 111
  St. Malo 137, 139
  Tours 95
Bishop's garden 226
  house, St. Malo 125
  palace, Quimper 226
  vassals 132

PAGE

Bishops deposed 104
Bishops of Nantes 111
Bishoprics of Brittany Aleth . 104
  Dol 98, 104
  Léhon 104
  Nantes 104
  Quimper 104
  Rennes 104
  St. Brieuc 104
  Tréguier 104
  Vannes 104
Blackberry 69
Black insect 249
  mountains 231
  Prince 47
Blancs Sablons 385
Blois 164, 294
Blois, House of 132
Blue Beard 16, 99, 202
Blue Beard's castle 199, 202
Bobinette 63, 64
Bocenno 174, 177
Bombardment of Rio Janeiro 342–344
Bordeaux 132
Botrel (poet) 95
Boulevard, Dinard 45
Boulevard, St. Servan 144
Boundary between Normandy and Brittany 309
Brasseries 20
Breakfast 89, 207
Brest, 236, 278, 292, 335, 338, 339, 341, 345, 347 348
Bretagne 97
Breton, the .. 96, 240, 277, 280, 281
Breton baby 321
  beds 26, 37, 38
  butter 208
  cattle 180
  churches 76
  cider 70
  coast 348
  costume 177
  cottage 74, 195
  crucifix 75
  decoration 246, 321
  dukes 154
  fleet 380
  fortress 324
  furniture 74, 196, 321

Index

PAGE

Breton groups of stone remains 165
holiday ... 248
home ... 29
inn ... 167
interiors ... 65, 73, 195, 207, 321
knight ... 284
landscape ... 191
language ... 197, 239
linen ... 206
meal, a ... 168, 194
nobles ... 156
noblesse ... 319
peasant ... 75, 325
priests ... 196
princes ... 94
race ... 93
sheets ... 206
squire ... 280
succession ... 154
syllables ... 240
villages ... 71–73
Bretonne ... 196
Bretons, the, 13, 50, 51, 71, 96, 97, 99, 102, 103, 110, 132, 133, 134, 137, 152, 155, 157, 158, 162, 166, 244, 254, 277, 328
Bridal outfit, Pont l'Abbé ... 219
Brilliant, the ... 343
British Isles ... 165
Brittany, 7, 14, 15, 17, 19, 21, 28, 30, 49, 57, 69, 75, 82, 83, 94, 98, 99, 100, 102, 105, 110, 111, 119, 130, 133, 149, 150, 152, 153, 155, 158, 161, 164, 166, 184, 190, 194, 197, 199, 216, 219, 220, 221, 229, 232, 249, 253, 272, 277, 292, 293, 309, 329, 332, 340, 359, 372 ... 385
Brittany a republic ... 102
history of ... 94
Britons ... 97, 301
Brocs ... 208
Browning's lines ... 189
Budic ... 96, 97, 101
Budic, a certain ... 102
Burgundy ... 155, 161
Burning of La Hunaudaye ... 327

Caen ... 331
Calvaire ... 75, 76
Calvaire, Auray ... 181
Gimiliau ... 243
Plougastel-Daoulas ... 232
St. Pol ... 247
Calvin ... 52
Canada ... 135, 385
Cannobert, Count of Nantes 99
Canole, Robert 281, 286, 287, 290, 291
Cap de Fréhel ... 123
Cap laundry ... 357
Capture of Oliver du Guesclin 279
Captured prince ... 192, 239
Cardinal Bishop of St. Malo ... 134
Cardinal Fleury ... 348–349
Carentec ... 240–242
Carhaix ... 294
Carnac ... 164, 167, 182–188
Carnoët ferry ... 202
Cartier family ... 382
Jacques ... 136, 328, 381–389
Jehan ... 383
Carvings, St. Fiacre ... 205
Casino, Dinard ... 90
Castle, Pontivy ... 169
Castles, Schloss, Château ... 22
Catherine de Medicis ... 137
Cathedral, Chartres ... 17
Dol ... 104, 301
Quimper ... 221
St. Malo ... 118–120, 127
St. Pol de Léon ... 240
St. Sanson ... 301
Causeway, St. Malo–St. Servan ... 122
Cave of St. Aaron ... 115
Celebration, July 14th ... 80
Celtic language ... 164
Celtic speech ... 197, 239
Celts ... 97, 165, 166
Ceremonies, St. Servan ... 252–254
Cession of Rennes ... 106
Chabot, Philippe ... 384
Chandos, John of 281–283, 287, 294, 295
Chapel, Adieux ... 245
Beaumanoirs ... 369
Léhon ... 371
St. Aaron ... 124
St. Bernard ... 211
St. Eloi ... 232

PAGE
Chapel, St. Ninian 245
Charity bazaar 8–11
Charlemagne 102
Charles of France
106, 107, 109, 110
Valois 153
V, France 133, 157, 158, 255, 296
VI, France 133, 159
VII, France 134, 159, 161
VIII, France 51, 162
IX, France 137
the Bald 105
the Simple 110
claims Brittany 109
Charters granted 150
Chartres 18
Château 30
Anne of Brittany..... 258
La Joyeuse Garde..... 233
Our 22
St. Malo 117, 124
Taureau 241
Chateaubriand
41, 127, 129, 139, 265, 266, 328
Châtaulin 232
Châteauneuf-de-Randan 295
Châteaux, bay 386
Châtelet 81
Châtillon, Charles, Count of Blois, 154, 157, 158, 276, 278,.....292–294
Chauseys 41, 44, 123
Cherbourg 3
Childish combats of Du Gueschin 269
Children 188, 243
Chilperic's defeat 99
Christmas 359
Chronicle French 267
Church, Carmelites 154
Creisker 245
Croaz-Baz 244
Gimiliau 243
Guingamp..... 250
Jacobins 254, 255
Lampaul 243
Mt. St. Michel..... 305
Notre Dame de Folgoët... 233
St. Aaron 119
Ste. Barbe 209, 210, 212
St. Corneille 185
PAGE
Church, Ste. Croix..... 198
St. Fiacre 204–206, 243
St. Jouan des Guérets..... 389
St. Michael 198
Ste. Nonna 221
St. Malo, Dinan..... 255
St. Sauveur 250, 253
St. Thégonnec 243
St. Thomas of Canterbury. 232
St. Tuglan 221
St. Turiaff (Tivisiau)..... 234
Church records 383
Churches..... 76
Churches, Pont l'Abbé..... 219
Cider.....18, 70, 209, 301
Classes on ferry-boats..... 113
Claude of Brittany..... 51
Clement Marot 52
Clement, Pope..... 153
Clisson, Oliver de 328
Clock-tower, Dinan..... 255
Cloister, Léhon 369
Cloister, Mt. St. Michel..308, 310
Clotaire.....98, 99
Clovis 97
Cluny, Museum 203
Coast of Brittany..... 332
Coast, French..... 77
Coats of arms.....83, 84
Cod-fish 90
Coffee, Breton style..... 179
Coif of peasant..... 357
Combat in the square, Dinan 283–292
Combourg 18, 264, 265
Commandant of Brest..... 338
Commander in Chief..... 268
Comor, Blue Beard..... 99
Comor crest..... 203
Conan 93–96, 103
of Rennes 111, 112
II of Rennes 149–151
III of Rennes..... 150
IV, Duke of Brittany..... 151
Conan's line 94
Concarneau fishing boats.... 240
Concorde of Flushing..... 332
Condan 372
Condates..... 28
Condivic 28
Conquereux, battle 111

Index

PAGE

Consecration of St. Anne d'Auray 178
Conspiracy against Conan IV. 151
Constable du Guesclin...297, 300
of St. Malo 383
Constance of Brittany....150, 152
Convent 66
Convent, Quimperlé..... 199
Cook's tourists..... 11
Corisopitium 222
Cornouaille.....99, 102
Cornwall 28
Corseuil..... 371
Costume 226
Costume, Pont l'Abbé..... 219
Côtentin 107
Côtes-du-Nord 357
Cottage, Ste. Barbe..... 213
Couesquen (Coëtquen) 332
Couëssant, brook 324
Council for India..... 348
Count Camore 202
of Cornouaille (Cornwall).. 95
de la Garaye 262, 263
of Léon 99
Longueville..... 268
Nantes 99
Rennes 149
Toulouse 340
Vannes 99
Countess of Hainault 275
Countess of Richemont 151
Country Doctor, Balzac..... 351
priest 351
walks..... 147
Court-house, St. Servan 144
Court of France..... 101
Cromlechs..... 184
Cross of St. Louis..... 379
Cross-roads..... 69
Crusaders 150
Crusades 153
Cunat, Charles..... 139
Curé, St. Servan 151, 389

Dagobert 100, 101
Dahut (Ahes).....224–226
Dame du Guesclin.....272, 274
Dandenne, M..... 335
Danes 109
Daniel 102

PAGE

Daniel I (bishop)..... 130
Danish-Norman theory..... 160
Danycan, the 332
Dated houses 27, 178
Daughter of Erispoë 106, 109
Death of Duguay-Trouin.... 350
Du Guesclin 296–299
Gilles 159
Gurven 109
John II..... 153
John IV.....158, 276
peddler woman..... 356
Salomon 108
Defeat of French at Vilaine.. 105
Lancaster 133
William at Dol..... 301
Descent of English, St. Malo 133
Desclouzeaux, M.....335, 336
Destitution, a case of..... 360
Destruction of the Bastille... 81
Devil.....247, 279, 326, 327
Dey of Algiers 375
Diaorig 28
Didier, M..... 378
Diligente, the 334
Dinan, 17, 18, 114, 137, 139, 149, 151, 159, 184, 236, 240, 250–263, 267, 278, 280, 281, 283–285, 290–292, 300, 301, 360, 367..... 369
Dinan fair.....365–369
Dinard, 15, 18, 29, 42, 44–47, 53, 55, 56, 74,78–81, 84, 86, 90, 113–116, 122, 142, 144, 164, 168, 234, 317..... 322
Dinard-St. Enogat station... 19
Dining coach 5
Dining-room..... 37
Dinner-bell 65
Displacement of races..... 96
Dol, 111, 134, 138, 150, 184, 301 367
Dolmens, Carnac.....183, 184
Domacona 386
Domagaya 385, 388
Domestic animals 63
Domnonée 96
Don Antonio d'Albuquerque. 344
Francisco de Castro-Morais 344
Gaspard d'Acosta 344
Donkey 70

PAGE
Donkey cart....70, 374
Donjon of Château 128
Door-bell 22, 65
Doorway, St. Malo.... 126
Drive to Carnac.... 182
Druidical remains.... 184
Druidical rites.... 166
Druidism 147, 166, 222
Druids 190, 229, 314, 371
Duchess of Brittany .135, 151, 256
Duchess Renée of Ferrara.... 52
Du Gué.... 329
Duguay-Trouin, René 125–127, 328–349
victories of 339
Du Guesclin, Bertrand 268–300.... 328
Oliver ...268, 278–280, 282–291
William 268
enters the service of John of Brittany.... 275
enters the service of the king of France.... 293
Du Guesclin's childish combats 269
Duke of Brittany 134, 135, 139, 149, 161
Guise 380
of Richemont 151
Duke John of Brittany...274, 275
Dukes of Brittany.... 255
Dupont, Jehanne.... 329
Dutch 377
Du Val 140

Earl of Salisbury 133
Earliest inhabitants of Brittany 28
Education of Duguay-Trouin. 331
Edward of England..274, 275, 277
III 155, 259
IV 135
Emerillon, the 386, 387
"Endless Valley" 229
England 97, 101, 110, 132, 155, 292, 293
English, the, 59, 132–135, 151, 157, 284, 285, 287, 289, 292, 293, 296, 298, 299, 322, 371, 377, 379, 380, 381
colony 79

PAGE
English, chapel.... 53
descent on Lorient.... 263
fleet 332, 333
gardens, Dinan.... 252
knight 288, 289
English Merchantmen 135
shipping 137
vessels attacked.... 334
war ships.... 334
Englishman 279, 280, 288, 289, 290
Entertainment for king, St. Malo 137
Erech.... 96
Erispoë 106, 152
Eudes 149–151
European fire.... 396
European man.... 88
Evran 294
Exile of John de Montfort... 133
Expedition against Chartres.. 106
Expeditions of discovery..... 135

Fair, Dinan....365–369
Family, de Mun.... 212
Faouët 204, 206, 215
Farm cottages, Rosgrand.... 195
Feast of Ascension.... 268
Ferry, Dinard-St. Malo...317, 354
Ferry-boats 113
Fête de Dieu.... 137
Fig tree 245
Finisterre 228
Fireworks 81
First Lyonais 28
Fishing fleet, St. Malo.... 41
Fishing fleet, return of 322
Flax breaking.... 211
Forest of Broceliande 229
Forest of St. Aubin.... 324
Foulkes of Anjou....111, 112
France, 17, 50, 75, 102, 136, 152, 153, 155, 158, 165, 166, 169, 180, 263, 268, 340, 344–346, 350, 356, 379.... 380
attempts to take Brittany 97, 99, 102, 109
Francis I of Brittany 50, 134, 135, 159, 160
I of France.... 51
II of Brittany 50, 161

PAGE
Francis II of France 244
Françoise d'Amboise 160
de Dinan 159
de Laval 52
Franks, the 98, 105
French, 100, 102, 105, 132, 157, 196, 214, 344 345
admiral 384
batteries 343
bazaar 315
château 22, 23
coast 77
colony, Dinard 55
commander 343
country fair 368
dukes of Brittany 94
graveyards 58
India Company 377, 378
market 241
French nobility 212
prisoners 344
quay 4
sermons 354
thrift 57
town 143
trains 5, 15, 18
travellers 179
Frenchmen 386, 388
Frigate *Trinité* 331

Garden, the 31, 316, 395
Garden, chapel, a 246
Gaspé 385
Gates of Dinan 251
Gaul 95
Gauls 97
Gaultier, sculptor 310
Geneva 52
Geoffrey de Montfort 46
of Brittany 149
Plantagenet 151
Germans 275
Gibraltar 169
Gignoneus, Bishop of Dol 265
Gilles of Brittany 159, 160
Goa 378
Governor General of the Isles 378
Governor of Brittany 103, 172
Gradlon, see Grallon
Grallon 95, 96, 223–226, 229
Grallon II 101

PAGE
Granches, Catharine des 383
Grançon, Thomas de 286
Grand (Great) Bey 41, 114, 265
Grande rue, Mt. St. Michel 304
Grande rue, Dinard 47
Gratian 92
Graveyard, St. Enogat 58
Great Britain 59
King, Meridec 93
men in the Church 98
Grenedan, the 332
Guardian, St. Barbe 211
Guérand, peace of 157, 160, 162
Guerech, Bishop of Nantes 112
Guildo, castle 159
Guingamp 151, 294
Gulf of St. Lawrence 384
Gurven, Count of Rennes 109, 152
Guy de Penthièvre 154
Thouars 152
Pinçon 253

Hamon III 130
Harbour, Morlaix 240
Harbour, St. Malo 332, 388
Hardouinaye, castle 159
Harvest of seaweed 374
Hastings 109
Hats 168, 169
Helping off fishers 361
Hennebon 155, 156, 187
Henri III armoire 36
Henry II of England 151
II of France 136
IV of France 138, 139
V of England 159
VII of England 52
VIII of England 136
d'Avagour 152
Tudor 162
Hercule, the 333
Hermine, la Grande 386
Petite 386–388
Hermitage of St. Idunet 232
Hervé Riël 376
High Constable of France, Du Guesclin 295, 306
High tide, Mt. St. Michel 313
History of Brittany 94
Dinan 92
Monastery of Léhon 371–373

Index

PAGE

Hoël I 97
II 98
III 100
IV. 111
son of Conan 151
Holy Land 150, 363
Hospital for incurables, Dinan 263
Hostages 345
Hotel, Quimperlé 193, 194
Hôtel de Ville, Dinan 257
Dinard 81
Morlaix 238
St. Malo 126
House of Anne of Brittany, Morlaix 237
House of Duguay-Trouin 125
Housekeeper for curé, Léhon 369
Huge castle, Léhon 371
Huguenots 52
Huns 275

Ibraim Hassam 240
Iceland 165
Iceland fishery 361
Ile de Batz 245
France 379
Sein 229
Ille-et-Vilaine 374, 357
Importance of familiarity with legends of the church 222
Indian chief 386
Indian remedy 388
Inn at Faouët 206
Insurrection of Bretons 102
Interregnum 110
Intoxication 71
Ireland 28, 71, 301
Irish language 197
Is 224, 225, 229
Isabel of Scotland 159
Isabelle of Brittany 50
Islands 77

Jacques Cartier, see Cartier
Jansart, Jeffeline 383
Jealousies 346, 379
Jean de Châtillon, Bishop of Aleth 131
Jeanne de Belleville 157
France 159
Montfort 156

PAGE

Jeanne of Penthièvre 154, 156
Jersey 41, 44, 123, 372
Jerusalem 198
Jerzual gate 259
Jerzual, *rue de* 259
Jesuit 377
John of Brittany 49, 141
I, le Roux 153
II, of Brittany 153
III, of Brittany 154, 155
IV of Brittany, the Conqueror 157
of Brittany ... 134, 158, 159, 161
of France 292
de Monfort 154, 156–158
Josselin de Rohan, Canon of St. Malo 294
Judicaël 100, 101
Judicaël, Count of Rennes, 109, 110
Judoc 101
Julius Caesar 49

Keltic saints 190
Key made by Louis XVI 257
Key of St. Tugulan 221
King, the 295
Arthur 97, 233
Arthur's knights 16, 233
Charles 268
Francis 388
of Brittany 93
of Cornwall 223
of England 297
of France .. 13, 94, 135, 293, 298
Kitchen at Faouët 207
Korrigan 176

La Cité 146, 147
La Crochais 318–322
La Esole 277
La Garaye 261–264
La Hunaudaye 323
La Maison du Cheval Blanc .. 124
La Merveille 311
La Mote de Bron 268, 274
La Motte-Piquet 261
La Rochelle 341
La Rosais 389
La Toigne 277
Labrador 384
Lamballe 323

Index

PAGE

Lamennais 127, 139, 140
Lancaster, 133, 135, 259, 277, 278, 281, 284, 285, 287, 290–293
Lancelot 229
Landernau 232, 236
Landing in France..... 3–5
Landivisiau 234
Lantbert 103
Latin heathenism..... 222
Laundry, Quimper..... 227
League, the 138, 139, 161
League for the Public Good.. 161
Legendary lore.....12, 92
Legend of Creisker..... 246
  Hennebon 187
  Is 224–226
  Korrigans 201
  La Hunaudaye.....325–327
  Mt. St. Michel 314
  Notre Dame de Folgoët, 233, 234
  St Anne d'Auray 174
  St. Corentin 222–224
  wives of Blue Beard..... 202
Legoux, Captain 332
Léhon 151, 232, 369, 371, 373
Lenoir, M 378
Leonora, the..... 335
Leonora d'Este..... 52
Les Portes Cartier..... 389
Le Sieur Dugué-Trouin dit Barbinais 330
Levant 348
Lichavens 184
Limit of Breton speech..... 239
Limoilou 389
Little Bey.....41, 115
"Little Sisters of the Poor".. 145
Locmaria 222
Locminé 373
Loctudy 221
Loire 109
Lokmariaker..... 184
London 91, 276
Lorraine 155
Loss of a ship..... 364
Loti's Pêcheur d'Islande..... 250
Louis IV of France..... 110
  XI 135, 159, 161
  XII 51, 52
  XIII 380

PAGE

Louis XIV, 334, 335, 340, 341, 347, 348, 375, 379 380
  XV 9, 90, 348
  XVI 257
  d'Orléans 162
  le Debonnaire.....102, 372
  Napoleon 258
  of France..... 103
  the Fat 150
Louvre, the.....11, 155
Low water..... 77
Lower Brittany, 96, 168, 170, 195 236
Luigi Odorici 92
Lyonais, First, Second, Third 28, 92, 93
Lyons 153

Macliau..... 99
Maclou 99, 115
Maclovius 99, 115, 116
Madagascar 380
Madame de la Garaye..... 262
  de Talhouet 327
  Poulard 304, 305, 315
  Trouin..... 331
Madonna 389
Magnanime, the.....341, 345
Magpies 318
Mahé 378–380
Mahé de la Bourdonnais, Bertrand-François.....377–380
Mairie, Dinard 81, 84, 85, 88
Malabar coast 378
Malo 99, 115
Malouin ...337, 342, 377, 378, 381
  armateurs 346
  bishop 136
  drainage 120
  fleet 132
  Regulus..... 375
Malouine, the 56, 62, 390
Malouins ..134–136, 139, 323, 340
Mans 18, 105
Maréchal de Duras 266
Marguerite Boscher..... 329
  de Foix 50
  of Brittany 160
Marie Jamnet 145
Marie of Brittany 160
Market, Quimper..... 230

PAGE

Market-house, Faouët 209
Marmoutiers, order of..... 130
Marot, Claude-Toussaint.... 261
Mars, the 343
Mary, Queen of Scots 244
Mass celebrated by William Ruze 137
Massacre of St. Bartholomew..... 138
Mathuëdoi, Count of Poher.. 110
Matignon 371
Mauclerc, Duke of Brittany. 132
Mauny, Oliver de..... 296
Maurepas M. de 336, 337
Maximus 92, 93, 103
Meilleraye, lord of..... 384
Men embroiderers 206
Mené-Rom 232
Menhirs 184, 189
Mercury 190
Meridec or Great King 93
Merlin 229
Metropolitan of Brittany.... 95
Military marine force..... 135
Mill, Pont l'Abbé..... 219
Milliguet 202
Miramichi..... 384
Mon Général.....210, 214
Monastery of Ballon..... 105
Léhon 371–373
Redon 150
Monk, the English Captain.. 334
Mons in Hainault 275
Montfort, 39, 46, 132, 154, 164, 278, 281, ...292–294
House of..... 132
John de 133
William de 134
Montreal..... 387
Morbihan 165, 373
Morlaix ...139, 230, 231, 236–242
Morvan 102
Morvonnais, Hippolyte Michel de la.....139, 140
Mountains 97
Moüy, Charles de 384
Mrs. Tournamine 326, 327
Mt. St. Michel, 123, 134, 160, 301, 302, 306–315..... 391
Municipal franchises of St. Malo 135

PAGE

Murder of Breton nobles..... 155
Conan 111
Murder of Wiomarch 103
Museum, Dinan 257
Museum, St. Malo..... 381

Nantes, 28, 94, 96, 103, 104–106, 111, 150, 152, 158, 200, 221 256
Napoleon III.....75, 119
Napoleonville..... 168
Native line of Breton dukes.. 94
Naval victory at Rio Janeiro 341–346
Navarre 155
New Bishoprics 104
New Gaulish tribes 96
Newfoundland..136, 383–385, 389
Nicolasik.....174–178
Nobility of Brittany 272
Nominoé 103–106, 109, 153, 172, 173
Norman cider..... 70
English 267
horses 146
Normandy 18, 130, 155, 309
Normans 130
North Sea..... 77
Northmen .103, 106, 107, 109, 110
Notre Dame, Châteaulin 232
Notre Dame de Salut 363
"Notre Dame du Guesclin".. 276

Old gardens, St. Malo..... 124
houses, Morlaix 236
peasants 63
Oldest inn in Brittany..... 220
Oliver de Montfort 46
Oliver, Count of Longueville 268, 278–280, 282, 291
Ollivier du Clisson...156, 157, 328
Omelets, Mt. St. Michel..... 304
Order of Christ..... 378
"Little Sisters of the Poor," founding of..... 145
St. Michael..... 162
Oriflamme..... 132
Origin of stone remains..... 165
Orleans 348
Overthrow of ecclesiastical rule, St. Malo..... 136

Index

PAGE

Paimpol 250
Paimpol pardon 361
Palatial fowl house 320
Pallière, M 336
Paramé 147, 148
Pardon 178, 198, 211, 250
Pardon, St. Anne d'Auray ... 174
Paris, 5, 6, 13, 49, 91, 98, 135, 192, 203, 255, 262, 265, 312, 340 349
Parish Church, St. Servan ... 147
Partition of the kingdom of Brittany 95, 98, 99, 106, 108
Pasquiten, Count of Vannes .. 109
Pavements, St. Malo 118
Peace of Guérand ... 157, 160, 162
Peasant 75
  of Quimper, a 228
  château 234
Peasantry 164
Peasants 352, 366
Peasant's table 207
Pedro the Cruel 294
Pembroke 281, 287
Penhoët, the Cripple, Twisted-leg 278
Penmarc'h 221
Penthièvre 151, 152
Perils of fishermen 355
Perthuis 341
Pest in Canada 387
Pestivier, Captain of 294
Peter II of Brittany 50
Petite Hermine, the 381
Philip of France 132, 292
  Augustus 152
  of Valois 267, 274, 275
  the Fair 153, 155, 156
Philippines 377
Pierre le Dreux 152
  Mauclerc 153
  of Brittany 160
Pillage of Léhon 151
Place du Guesclin 366–368
Plan of Breton châteaux 22, 23
Plan of our château 33
Ploërmel 154
Plouhinec 187
Plymouth 334
Pointe du Raz 229
Poitou 165

PAGE

Ponchartrain 333–336
Pondicherry 378
Pont Aven waitress 194
  Aven women 244
  l'Abbé 218–221
  l'Abbé women 244
Pont-roulant, St. Servan 142
Pontivy 168
Pontorson 302, 312
Pope, the 158, 295, 352
  Clement 153
  Paul III 136
Porched houses 251, 301
Porçon de la Barbinais 375
Porée, Alain 380, 381
Porée, Jehan 380
Port of St. Malo 386
Portcullis, St. Malo 117
Porte de Dinan 114
Porte St. Louis, Dinan ... 258, 369
Portugal 165
Portuguese 341, 342, 344, 345, 347, 348
  governor 345
  king 378
Position of races in Brittany .. 97
Pottery, Quimper 217
Poulard, Mt. St. Michel .. 304, 305
Poverty of fisher folk 362
Prégent, Jean 247
President, the 82, 84, 85
Price of labour on St. Sauveur 253
Prince of Orange 334
Princess of Great Britain 59
Princess of Wales 295
Priory 39, 46
  Locquidunet 232
  St. Malo, Dinan 149
Privateers 137, 376
Procession, a 84–86
Profonde, the 333
Proper approach to Dinan ... 251
Prophesy concerning du Guesclin 269
Prow of Cartier's ship 381

Quebec 386
"Qui qu'en grogne" 128
Quicksand 390
Quimper, 199, 216, 218, 219, 221–223, 226–231 246

PAGE

Quimper-sur-Ellé 199
Quimperlé 191–201, 215

Radegonde of Penthièvre.... 149
Rance...40, 61, 123, 137, 251, 347
Rance Valley 371
Raöul Rouselet, Bishop of St. Malo 132
Rebellion of Conan..... 93
Reduction of Vendôme..... 106
Refuge in Britain..... 96
Refuge in England.....97, 110
Regnard du Guesclin..... 267
Reine des Anges, the..... 345
Religious affairs..... 94
René, Consul at Malaga..329, 331
Renée of Brittany 52
Rennes, 17, 18, 28, 99, 104, 106, 109, 145, 256, 271, 272, 276, 278..... 300
Rents.....30, 144
Repentance of Nominoé..... 105
Repentance of Salomon 107
Repulse of English fleet at St. Malo 134
Responsibility of public employees..... 16
Return of fishers 322, 356
Return of overdue ship..... 355
Revolt of Nominoé 103
Revolution, the 234, 327
Richard III of England..... 162
Richelieu..... 13
Rights of Bretons..... 277
Rising of burghers, St. Malo.. 136
Rivallon 106
River at Quimper..... 227
Road to Mt. St. Michel...202, 203
Robert of Artois.....132, 156
Robert of Normandy..... 130
Roberval 389
Roche-Derrien, combat..... 276
Rock of St. Aaron..... 130
Rocks, the..... 390
Rohan 159, 169, 232
Catherine de..... 159
Jacques de 159
John de 169
Rolland Bougnart 253
Rollo the Northman 110
Roman 96

PAGE

Roman attempt to defeat Conan 94
Catholic Church.....139, 145
remains 222
road 210, 211
Romans 28, 93
Roof, market-house, Faouët.. 172
Roofs, Auray 172
Roscoff 244, 245
Rosgrand 194, 195
Rosporden 191
Rotheneuf 123, 382
Route de Rennes 143, 145
Royal marriage, a ...106, 152, 159
Royal period of Breton history 94
Rue de la Larderie, Dinan.... 260
Ruined bits, Quimperlé..... 197
Ruins, Léhon 369
Ruze, William, Bishop of St. Malo 137
Ryswick, Peace of 338

Saguenay 386
Saint Louis, the 348
Sainte Catherine 384
Salaün 233, 234
Salic law 154
Salle des Chevaliers, Landivisiau 235
Salle des Chevaliers Mt St. Michel 311
Salomon 95
nephew of Nominoé....106, 107
II 100
Salon, the 35
Sancerre, Constable de ...295–298
Sanitation, St. Malo 120
Santa Cruz 341
Sardines 181
Saturday Review..... 190
Scenery of the Rance..... 252
Scottish queen 245
Sea-weed harvest..... 374
Season at Dinard..... 45
Second group of stones, Carnac 188
Seigneur La Mote de Bron 267, 268, 270–274
Seine, the 98
Servant's room..... 37
Service of Bretons at sea..... 137

PAGE

Severe storm 316
Severe Canada winter 387
Sheep shearing 366
Shops in St. Servan 142
Side porch, St. Corneille 185
Siege of Ballon 105
  Rennes 276
  St. Malo 133
Sieur de la Barbinais 329, 333
Sieur de Bellière 299
Sigibert, Roy de France 373
Signs of spring 90, 360
Sister Mary Augustine of Compassion 146
Skulls, St. Pol 248
Slow travel 170
Snow 359
Solidor 40, 62, 137, 141, 145
Spain 165, 169, 294, 335
Spiral staircase 25
Spire for St. Malo 119
Spiritual affairs 98
Square du Guesclin 360, 366
St. Aaron 115, 116, 332
St. Bartholomew 138
St. Bernard 131
St. Briac 61
St. Brieuc 61, 104, 111, 168, 250
St. Columban 372, 373
St. Corentin 222–225
St. Corneille 185, 186
St. Denis 132, 255, 268
St. Enogat 56–60, 390
St. Enogat beach 390, 393
St. Huec 190
St. Idiuc village 382, 383
St. Ivy 168
St. John's festival 166
St. Jubel 190
St. Judoc 190
St. Kirec 246
St. Lawrence river 381, 386
St. Louis 132, 153, 165
St. Lunaire 60, 91, 360
St. Magloire 372, 373
St. Magloire at Léhon 106
St. Magloire, Paris 106
St. Malo, 40, 41, 84, 113–142, 323, 329, 330, 332, 333, 338, 339, 346, 363, 364, 376, 381–383, 386, 388 389

PAGE

St. Malo against Henry IV 139
St. Martin, bay 384
St. Martin of Tours 95
St. Michael 247
St. Peter 233
St. Pierre, lake 386
St. Pol 221
St. Pol de Léon 245
St. Roch 233
St. Sanson 184, 301, 302
St. Sauveur 366
St. Sebastian 233
St. Servan, 40, 79, 122, 130, 141–148, 352 389
St. Thomas 279
St. Tudy 221
St. Widebote 190
Ste. Anne d'Auray 175–177
Ste. Croix 387
Stairs, in abbey of Mt. St. Michel 307
Statue of Duguay-Trouin 127
Statue of Virgin 123
Steeple of Creisker 246
Stephen of Penthièvre 151
Stonehenge 167
Stove 395
Streets of Dinard 48
Streets of St. Malo 117
Strife between Blois and Montfort 154–157, 294
Surrender of Châteauneuf-de-Randan 297, 298
Syndic of St. Malo 139

Tableaux 91
Taiguraguy 385
Tasso 52
Temporary success of France 102
Terms of peace 345
Teutates 190
Teutonic invasions 97
"The Manor of the Dunes" 140
Theodoric 99
Theories relating to alleys, Carnac 196
Theories, Stone Age 165, 166
Third Lyonais 28, 92
Thomas of Canterbury 279–281
Three periods of Breton history 94

PAGE

Tide 77
at Mt. St. Michel 309
gauge 41
Tintiniac, Jean de Laval 300
Tintiniac, Jeanne de Laval ... 300
Tiphaine Ragnuel
283, 284, 299, 300, 306, 307
Toile de Bretagne 206, 214
Tomb of John IV 199
Tournemine, Olivier 324
Tours 95
Tower 67
of Black Prince 47
of London 156
Town crier 79
Trams 147
Treason of Maximus 92
Treaty of Utrecht 347
Triliths 184
Trip, Dinard to St. Malo 114
Trouin, Etienne 335
Gilles 329
Luc 329–331, 340
Madame 331
Nicholas 339
Tumulus 187
Twisted-leg, 278, 284, 286, 290, 291

Union of Breton and Romans
against Atilla 96
Union of Brittany with France 51
Upper Brittany 73

Vannes 28, 96, 104, 109, 111
Vehicles of Dinard 20
Vendéeans 327
Venetian mirror 36
Venus de Milo 12
Versailles 335, 340, 347
Via Scala 121
Viaduct, Quimperlé 200

PAGE

Vicomté 61
Victory of Conan over
Romans 94
Vilaine, battle 99, 105
Village churches 76
Vincennes 81
Virgin, the, 201, 213, 233, 247, 389
Visit of Charles IX to St. Malo 137
of the President 82
to Yvonne 398
Vivien 229
Votive ships 76

Wages in Brittany 244
Wales 28
Walk about walls of St. Malo 122
around St. Malo 121
on the rocks 390–394
Walls of Dinan 250
Walls of St. Malo 117
War, France and England ... 349
of the three Jeannes....155–157
ships 81, 87
Waroch 99
Washing pool 86
Wassenaer, Louis, Baron 337
Waxworks 314
Wedding party 88
Weighing baggage 15
Welche, Jacques 332, 333
Wife of caretaker, St. Barbe .. 214
William Rufus 130
William the Conqueror...149, 150
Winter 359, 395
Winter in Paris 6
Wiomarch 102
Wrecks 317

Yvonne, 23–26, 35, 43, 74, 75,
89, 90, 164, 374–376, 395,
398 399

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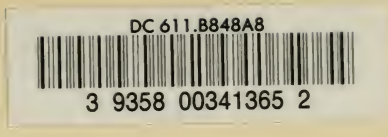
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